

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 may still be my best

Come with me 'cause I need 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