

# Arctic Monkeys, Fire & The Thud

You showed me my tomorrow beside a box of matches  
A welcome threatening stir  
My hopes of being stolen might just ring true  
Depends who you prefer  
If it's true you're gonna run away  
Tell me where, I'll meet you there  
Am I snapping the excitement?  
If I pack away the laughter and tell you how it feels  
And does burden come to meet you?  
If I've questions of the feature that rolls on your dream reel  
The day after you stole my heart  
Everything I touched told me  
It would be better shared with you, with you  
And now you're hiding in my soup  
And this book reveals your face  
And there's a splashing in my eyelids  
As the concentration continually breaks  
I did request the mark you cast didn't heal as fast  
I hear your voice in silences  
Will the teasing of the fire be followed by the thud?  
In the jostling crowd you're not allowed to tell the truth  
And the photo booth's a liar, liar  
There's a sharpened explanation  
But there's no screaming reason to inquire  
I'd like to poke them in their prying eyes  
With things they'd never see  
If it smacks them in their temples