

Arab Strap, Last Orders

We used to do it to ease the tension.
Pretend that sex wasn't our intention.
Even weeks later when they all knew.
It always helped just to have a few.
But now what's the point
if we're not going out?
It only makes you tired.
and makes me shout.
Always the last chance for you and me.
First come apologies, then the plea.
I wash the walls as you pack your stuff.
I've had too much and you've had enough.
So what's the point
when we're not meeting friends?
From midday to morning
on weekdays or weekends.
We could pretend that this never started.
That you're still shy, I'm still broken-hearted.
And we'll get pissed just to watch the telly.
I'll get worked up when you flash your belly.
But what's the point
if we're just staying in?
It's a lot of effort
for one big din.