

## Sprained Ankle

Julien Baker

Wish I could write songs about anything other than death  
But I can't go to bed without drawing the red, shaving off breaths;  
Each one so heavy, each one so cumbersome  
Each one a lead weight hanging between my lungs  
Spilling my guts  
Sweat on a microphone, breaking my voice  
Whenever I'm alone with you, can't talk but  
"Isn't this weather nice? Are you okay?"  
Should I go somewhere else and hide my face?  
A sprinter learning to wait  
A marathon runner, my ankles are sprained  
A marathon runner, my ankles are sprained