

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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nice try, you cannot turn away but nice try
You cannot turn away