## Billy Talent, Bird In The Basement

Well Maybe it's us but I really think that it could be you We were head over feet it was ironic that our dreams had come true So I packed up all my luggage and headed for the coast Spandex, peanut butter, and more jam on my toast

We don't mean no harm It's just honesty's priority And we just broke our break Handshakes The more we give the more you take But it's so hard when everything's fake

Tell us that we blow and we'll tell you, 'You suck!' Throw another battery at us and we'll duck

Unpack all my luggage Nothing else to do There's a method to our madness and it stems from you

We don't mean no harm
It's just honesty's priority
And we just broke our break Handshakes
The more we give the more you take
But it's so hard when everything's fake When everything's fake
We'll be okay
I will wonder
We will be okay