Last American Virgin

Summer Camp

"another sunday, in the cafe
he leans over to me
pushing forward in his chair
he whispers privately
'they don't know where we go
when the lights turn low.
you and me we're the same,
we know we all have to go'
he writes his name in the soap
on the counter top.
i grip my chair with white knuckles
wishing that he would stop.
dont you dare try to compare,
i am nothing like you.
you're bringing me down.
at a bus stop in the rain,
he slithers over to me.
pulling at his greasy hair
i know he thinks i'll agree.
'they dont see what we see
when we close our eyes
you and me we're the same
i know we both fantasize.'
he pulls his jacket closer to him as he winks at the night.
out of sight i'd rather walk,
but something just isnt right.
don't you dare try and compare,
i am nothing like you.
you're bringing me down."

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