

Emily Haines, Bore

If you leave early, no one's coming out to get you
Once you're gone, we'll forget you were here, and there
I get up early, make a list and go on back to bed to dream
You're slicing up my face
You like my hair and that's all that matters

It's too early, bed of hands,
Still we can't fall asleep too long
And forget why we're here,
Not over there

It's not crazy anymore, every bus ride's such a bore
I miss that shiny downtown whore, that I was before

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I miss that shiny downtown whore, that I was before

Oh misery, what did I have if you didn't have me?
Oh misery, who can you move when you can't touch me?
Oh misery, who do you love if you didn't love me?

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I miss that shiny downtown whore, that I was before

(Try me, I'm really not a whore)

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It's not crazy anymore