

Aging Faces / Losing Places

Broken Social Scene Presents Kevin Drew

Pack the mornin up, it's gone away
Everybody here is wide awake
I'm addicted to your aging face
Little deaths and little lives replaced
Seize the back-me-ups and climb the stairs
Fraction of the man who didn't care
Idols are the parks designed for weak
You and me, and me, and you and me
All the former fathers re-appear
Try to find a space close to hear
Place the bruises up inside the clocks
This is hard and then this is not
Leave me standing with my lady's death
Housing up the holes like we're a breath
Guess the night pretends to be asleep
You and me, and me, and you and me

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