

Arctic Monkeys, Crying Lightning

Outside the café by the cracker factory
You were practicing a magic trick
And my thoughts got rude
As you talked and chewed
On the last of your pick n mix
Said your mistaken if you thinking that I an't been called cold before
As you bit into your strawberry lace,
And then a flip in your attention in the form of a gobstopper,
Is all you have left and it was going to waste

Your past times
Consisted of the strange
And twisted and deranged
And I love that little game you had called
Crying Lightning
And how you like to aggravate the ice cream man on rainy afternoons

The next time that I caught my own reflection
It was on it's way to meet you
Thinking of excuses to postpone
You never look like yourself from the side
But your profile did not hide,
The fact you knew I was approaching your throne.
With folded arms you occupy the bench like toothache
Saw them, puff your chest out like you never lost a war
And though I try so not to suffer the indignity of a reaction
There was no cracks to grasp, no gaps to claw

And your past times
Consisted of the strange
And twisted and deranged
And I hate that little game you had called
Crying Lightning
And how you like to aggravate the icky man on rainy afternoons
Uninviting
But not have as impossible as everyone assumes
You are Crying Lightning

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