

# The Wrong Guy

Julie Doiron

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

I wrap my hands around his neck  
Steady myself for the kiss  
No one should see this

I close my eyes and feel the stress  
And press 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