

Arctic Monkeys, Plastic Tramp

He looks as if he hasn't slept
His hair is purposely unkept
And then he knew his people wept
When you crafted your plan

The shadows underneath the eyes
And everywhere the bastard lies
My lack of proof is your disguise
You won't remember me

There's nothing really I can say
But "sorry mate" and walk away
I could be wrong unless you play your game
This world is cruel and most unkind
And horrible is redefined
I can't imagine that you'd mind at all

You're lying again
you're conscious in your friend
And the only thing you're sobbing out is your imagination
Lying again
You're conscious in your friend
And the only thing you're sobbing out is your imagination

Is he really on the street?
Desperation on deceit
And what he's wearing on his feet
Won't solve our mystery

And I am baffled by how you stand there
Soaking it in
And do you hide your identity
Where you hide your grin?
better hide your grin

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