

Blouse

Clairo

Here we are
Quiet at your kitchen table
With courtesy to little pet peeves
Napkins on laps strands pulled back
I hang the scarf and my mom's anorak

Why do I tell you how I feel?
When you're just looking down the blouse
It's something I wouldn't say out loud
If touch could make them hear
Then touch me now
If touch could make them hear
Then touch me now

Talking to
Some who laugh and others scorned
I guess humour could help me after all
It's funny now I'm just useless and a whore
But I get a co-sign from your favourite one-man show

Why do I tell you how I feel?
When you're too busy looking down my blouse
It's something I wouldn't say out loud
If touch could make them hear
Then touch me now
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Then touch me now