

Tuesday

Julien Baker

Left Georgia for Tennessee when I was eighteen
Met a girl named Tuesday who shined her light on me
She was 5'9 with a storm in her eyes
And of all the shoulders on which she could've cried, she picked mine
She picked mine

Now, I wish that I hadn't stepped down and lied
When I acted like it was nothing to me
And if I could only go back in time
I'd rewrite our whole story

Well, her mama caught wind that her daughter's friend
Might be of the wrong persuasion
Next thing I know, her mama's callin', tellin' her daughter
Just the thought of it, it made her sick over the toilet
Instead of backin' me up, Tuesday melted right down
Asked me to write her mother and say sorry for the confusion
That, of course, there'd been no sin
And to emphasize how much I loved Jesus and men

How I wish that I hadn't stepped down and lied
When I acted like it was nothing to me
'Cause that night, for the first time, I took a knife
To the paper-thin skin on my arms
Oh my Lord, oh my Christ, is this the end?
I heard myself cry from the tile
The darkness of eternal night started closin' in
And I thought, "Surely, no future exists"

Tuesday, now I hardly think of you
But when I do, I only think of shame
And, girl, I tell ya, if I could do it again
I sure as hell wouldn't do it the same

No, I cannot believe that I stepped down and lied
I should have told you I loved you
And now I know that your shame was not mine
And I am perfect in my Lord's eyes

For a decade, I let you live in my head
But with this exorcism, I put our story to bed
And one more thing, if you ever hear this song
Tell your mama she can go suck an egg