

To All A Good Night

Arab Strap

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.