

Clare Bowditch

"You Look So Good"

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It can't be natural, it can't be sane,
the places my mind goes when you show up at work
Monday.

I try to be a good girl, push the pictures aside,
of you and me and one cubicle...
your lips, your eyes, your thighs,
my my my.

You look so good, it hurts.

I gently punch in the numbers; your body's the keys.
By mid morning break time, your the biscuit, and I am
the tea.

I try to be such a good girl - my lipstick all on straight.
You and me in one cubicle;
it's more than a woman like me can take.
Hey hey.

You look so good, it hurts, and I wanna touch it.

What an apparition. Trick now or true?
Did I hear correctly sir?
Were you asking me to sit on you?

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