

Stink

Arab Strap

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