

Pains of Being Pure at Heart, The "Young Adult Friction"

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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 around

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 will go my own way
And we'll never speak of it again

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

Don't check me out!

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