

# Bloc Party, Flux

If your right hand is causing you pain  
Cut it off, cut it off  
If your colours have started to run  
Let them all run, run away from you

There is lightning in this room  
Above our heads, waiting to strike  
I'm a thinker not a talker  
Put your faith, your faith in God

We were hoping for some romance  
All we found was more despair  
We must talk about our problems  
We are in a state of flux

I'd kill for an adventure  
Just you and I, in the Curzon Bar  
Dancing till we knew  
So all that we've learnt disappears

When you shouted at me  
I saw my father in the second grade  
Concerned and kind  
Yet unable to reach me

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(State of flux)

We need to talk  
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