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

At least we know we're fuckable
At least we're sated and we're tired
At least the bedroom stinks
And we know we're desired

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