

Good News

Julien Baker

Your long hair “ a short walk
My biggest fear and a slow watch
In the thin air my ribs creak
Like wooden dining chairs when you see me
Always scared that every situation ends the same
With a blank stare
Me and the tap water circling the sink drain
Because it's heavy
But I'm trying really hard to keep my nose clean
And the blue out of my arms
But it's not easy

It's not easy when what you think of me is important
And I know it shouldn't be so damn important
But it is to me
And I'm only ever screaming at myself in public
(I know I shouldn't act this way in public)
I know I shouldn't make my friends all worry
When I go out at night
And grind my teeth like sutures
My mouth like a wound
When I stay up and throw my voice about you
Or less about you
And more about how I ruin everything I think could be good news

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