

Billy Talent, Bird In The Basement

Well Maybe it's us but I really think that it could be you
We were head over feet it was ironic that our dreams had come true
So I packed up all my luggage and headed for the coast
Spandex, peanut butter, and more jam on my toast

We don't mean no harm
It's just honesty's priority
And we just broke our break
Handshakes
The more we give the more you take
But it's so hard when everything's fake

Tell us that we blow and we'll tell you, 'You suck!'
Throw another battery at us and we'll duck

Unpack all my luggage
Nothing else to do
There's a method to our madness and it stems from you

We don't mean no harm
It's just honesty's priority
And we just broke our break Handshakes
The more we give the more you take
But it's so hard when everything's fake When everything's fake
We'll be okay
I will wonder
We will be okay