

Bug Parade

Polar Bear Club

The lips I've been watching are yours
You and your mom are talking about lord knows
Dim lights in the kitchen, the TV's so low
The lips I've been watching are moving slowly For the first time, I'm glad you're not including me
I couldn't speak if you did, I'm staring at your lips The bugs at my back porch light, like confetti on my head
This makes me shake, should have stayed at your place
But I have to work, and you've got to study,
this boy is not spent, forever unlucky
Minutes away, but miles apart For the first time, I'm glad you're not including me
I couldn't speak if you did, I'm staring at your lips
I hope your mom isn't looking at me,
and thinking "What the fuck's he staring at?"
Of course, it's just these late night talks with you, late night drives alone

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