

## **Cadell Meryn**

### **"The Sweater"**

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(lyrics are spoken)

Girls,

I know you will understand this  
and feel the intrinsic incredible emotion  
You have just pulled over your head the worn,  
warm sweater belonging to a boy  
Now, you haven't had a passionate kissing session or  
anything,

but you got to go on a camping trip with him  
and eight other people from school  
And you practically slept together,  
your sleeping bag right next to his  
And you woke in the night to watch him as he slept  
but you couldn't see anything 'cause it was dark  
so you just laid there and listened to his breathing  
and wondered if your heart might burst

The sweater has that faintly goat-like smell  
which all teenage boys possess,  
and that smell will lovingly transfer  
to all your other clothes

If you get to keep it for a few days you can sleep with it  
but don't let your mom see, 'cause she'll say,  
"what is that filthy thing, and who does it belong to  
besides the trash man?"

So you have to keep it under the covers with you  
You can kind of lie it beside you,  
or wrap it around your waist,  
or touch it on your legs, or whatever

That's your business

Now if the sweater has, like, reindeer on it  
or is a funny color like yellow... I'm sorry,  
you can't get away with a sweater like that  
Look for brown, or grey, or blue

Anything other than that, and you know you're dealing  
with

someone who's different

And different is NOT what you're looking for  
You're looking for those Alpine ski-chiseled features  
and that sort of blank look which passes for deep  
thought

or at least the notion that someone's home  
You're looking for the boy of your dreams

who is the same boy in the dreams of all your friends  
Monday, wear the sweater  
to school  
Be calm, look cute  
Don't tell him about the dream you had  
about the place the two of you would share  
when you get older  
Just be yourself  
The best, cutest, quietest version of yourself  
Definitely wear lip gloss  
He looks at you, and then he looks away  
And then he walks away  
and the smell of the sweater hits you again suddenly  
like ape-scent gloriola  
and you get a note passed to you  
by a girl in History that says  
"He needs that sweater back.  
He forgot you put it on in the tent on Saturday  
and he's been looking for it."  
And you don't have to die of humiliation, you know  
You are a strong person  
and this is a learning experience  
You can still hold your head up high as you run from  
the classroom  
tearing the stinking sweater from your body  
You've got a secret now, honey,  
and though you'd never sink as low as him,  
you could blab it all over the school if you wanted  
The label in that sweater  
said "100% Acrylic"

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