

# 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