Better Than Heaven

What's with all this doom and gloom? You used to be such, such a laugh It's only sin, original sin Corinthians (15:22) Never been a big fan of things But I'm growing so fond of you

You get sadder the smarter you get And it's a bore You get sadder the smarter you get And it's a bore

Truth is truth I ain't no bohemian Much too, much too safe Much too, much too typical Much too, much too typical Much too, much too You can use your hands for something else I'll take you further than the scholars can Put down your books and molest me Heaven is here, where it needs to be

You get sadder the smarter you get And it's a bore You get sadder the smarter you get And it's a bore

And there was a time before we were born When we stood in the garden If this world won't last I'll turn you on Well, I've got enough for the both of us The both of us The both of us

And there was a time before we were born When we stood in the garden If this world does not turn you on Well, I've got enough for the both of us The both of us **Bloc Party**