

# Arab Strap, To All A Good Night

Lost on Christmas Eve eve,  
he threw something down my neck.  
I didn't check what it was.  
When he says "Trust me," I never need to check.  
Then he helped me up,  
and the next thing I know we were lying naked and it had started to snow.  
So I was late for work - Hungover, dazed, and freezing.  
But we still made time to demonstrate how we'll wear it, come the season.  
Not a creature stirred. No mother, no mouse.  
But I still tip-toed down the hall and sneaked out of the house.