

Sheets

[Damien Jurado](#)

'Cause he's 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
Still I sleep in the very sheets he's been in Swallow him whole like a pill that makes you choke,
steals your soul
You have the nerve to look me in the eyes and lie
Send him back, I won't 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
Still I sleep in the very sheets he's been in Swallow him whole like a pill that makes you choke,
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You have the nerve to look me in the eyes and lie
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Still I sleep in the very sheets he's been in

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