

Arab Strap, Amor Veneris

The rain woke us up.
You turned round and just did it.
Good morning, slow down.
Have you remembered where you hid it?
You cried in the kitchen.
We made up in the hall.
I watched you get dressed.
Those boots make you too tall.
And we made each other late,
'cause I took my watch off there,
so it wouldn't scratch your skin,
or get tangled in your hair.
It wasn't long ago
we went on guided tours
but I forgot what it meant
to pretend my hand is yours.
It's best in the morning.
When we know it won't be rushed.
So leave the curtains closed
and come back when you've brushed.