

Arctic Monkeys, Space Invaders

Space invaders flying home
Yeah, they're going to hit the sack
And they are prob'ly going to die getting high
Cause they're mixing crazy... with the crack
And she's kissing all the boys
She's to clever to be slack
But she's bound to go away for a day
In July, so she won't be coming back

Baby, baby, baby
The good old days to tax
Baby, baby, baby
Won't you dry your pretty eyes
Baby, baby, baby
Your good old days to tax
Come on!

...(Missing verse)

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She's to clever to be slack
But she's bound to go away for a day
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