Someone else's date
In someone else's door
There's a girl with cherry Chapstick on and nothing more.
It's such a lurid pose
and she seems this close
But not to me

Clear as day
Crawling home at night
Wondering why the girls don't look at me when I walk by.
And the way they make me feel is way too real to believe

Wondering what it could be like if I could be that smooth I could think about all that I missed out It's hard to do

Someone else's date
In someone else's door
There's a girl with cherry Chapstick on and nothing more
It's such a lurid pose
and she seems this close
But not to me

Running around in circles all day long