

Hygiene Aisle

The Methadones

I pretended that I didn't notice you from a dread of locking eyes

As I push my cart down the hygiene aisle I thought back to a certain time

I tried to look preoccupied as I read the ingredients to the Listerine

Then I felt a nudge on my shoulder I turned around and acted surprised, just like I despise

I really wish it was anyone but you when I tried forming a smile

Things like this always seem to happen at the strangest times
Of all places the hygiene aisle

It was the last thing in the world that I ever wanted to do

There was no chance of getting rid of you

Your stupid babble was clouding up the air

Meaningless things you felt a need to share-

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