

Sheets ('24)

Damien Jurado

Is he still coming around like an injured bird needing a nest?
A place to rest his head in a song you'll regret
Still you take him, Lord knows I don't wanna compete
Still I sleep in the very sheets he's been in

Swallow him whole like a pill that makes you choke, it steals y
our soul
You have the nerve to look me in the eyes and lie
Send him back, I won't share the trap that you have me in

Is he still coming around knocking on your door and looking for
you?
The bird who flew from the north in search of you
And will you take him? Lord knows I never wanna be free and so
I will be
In the very song he wants me to sing

Swallow him whole like a pill that makes you choke, it steals y
our soul
You have the nerve to look me in the eyes and lie
And let him fly, I won't share the sky that you have me in

Still I sleep in the very sheets he's been in