

# Arctic Monkeys, If You Were There, Beware

If you were there, beware  
The serpent soul pinches  
Three hundred and fifty no-thank-you's  
And nobody flinches  
Go on, girl, go on  
Give us something gruesome  
We require your grief  
The thugs help the thieves  
As they're trying to rob  
The words from her gob  
And take the swords to the innocence

And if you were there, beware  
The serpent soul pinches  
Can't you sense she was never meant  
To fill column inches?  
And you had enough  
What you're trying to dig up  
Isn't there to be dug  
The thieves help the thugs  
As they're trying to beat  
The good grace of her sweetheart  
Out to the point she'll comply

And why? Leave her on her own  
If I'd have known, then I wouldn't have said it  
I wouldn't have said it if I would have known  
Why? Leave her on her own  
If I predicted tears, then I wouldn't have said it  
I wouldn't have said it if I would had known

Ahh ahh ahh...

There's a circle of witches  
Ambitiously vicious they are  
And our attempts to remind them  
Of reason won't get us that far  
And I don't know what it is that they want  
I don't know what it is that they want  
But I haven't got it to give  
She hasn't got it to give.