Bore

Emily Haines

If you leave early, no one's coming out to get you
Once you're gone, we'll forget you were here and there
I get up early, make a list and go on back to bed to dream
You're slicing up my face.
You like my hair and that's all that mattersIt's too early, bed of hands
still we can't fall asleep for too long
and forget while we're here,
not over there(oh oh)It's not crazy anymore, every busride's such a bore
I miss that shiny downtown whore that I was before

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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