Arab Strap, Fine Tuning

If you take a sock off,
then I'll take a sock off.
We'll do one for one 'til we're both bare.
And with our tongues click-clicking,
the big bright clock stops ticking
as we make a right mess of your hair.

Then we'll make plans for dinner,
though my gut's got no thinner
since I've been letting you feed it.
And you're useless at drinking,
but these days I've been thinking
I doubt we're going to need it.

And if you stop bleeding
and we took to breeding,
you know our son would be a hit.
And as for our daughter,
all suitors she'd slaughter
with her brains and her beauty and her wit.

After the flirting and after the swooning,
with nerves put to bed it's all just fine tuning.
And we'll never get bored with our routine and pattern
when I'm your house-husband and you are my slattern.

But one day I might cut loose
and I just won't be much use
and so you'll push me away
- so do your best, and make me pay.