

Sneaking Around

Juliana Hatfield

Baby, you come whisper at my door
What do I open it for?
I'm always happy to see your face
Even though you are disgrace.

I'm sick of sneaking around
I'm sick of sneaking around
I'm sick of sneaking around
I'm sick of sneaking around

Hide your smile it's broad daylight
And don't start thinking about last night
You can't say these things out loud
But I'm not leaving and I'm not proud.

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Do me the honor of holding my hand on the plane
Take me on public transit
Express your feelings on the train
We travel together over time zones and weather
Never really touching the ground.

The only evidence I have
Dirty pictures in my bag.
Am I ever going to see where you live?
Am I ever going to meet your kid?

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