Broken Social Scene, I'm Still Your Fag

Heard about your wife and kids where we slept
Felt their mouths with stitches at that were slowly lit
Kept your uniform this time because I couldn't quit
Haven't felt the ground so cold without getting sick

And I'm still your fag
I'm still your fag

It's a possibility to live without lips
Kleenex love to fill right up with all the broken kids
I swore I drank your piss that night to see if I could live
But my wrists couldn't stand the life that we missed

And I'm still your fag
I'm still your fag

You're only coming out because you came back in
You're only coming out cause you came back in

I'm still your fag
I'm still your fag