

Sour Breath

Julien Baker

I know you do better when you're by yourself
Free from the weight of my dirt poor health
New drugs to fix all my missing cells
Didn't bring it up, cause I've done so well this week
And I thought that if I tried a little bit harder you'd change
your mind
I've still got nowhere to be, and I don't do too well; nobody's
worried
When nobody's worried about me

But I shouldn't have built a house in the middle of your chest
Plywood boards joined at your breast
Splinter in my arm where you rest your head
Checking my watch till you come to bed
Kiss me goodnight with your sour breath
Breaks on my face like a wave of emptiness
And when I talk just taste regret
You're everything I want and I'm all you dread

Watch the poison leak from your pores
Think all the liquor's gonna keep you warm
Burn everything down to prove you could
Leave me inside in a body made of wood
In a body made of wood

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