

# Infrared

## Arab Strap

How can nothing ever mean something?  
It goes from white to gray so fast  
A new pool on a strange mattress  
Helps me catch up with my past  
Pass me something to wipe with  
We're so easy to please  
Do you worry that it's loaded?  
Laced with a million little me's  
So are you up for the hat trick  
Or are you down for a rest?  
As the whitest light between our legs  
Or hidden in my chest  
And if they see us on the stairs  
Or if they catch us on the sink  
Move quickly and brush it off  
With a giggle and a wink

Songwriters

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