

# Arab Strap, There Is No Ending

Not everything must end  
Not every romance must descend  
Not every lover's pact decays  
Not every sad mistake replays

If you can love my growing gut  
My rotten teeth and greying hair  
Then I can guarantee I'll do  
The same as long as you can bear

If you love my little poofy hands  
My skinny arms and reeking feet  
The way I dance, the way I eat  
If you love the morning spots I try  
And squeeze before you're up to see  
Each torn ankle, each weak knee

But still my moods must swing  
To solitude I must still cling  
And you won't love me every day  
And suffer many a display

But plates may smash and doors may slam  
My comments may be less than kind  
But that won't mean I've changed my mind  
I'm a huffy prick the best of times

I love to sulf and shout and squeal  
But please don't doubt the way I feel  
Cause when the Sun burns up the earth  
Our progeny will raise a can  
Here's to where it all began  
And every day I hear the world  
Is cracking up, the end is near  
I hear we all should live in fear

Bullies, burglars, paedophiles  
Bird flu and passive smoke  
(They're coming!)  
Volcanoes, earthquakes, tidal waves  
Heart disease and strokes  
(They're coming!)  
Terrorists with homemade poisons  
And factions everywhere  
(They're coming!)  
They're drinking in the street  
And they could steal your name  
And I don't care!