

# Sprained Ankle

[Julien Baker](#)

Wish I could write songs about anything other than death  
I can't go to bed without trying the red shaven operas  
Each one so heavy, each one so cumbersome  
Each one a lead weight hanging between my lung  
Spilling my guts  
Spit on a microphone breaking my voice  
Whenever I'm alone with you, can't talk  
Well, isn't this weather nice? Sure you're okay?  
Should I go somewhere else and hide my face?  
Sprinter, learning away  
Marathon running, my ankles are sprained  
Marathon running, my ankles are sprained  
Ooh, ooh, ooh

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