

Everybody Does

Julien Baker

Let me pick through the empty dirt
And the rotten wood
The shop you work, cause I'm interested
In a carpenter, so elegant at placing splinters
Right beneath my nails
Where I cannot dig them out
The same briars from your wrists
Are the tinder in my father's house And I know, I know
I know, I know oh
I know myself better than anybody else
You're gonna run, you're gonna run
When you find out who I am
I know I'm a pile of filthy wreckage
You will wish you'd never touch
You're gonna run
When you find out who I am
You're gonna run
You're gonna run
It's alright, everybody does
You're gonna run
It's alright, everybody does
You're gonna run
It's alright, everybody does

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