

Broken Social Scene, All My Friends

All my friends in magazines
Got addicted to the word "leave";
And they all wrote songs that they believe
Little lies and massive dreams

And they all request that you slow down
And they all request that you slow down
You've got to turn it around
And make a save

There's a whore inside their bed
The duvets wish that they were still wet
And all the songs they wrote instead
Your ex-lover is not dead

And they all request that you slow down
And they all request that you slow down
You've got to turn it around
And make a save

All my friends in magazines
Got addicted to the word "leave";
And all the songs that you believe
Once they stop you can't repeat
Once you stop you can't repeat