Arcade Fire, William Pierce

William Pierce Butler, my little brother
I know I treat you bad, I know im like our dad
When i get scared its in the air

William Pierce come here, I know im insincere
When I am with my friends, love breaks it never ends
Ill love you when youre trapped in sin and doubt
Lets get out! lets get out!

William now were grown, living far from home
Dont lose your light in a crowd, shining without a doubt
For all the world, for all the world and me to see
Dont follow me, not me!