

Sprained Ankle (Audiotree Live Version)

[Julien Baker](#)

Wish I could write songs about anything other than death
I can't go to bed without trying the red shaven operas
Each one so heavy, each one so cumbersome
Each one a lead weight hanging between my lung
Spilling my guts
Spit on a microphone breaking my voice
Whenever I'm alone with you, can't talk
Well, isn't this weather nice? Sure you're okay?
Should I go somewhere else and hide my face?
Sprinter, learning away
Marathon running, my ankles are sprained
Marathon running, my ankles are sprained
Ooh, ooh, ooh

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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