

# Arctic Monkeys, Black Treacle

Lately I've been seeing things  
Belly button piercings  
In the sky at night  
When we're side by side  
And I don't mean to rain on anybody's cabriolet  
One of those games you're going to lose  
But you want to play it just in case  
Now it's getting dark and the sky looks sticky  
More like black treacle than tar  
Black treacle  
Somebody told the stars - you're not coming out tonight  
And so they found a place to hide  
Does it help you stay up late?  
Does it help you concentrate?  
Does it tune you in when you chew your chin?  
Am I ruining your fun?  
And you talk the talk alright  
But do you walk the walk or catch the train?  
You wanted it, you got it  
But you don't want it now  
And now I'm out of place and I'm not getting any wiser  
I feel like the Sundance Kid behind a synthesiser  
And I tried last night to pack away a laugh  
Like a key under the mat  
But it never seems to be there when you want it