

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