

# Arctic Monkeys, From Ritz To The Rubble

Last night these two bouncers  
And one of em's alright  
The other one's the scary one  
His way or no way, totalitarian  
He's got no time for you  
Looking or breathing  
How he dosent want you to  
So step out the queue  
He makes examples of you  
And there's nowt you can say  
Behind they go through to the bit where you pay  
And you realize then that it's finally the time  
To walk back past ten thousand eyes in the line  
And you can swap jumpers and make another move  
Instilled in your brain you've got something to prove  
To all the smirking faces and the boys in black  
Why can't they be pleasant?  
Why can't they have a laugh?  
He's got his hand in your chest  
He wants to give you a duff  
Well secretly I think they want it all to kick off  
They want, arms flying everywhere and  
Bottles as well it's just  
Something to talk about  
A story to tell you  
Well I'm so glad they turned us all away we'll put it down to fate  
I thought a thousand million things that I could never think this morning  
Got too deep, but how deep is too deep?  
This town's a different town today  
This town's a different town to what it was last night  
You couldn't have done that on a Sunday  
That girl's a different girl today  
That girl's a different girl to her you kissed last night  
You couldn't have done that on a Sunday  
Last night what we talked about  
It made so much sense  
But now the haze has ascended  
It don't make no sense anymore