

Damien Jurado

"Sheets"

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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
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