

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

Lyrics provided by

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