

Arab Strap, My Favourite Muse

I pulled the ex last night, and it felt weird to feel her up again.
Knickers down, and bra cast as if the past and not passed.
And she brought the drinks all night, but that's okay, now she's got a job.
Her generosity - my curse. She even let me keep her purse.
But I couldn't get it up - too much to drink, too much to say.
She picked her clothes up off the floor and promptly headed for the door.
I was just trying to use my favourite muse.
I don't think I could ever want her back, I'm just making sure she's still capable of being slack.
And she's got trouble with her boyfriend now.
I always said he was a prick.
I told her from the very start, when she almost broke my heart.
And my room's a mess this morning.
She left her fag-ends floating in a glass.
I didn't try and make her stay. I doubt she would have anyway.
I was just trying to use my favourite muse.
It's nice to see she's still slack. I could never want her back.