

## Bandwitch

### Broken Social Scene

Put the little kids in the corner  
With their face and their eyes on the floor  
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With their face and their eyes on the floor

My favorite band  
Is a witch  
Find themselves in poet corners  
And they still like to dick

It's of course, they're afraid  
It's a fine complicate  
You can find, demonstrate  
Slip along, demon ways

My favorite band  
Is a witch  
Find themselves with perfect mornings  
And they still try to live

The menstruation  
Pulitzer Prize masturbation  
A little morning cries  
I wish on thievery of corners  
Admit the cries  
I know he's saying  
He's saying, "so tired"

They'll have to put the little kids in the corner  
With their eyes and face on the floor  
You're so fucked up now  
You're fucked up now  
You're fucked up now

Put the little kids in the corner  
With their face and their eyes on the floor  
Put the little kids in the corner  
With their face and their eyes on the floor

I know you want me to keep on going  
You want me to keep on going  
And you know wherever I am