

Yo La Tengo, Cherry Chapstick

Someone else's date, someone else's door
There's a girl with cherry Chapstick on and nothing more
It's such a lurid pose
And she seems this close
But not to me

Clear as day, crawling home at night
Wondering why the girls don't look at me when I walk by
The way they make me feel
Is still way too real
To believe

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Wondering what it could be like if I could be that smooth
I could think about
All that I missed out
It's hard to do

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It's such a lurid pose
And she seems this close
But not to me

Running 'round in circles all day long