

Arctic Monkeys, Red Right Hand

Take a little walk to the edge of town
and go across the tracks
Where the viaduct looms,
like a bird of doom
As it shifts and cracks
Where secrets lie in
the humming wires and
the border fires well you know you're never comin back
Past the square, past the bridge
past the mills, past the stacks
On a gathering storm comes
a tall handsome man
In a dusty black coat with
a red right hand
He'll wrap you in his arms and
tell you that you've been a good boy
He'll rekindle all of those dreams
it took you a lifetime to destroy
He'll reach deep into the hole,
heal your shrinking soul
And there won't be a single thing
That you can do
He's a god, he's a ghost,
he's a man, he's a guru
They're whispering his name
Across this disappearing land
But hidden in his coat
is a red right hand
You haven't got no money?
He'll get you some
If you haven't got no car,
He'll get you one
You've got no self-respect,
you feel like an insect
Well don't you worry buddy,
cause here he comes
Through the ghetto and the barrio
and the bowery and the slum
A shadow is cast wherever he stands
Stacks of green paper in his
red right hand
You'll see him in your nightmares,
you'll see him in your dreams
He'll appear out of nowhere but
he's not what he seems
You'll see him in your head and
on the TV screen
hey buddy, I'm warning
you to turn it off
He's a ghost, he's a god,
he's a man, he's a guru
You're one microscopic cog
in his catastrophic plan
Designed and directed by
his red right hand