

Broken Social Scene

"All My Friends"

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All my friends in magazines
Got addicted to the word, 'leave'
And they all wrote love songs that they believed
Little lies and massive dreams

They all request that you slow down
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

They all request that you slow down
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 old songs that you believe
Once they stop you can't repeat
You once, you stop you can't repeat

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