

## Summer Camp "Last American Virgin"

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"another sunday, in the cafe  
he leans over to me  
pushing forward in his chair  
he whispers privately  
'they don't know where we go  
when the lights turn low.  
you and me we're the same,  
we know we all have to go'  
he writes his name in the soap  
on the counter top.  
i grip my chair with white knuckles  
wishing that he would stop.  
dont you dare try to compare,  
i am nothing like you.  
you're bringing me down.  
at a bus stop in the rain,  
he slithers over to me.  
pulling at his greasy hair  
i know he thinks i'll agree.  
'they dont see what we see  
when we close our eyes  
you and me we're the same  
i know we both fantasize.'  
he pulls his jacket closer to him as he winks at the  
night.  
out of sight i'd rather walk,  
but something just isnt right.  
don't you dare try and compare,  
i am nothing like you.  
you're bringing me down."

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