

Everybody Does

Julien Baker

Let me pick through the empty dirt
And the rotten wood and the shoddy work
Cause I'm interested, and our carpenter is so elegant at placin
g splinters
Right beneath my nails, where I cannot dig them out
But the same briars from your ribs are the tinder in my father'
s house

And I know, I know, I know, I know
I know myself better than anybody else
And you're gonna run
You're gonna run when you find out who I am
I know I'm a pile of filthy wreckage you will wish you'd never
touched
But you're gonna run when you find out who I am
Yeah, you're gonna run

You're gonna run, it's alright, everybody does
You're gonna run, it's alright, everybody does
You're gonna run, it's alright, everybody does
You're gonna run, it's alright, everybody does