

# 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

Lyrics provided by

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