

## Arab Strap "Afterwards"

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The bed's a mess  
When we're finished and at rest  
And I can just see the post fuck flush across your chest

The telly's silent  
The room's lit only by the screen  
And now we're perfect moulds  
With just our pulses in between

Well, I'm not listening to what my mother said  
What we're doing inside my bed  
And I'm not pretending this time you're someone else  
But I'm cleaning these sheets all by myself

Afterwards is best  
You get up to get dressed  
I think your pants are by the door  
I think tomorrow we might be sore

Even in this light, your tits look white against the  
tanning  
And I know we're a couple now 'cause  
We went down the Family Planning

It hit me in the waiting room  
Waiting for you when you were getting what you need  
But I can't help be a bit disappointed when you start to  
bleed

Afterwards is best  
You get up to get dressed  
I think your pants are by the door  
I think we might be sore

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