

Staying Fat

Bloc Party

I rely on (bitter cold)
I depend on (arctic snow)
A pair of trainers (I've got mine)
Could make a God of the two of us (I want yours)

I exist on (apropos)
I insist on (arctic snow)
A change of clothing (will fill the void)
Could lift us into fidelity (will suck you in)

The sound keeps you hemmed to the past
The walls are coming in again
The streets grid alone from the door
You gotta spin the fucking dread or...

I rely on (bitter cold)
I depend on (arctic snow)
The manmade fibres (I've got mine)
That are the stuff of my birthright (I want yours)

I decide on (apropos)
I retreat from (arctic snow)
The dregs of discourse (will fill the void)
For a new world order (will suck you in)

The sound keeps you hemmed to the past
The walls are coming in again
The streets grid alone from the door
You gotta spin the fucking dread or...
In a pile of days between no oceans
All the kids are rioting
There's no art in a broken head
All the kids are staying fat

And I'm air-kissing, back-slapping
Check the body for valuables
It's called progress
Come on pilgrim sing to the pyres
It's called progress
If they want to kill themselves
Then buy them the gowns
It's called progress

Progress