

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