

Arcade Fire, The "William Pierce"

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William Pierce Butler, my little brother
I know I treat you bad, I know I'm like our dad
When I get scared it's in the air
William Pierce come here, I know I'm insincere
When I am with my friends, love breaks it never ends
I'll love you when you're trapped in sin and doubt
Lets get out! lets get out!
William now we're grown, living far from home
Don't lose your light in a crowd, shining without a doubt
For all the world, for all the world and me to see

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