

Afterwards

Arab Strap

The bed's a mess
When we're finished and at rest
And I can just see the post fuck flush across your chest
The telly's silent
The room's lit only by the screen
And now we're perfect moulds
With just our pulses in between
Well, I'm not listening to what my mother said
What we're doing inside my bed
And I'm not pretending this time you're someone else
But I'm cleaning these sheets all by myself
Afterwards is best
You get up to get dressed
I think your pants are by the door
I think tomorrow we might be sore
Even in this light, your tits look white against the tanning
And I know we're a couple now 'cause
We went down the Family Planning
It hit me in the waiting room
Waiting for you when you were getting what you need
But I can't help be a bit disappointed when you start to bleed
Afterwards is best
You get up to get dressed
I think your pants are by the door
I think we might be sore

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>