

Jason undressed me  
Lying on his sheets  
He did not do the same  
Even his boots were on

Clumsy, shakily  
He ran his hands up me  
He was afraid  
Tears streaming down his face

Jason, there's no rush  
I know a lot comes up  
Letting in some love  
Where there always should have been some

I was proud to seem  
Warm and mothering  
Just for a night  
Even through all the drink

We were 23  
Breeders on CD  
When we woke up  
He just asked me to leave

I stole  
Twenty  
From his  
Blue jeans  
I'm pretty  
Sure  
That he  
Saw me