

## Young Adult Friction

### The Pains of Being Pure At Heart

Between the stacks in the library  
Not like anyone stopped to see  
We came, they went, our bodies spent  
Among the dust and the microfiche

Dark winters wear you down  
Up again to see the dawn  
In your worn sweatshirt and your mother's old skirt  
It's enough to turn my studies down

Now that you feel  
You say it's not real  
Now that you feel  
You say it's not real

I never thought I would come of age  
Let alone on a moldy page  
You put your back to the spines and you said it was fine  
If there's nothing really left to say

You're taking toffee with your Vicodin  
Something sweet to forget about him  
If you go your own way, I can go my own way  
And we'll never speak of it again

Now that you feel  
You say it's not real  
Now that you feel  
You say it's not real

Don't check me out, don't check me out  
Don't check me out  
Don't check me out, don't check me out  
Don't check me out

Don't check me out, don't check me out  
Don't check me out  
Don't check me out, don't check me out  
Don't check me out