

# Arctic Monkeys, Catapult

Both sides, and softly came the growl from both sides  
and if his whisper splits the mist  
just think of what he's capable of with his kiss  
nice try, you cannot turn away but nice try  
turned your legs to little building blocks  
and with his index finger flicks you on your socks  
I'll go high pitched, he'll talk and make you voice sound high pitched  
dread to think if he got you on your own  
and whispered in your ear in that baritone  
It's the same stone, his heart was cut out of the same stone  
that they used to calve his jaw, it's impossible not to feel inferior  
And he could catapult you back to your daddy  
or into any hissing misery  
and he will tear you out the day after a triumph is as hollow  
as the day after a tragedy  
he'll extinguish any chance of escape  
when he slaps you on your arse or kisses your nape  
and he's leaving without saying 'Bye'  
And you would queue up to listen to him pissing  
and hang around to watch some poor girl bluff  
and then they chase him down the avenue  
incessantly pestering him to let him join the club  
He knows how to put a cork in the foot  
and just how to shut up the charming ones of us  
and they've seen him talking to your lady friend  
There's a dust track waiting for betrayal  
where he'll teach you all the bits they missed  
nice try, you cannot turn away but nice try  
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You cannot turn away