Love Detective

Arab Strap

We slept in this morning and she had to get ready in a hurry
No time for her usual attention to detail
And she ran out the door
Slamming it behind her
Leaving her keys swinging and janglingI stayed in bed until I heard the downstairs door shut
Then peeked through the blinds
And as soon as she was out of sight
I went for the keysShe never tried to make a secret of the box or
The fact it was locked or even where she kept it
But as I said at the time
"If you've nothing to hide, why hide it?"It's one of those wee red cashbox things
And she keeps it in a drawer by the bed
Under some pictures and books
Every key she has is on the same keyring
It took me a while to find the right oneI don't know
I suppose I've had my doubts for a while there's been
Hushed phone calls virtually every night
Her friends stop talking when I come in the room
They look at each other, and I don't know
It's just a feelin'Anyway
I eventually found the right key and
It fitted perfectly in
Put the box on top of the bed and opened it upThere were these pictures of friends and ex's
Letters, postcards, doodles, nothing bad
And then I found some sort of sex diary
And I went to the latest entry
It explicitly detailed a recent adventure up the park
With a boy she said she had forgotten aboutAnd it got worse as it went on
The dates never made sense
There were people I had never even heard of
Eventually I had to stop reading it
Because I started to feel sick
So I put everything back the way I found it
Shut the drawer and phoned youSee, I don't know what to do
I keep having
Fantasies about leaving her Dictaphone under the pillow
Or following her when she goes to work
I've been lying about where I'm going
Just in case I can bump into her

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