

# Sheets

## Damien Jurado

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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