

All My Friends

Broken Social Scene

All my friends in magazines
Got addicted to the word, 'leave'
And they all wrote love songs that they believed
Little lies and massive dreams They all request that you slow down
They all request that you slow down
You've got to turn it around
And make a save There's a whore inside their bed
The duvets wish that they were still wet
And all the songs they wrote instead
Your ex-lover is not dead They all request that you slow down
They all request that you slow down
You've got to turn it around
And make a save

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