

# One Month Off

**Bloc Party**

Well, there was seven years between us  
Seems that all my friends were right  
That we can't survive on your bedroom eyes  
And a Spanish guitar

When we started this it was paradise  
Not just Bethnal Green  
And it's just not right this waiting game  
Making a cuckold of me

I can be as cruel as you  
Fighting fire with firewood  
I can be as cruel as you  
Fighting lies with lies  
(If you need time)

And it's just not like me to lash out  
But enough is enough  
Tell me what the others can do  
That I can't

Translucent and sun-bleached skin, yeah  
When did you get so L.A.?  
How can you desert me after  
What we've been through?

Stuck on a dreamland  
Somewhere is better  
You'll be the one missing out

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Fighting fire with firewood  
(If you need time)  
I can be as cruel as you  
Fighting lies with lies

If you need time, time, time  
Time, time, time

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I can be as cruel as you  
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Fighting fire with firewood  
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Fighting fire with firewood  
I can be as cruel as you  
Fighting lies with lies

Fighting lies with lies, with lies, with lies  
Fire with, fire, fire with, firewood, wood