

Julie Doiron, The Wrong Guy

I tiptoe across the squeaky floor
Check to see who's around first
No one should see this

I close my hands around his head
Steady myself for the kiss
No one should see this

I tighten my eyes and feel the stress
Close my lips onto his
No one seems to like this

I open my eyes in horror
To see what I've done
It was the wrong guy
He was the wrong guy