

Sheets

DJ Đ“Đ²Đ³/Đ·Đ’ÑŒ

Is he still coming around like an injured bird needing a nest?

 A place to rest his head in a song you'll regret

 Lord knows I don't want to compete

But I still sleep in the very sheets he's been inSwallow him whole like a pill that makes you choke and stills
 your soul

 You have the nerve to look me in the eyes and lie

 Send him back

I'll share the trap that you have me inIs he still coming around like an injured bird needing a nest?

 A place to rest his head in a song you'll regret

 Still you take him

 Lord knows I don't want to compete

But I still sleep in the very sheets he's been inSwallow him whole like a pill that makes you choke and stills
 your soul

 You have the nerve to look me in the eyes and lie

 Send him back

I'll share the trap that you have me in(Still you sleep in the very sheets he's been in)

Lyrics provided by

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