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)

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