

Arab Strap, Direction Of Strong Man

We're barely half way there.
You're stretched out and clamped around me.
I don't think there's drink at home.
You make a little snore and shift.
Just keep your head down there.
You sleep, I'll give directions.
I'll use the private miles to plan some tactics and a gift.
I'll move around you, attack and surround you.
She talked me back inside - thank fuck our friends are nosy.
Any reaction's good - it's a stupid way to make me say it.
Did we go far enough? Did it just serve its purpose?
If words are still a problem I'll cut it out and let you weigh it.