

Amor Veneris

Arab Strap

The rain woke us up
You turned 'round and just did it
Good mornin', slow down
Have you remembered where you hid it? You cried in the kitchen
We made up in the hall
I watched you get dressed
Those boots make you too tall And we made each other late
'Cause I took my watch off there
So it wouldn't scratch your skin
Or get tangled in your hair It wasn't long ago
We went on guided tours
But I forgot what it meant
To pretend my hand is yours

Songwriters

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