

## Where Is Home?

**Bloc Party**

After the funeral, breaking kola nuts  
We sit and reminisce about the past  
And in her voice, only sadness  
Her only son taken from her

In every headline we are reminded that this is not home for us

The second generation blues  
Our points of view not listened to  
Different worlds and different rules  
A question of allegiance

Clinging to her bible and her scapula  
And the memory of the way things were  
I don't see hope, I cannot smile  
I burn with anger all the time

We all read what they did to the black boy

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Where is it?  
Where is home?

I'll walk this modern tightrope  
Of humility and belligerence  
...  
Is getting me down

I want to stamp on the face of every young policeman  
To break the fingers of every old judge  
To cut off the feet of every ballerina  
But I can't

So I just sigh and I just sigh  
And I pretend that there's nothing wrong  
The teeth of this world tear me in half  
And everyday I must ask myself  
Where, where, where:

Where is it?  
Where is home?

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