

Pulled

Arab Strap

I was trying to sleep, but my heart-rate wasn't fooled.
It was at least the back of four when you phoned to tell me that you'd pulled.
You met him in a club and he's nice.
You hope he doesn't think you're slack.
But he's waiting in the next room and you think you'd better get back.
I'm trying to sleep, but I'm staring and I'm thinking.
And my bed's fucking huge.
And you and him are drinking.
I'm glad that I'm going.
That I'll soon be away.
I wish you'd just ask her 'cause it's not something I can say.