

Gang Bang Suicide

Broken Social Scene Presents: Kevin Drew

Well, if you love what you are
Then you must try to solve
All the things you can leave
Through the minds and retrieveThey say size doesn't count
But my heart is a house
Will you come and move in?
Leave a space for us to giveSo when you die, will you leave behind
All the leaves that we sold to ourselves
With the whyouths and the when's?Was it hard to retrieve all the lies
And the seeds
Do you love do you try
I don't care, it's the signSo let's wash all the fear
Grow old hand in the mirror
With the lights on our skinThey say war will never win
If you like to sew up
Then I wish you would grow up
And take the lines from your face
Age so sweet and replaceIt's the soul that I want
It's the low belt and caught
It's the size of my heart
It's a house we can startWell, your mouth is a gun
Yeah, your mouth is a gun
Yeah, your mouth is a gun
Yeah, your mouth is a gunYeah, your mouth is a gun
Yeah, your mouth is a gun
Yeah, your mouth is a gun
Yeah, your mouth is a gunYou hate it all in you
You hate it all in you
You hate it all in you
You hate it all in youYou hate it all in you
You hate it all in you
I really think we did the best we could
I really think that we did the best we could
All the lights we were, all the lights we wereLet's keep falling
Through the medical cracks of sound
Let's keep falling
Through the medical cracks of sound
I really think we did the best we could

I really think we did the best we couldThey say size doesn't count
 But my heart is a house
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Songwriters

Kevin DrewPublished by

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