

Brittle Boned

Julien Baker

Alone, electric glow
Static snow, in the lobby
No TV, magazines
Waiting skin hides me
From the sting, paper sheath
Blood warm in the IV
The worry in the sheets
All the nurses reassure me
It will be quick and easy
I'm not gonna feel a thing
Lying, say it will be alright
Like a baby falling asleep
Cause I'm so good at hurting myself
Pulse is slow
Faint metronome on my left side
Beneath my protruding spine
You can hardly hear the knife
Lying flat, blind on
Covering my sunken eyes
And the line rightful
Aimed at my sick mind
Cause I'm so good at hurting myself

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>