

Arab Strap, Stink

Burn these sheets that we've just fucked in.
My weekend beacon, I've been sucked in.
Just one more time and then you'll get tucked in.
I think you might still be my best.

Come with me 'cause I want a thrill now.
It's okay 'cause I'm on the pill now.

We hardly spoke, we just stood around looming,
then we slipped away while the party was booming.
We've got so good now at just presuming,
why won't you let me rest?

Come with me now, no-one will miss you.
Do what you want, don't expect me to kiss you.

It's your skin and your breath and your sweat and greasy hair,
the empty cans and makeshift ashtrays everywhere.
Strangers waking up in the Monday morning stink
- of course I feel sick, but it's not why you think.

Come with me, but this is the last time,
understand you're no more than a pastime.

My sharp exit could not have been quicker,
but my excuse could have been a bit slicker.
Just be polite now and get down and lick her.
I think it's time we both get dressed.