

Emily Haines, The Lottery

I only wanted what everyone wanted since bras started burning up ribs in the sixties.
Favors are flying, faces are falling and all I desire is to never be waiting.
If that's a crime, let's commit it.
There's a new crime, sexual suicide.

When our underwire radio tears into their international airwaves,
Boredom will die, ears will bleed,
And all they'll desire is to give, and to please...

There's a new crime, sexual suicide.
There's a new crime, let's commit it.
While we're waiting on the next day
To begin it in the best way.
There's a new crime, sexual suicide.
There's a new crime, let's commit it.

Don't worry Heather, about forever.
Don't worry about me;
It's the lottery, baby, everybody roll the dice.
It's the lottery, baby, everybody roll the dice.

Will we always be like little kids,
Running group to group, asking,
"Who loves me? Don't know who loves me."
It's pathetic, it's impossible,
Like girls in stilettos.
Like girls in stilettos.
Like girls in stilettos trying to run.