

Catch 22, Kristiana She Don't Know I Exist

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Miscellaneous

Kristiana She Don't Know I Exist

not long ago in my high school days i watched a girl from so far away but everytime she passed me by i turned my head away and quietly sighed. and when she walked by her hair would dance a secret tango that only i could understand and if she asked me for the time of day i'd look her in the eyes and quietly say: kristina. kristina. do you have any clue who i am? (hell no) so listen up because i'll tell you once and i'll explain myself the best that i can.

kristina. kristina. you don't know me so i'll have to persist. i'm kind of shy so don't wonder why kristina she don't know i exist. from class to class i followed her but i swore i'd leave her undisturbed and if she ever stopped and turned around i got so nervous and i stared at the ground. and then one day in photography i found a contact print that i could not believe and there she was staring back at me so i took her home so quietly. 1/17/98 it's been a day that i've come to hate as i walked into the video store there she stood as my jaw fell to the floor. tapping her toe waiting in line with a movie and another guy. why did i bother why did i care about this girl named kristina? kristina. kristina. you'll never get to know who i am (your loss) this is good-bye so please don't cry and i'll let you down as softly as i can. kristina. kristina. another name to cross off my list. in another life it could have been nice but kristina she won't know what she missed