

# Rhododendrons

Bloc Party

On the hottest night of the year  
Lying in a patch of rhododendrons

A bottle of whiskey under my arm  
Trying to count a sky full of stars  
I dream of order, I dream of fleets  
Of Napoleon in aquamarine

He said "Linus put that blanket down  
You've slammed your door too many times"  
He said "Linus put that blanket down  
The world won't wait"

Boy, what you gonna do with your life? (4x)

When I was your age, I was commanding fleets  
When I was your age, I was soaked in victory

And now you can't keep a job and you can't keep a wife  
What a horrible mess you're gonna make of your life  
Watched way too many American films  
To be John Wayne, Brando or James Dean

Waiting so long for your wrists to get thick  
Waiting so long for the next great party  
So many questions, so little to say  
You don't need these weights

Boy, what you gonna do with your life? (4x)

So you want to be an artist, want to be a singer  
Want to be remembered for what you could create

So you want to be a cowboy, riding to the distance  
Never have to listen or answer to anyone

So you want to be a boxer, surviving on your instincts  
Relying on your fists and the quickness of your wit

Are you bigger than these buildings and the grey around you?  
Is your pain more worthy than everybody else?

Drunk again in the rhododendrons (8x)