

Arab Strap, The Girl I Loved Before I Fucked

I can't even escape you in my sleep when all I need is rest
knowing when I wake up I can't watch you get dressed
and pretend I'm sleeping and imagine you with child.
A suggestion often made by me and by you always reviled.
I wanted to watch your body change and loosen all your clothes.
To hold a new-born baby with your eyes and my nose.

I suppose that was the first sign
that you never really were mine.

My twisted spine is aching now this bed's got so much space.
In direct contrast to my mind which is cluttered with your face.
You're the girl I loved before I fucked and that's so rare.
So I'll help you leave your home while you decide if you still care.

I really thought we never could end.
Or at least I'd always be your good friend.
But then I think about what you've done
and his tongue pressed against your tongue.
Your bodies together in our bed.
His cock in your cunt, his cock in your head.
And instead of a new platonic future for you and me
I hope you get an abortion or at least an STD.

When out with married friends I sat with them on the bus.
I watched the way they were and that could never have been us.
So the girl I loved before I fucked you'll always be.
But the woman you've grown into is no woman for me.