

Arctic Monkeys, Fire And The Thud

You showed me my tomorrow
Beside a box of matches
A welcome threatening stir
My hopes of being stolen
Might just ring true
Depends who you prefer
But if it's true you're gonna run away
Tell me where
I'll meet you there
Am I snapping the excitement
If I pack away the laguther
And tell you how it feels
And does burden come to meet ya
If I've questions of the feature that runs on your dream wheel
The day after you stole my heart,
Everything I touched told me it would be better shared with you
And you're hiding in my soup
And the book reveals your face
And there's a splashing in my eyelids
The concentration continually breaks
I did request the mark you cast
Didn't heal as fast
I hear your vioce in silences
Will the teasing of the fire be followed by the thud?
And the jostling crowd
You're not allowed to tell the truth
And the photobooth's a liar
And the sharpened explanations
But theres no screaming reason to inquire
I'd like to poke them in their prying eyes with things they never see if it smacks in their temples