

# 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 retrieve They say size doesn't count  
But my heart is a house  
Will you come and move in?  
Leave a space for us to give So 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 sign So let's wash all the fear  
Grow old hand in the mirror  
With the lights on our skin They 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 replace It'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 start Well, your mouth is a gun  
Yeah, your mouth is a gun  
Yeah, your mouth is a gun  
Yeah, your mouth is a gun Yeah, your mouth is a gun  
Yeah, your mouth is a gun  
Yeah, your mouth is a gun  
Yeah, your mouth is a gun You hate it all in you  
You hate it all in you  
You hate it all in you  
You hate it all in you You hate it all in you  
You hate it all in you  
You 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 were Let'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 could They say size doesn't count

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