Arctic Monkeys, Nettles

He sank into their calculations and snorted on the stench,
Of their arithmetic,
Looked for the boy who was hanging his head low,
More trophies than ideas,
To follow their pretence.

With a scowl in his pocket and a smile on his face,
He followed with obedience and fell in the nettles.

Afterwards those spikey whispers said he brought his own rope,
And skipped the bits they loathed,
Didn't scramble to find a dock leaf to capture back our hope,
To advice his mind had closed,
He lost all of his footholes.

And with a scowl in his pocket and a smile on his face,
He followed with obedience and fell in the nettles, fell in the nettles, fell in the nettles.

He was a toothpick!
And the garlic and the cinder upon the path,
Had failed to blunt or hinder the slow collapse,
Clinging to the doorframe he was dragged,
Off to a reminder of where he had been.

With a scowl in his pocket,
And a smile on his face,
He had nowhere to flee,
So sat content in the nettles.