

Arctic Monkeys, I Haven't Got My Strange

When I got back from fixing my hair,
you were directing traffic.
Letting your story slip on the snow as
if the transmission was automatic.

It's arguable
that I shouldn't have been there.

It was fortunate timing.

I had a hole in the pocket
of my favourite coat
and my love dropped
into the lining.

(Have you got your strange?)

Not on me. I haven't got my strange

(Have you got your strange?)

Not on me

You can't sleep
until you've sat
on the steps to weep
until you feel like
you've wept yeah.

(As long as you don't forget your strange)

(Have you got your strange?)

No, not on me. I haven't got my strange

I've better fetch my strange.

I haven't got my strange.