

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.