

Conversation Piece

Julien Baker

Please don't look at me that way
Your eyes are so heavy and I'm not that interesting
If I had it my way I would be a ghost
And abandon the white sheet
God, it's so hard to be seen

Think I'd like to be invisible
Become one with the living room wallpaper at your party
Wouldn't mind disappearing
But you always say you would miss me
Who am I kidding?
Even if I meant it
I'd probably still visit
I know how you hate to be lonely
I could float around and rearrange objects
To a conversation piece

Come back as anyone else, a better version of myself
A costumed monstrosity
And it already feels when you hold me
That your hands could pass right through my body
So do you think when I die I'd get a second try?
To do everything right I couldn't the first time?