

## 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 matters  
It'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  
Oh, misery  
What would I have if you didn't have me?  
Oh Misery  
Who are you going to move when you can't touch me?  
Oh misery  
Who do you love if you didn't love me?  
try me, I'm really not a whore