

Arctic Monkeys, Body Paint

For a master of deception and subterfuge
You've made yourself quite the bed, to lie in
Do your time traveling through the tanning booth
So you don't let the sun catch you crying

So predictable, I know what you're thinking

My teeth are beating and my knees are weak
It's as if there's something up with the wiring
You can poke your head behind the mountain peak
It don't have to mean that you've gone into hiding

So predictable I know what you're thinking

I'm watching your every move I feel the tears are coming on
It won't be long
It won't be long

Straight from the cover shoot
There's still a trace of body paint
On your legs and on your arms and on your face
And I'm keeping on my costume
And calling it a writing tool
And if you're thinking of me
I'm probably thinking of you

There's still a trace of body paint
On your legs and on your arms and on your face
There's still a trace of body paint
On your legs and on your arms and on your face
There's still a trace of body paint
On your legs and on your arms and on your face
There's still a trace of body paint
On your legs and on your arms and on your face
So predictable I know what you're thinking
Ooh, hah, yeah
You might also like
The Car
Arctic Monkeys
Jet Skis On The Moat
Arctic Monkeys
Do I Wanna Know?
Arctic Monkeys