

Sheets

Dagha

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 in
Swallow 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
Is 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 in
Swallow 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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