

# Arctic Monkeys, Old Yellow Bricks

Old yellow bricks, love's a risk  
Quite the little escapologist  
Love's so miffed when you wish  
For a thousand places better than this

You are the fugitive, but you don't know what you're running from  
You can't kid us and you couldn't trick anyone  
Houdini, look, you don't know what you're running away from

Who wants to sleep in a city that never wakes up?  
Blinded by nostalgia  
Who wants to sleep in a city that never wakes up?

She was enraged by the way  
That the emperors were trapped in the cage  
And the days she deemed dull  
Leading to nights reading beer bottles

You're such a fugitive, but you don't know what you're running from  
You can't kid us, and you couldn't trick anyone  
Houdini, look, you don't know what you're running away from

Who wants to sleep in a city that never wakes up?  
Blinded by nostalgia  
Who wants to sleep in a city that never wakes up?

You're at a loss, just because  
It wasn't all that you thought it was  
You are the fugitive, but you don't know what you're running away from

She said, "I want to sleep in a city that never wakes up  
And revel in nostalgia"  
"I know", I said, "He wants to sleep in a city that never wakes up, But...  
Dorothy was right, though."