

# Arctic Monkeys, Pretty Visitors

Tricking through the morning,  
The tramp with the trampoline under his arm,  
Shifts past your whiskers,  
So spark is a charm with the barking alarm,  
Weighs coil 'til the corner is turned.  
And the bicycle wheels, all struggle to move round,  
In your muddy mind,  
Blatantly cape town,  
And will intertwine in co-operative time,  
Shall we sit on the springs 'til the mung goes dry?  
All the pretty visitors came and waved their arms and cast the shadow of a snake pit on the wall,  
All the pretty visitors came and waved their arms and cast the shadow of a snake pit on the...  
What came first the chicken or the dickhead?  
Split sleep reeps through rewards and I'll fitting thoughts,  
A twilight force, she doesn't wanna walk,  
Your legs start running and your head gets caught,  
Cannot be nineteen, it's perfectly placed for the reasonably frightening,  
Pulled from the after taste, you'll have to slip away,  
And I'm happy to say,  
Behold as the crook in a hammock plays...  
All the pretty visitors came and waved their arms and cast the shadow of a snake pit on the wall,  
All the pretty visitors came and waved their arms and cast the shadow of a snake pit on the wall...  
Behold as the crook in the hammock plays,  
Crawling with the base of the scales,  
And fiddles with the feet on a balancing act,  
Gagged, bound and craft in a tale,  
Trailing wrapped in a gasp,  
Crawling with the base of the scales,  
And f\*cking fiddles with the feet on a balancing act,  
You were gagged, bound and craft in a tale,  
Trailing wrapped in a gasp.  
All the pretty visitors came and waved their arms and cast the shadow of a snake pit on the wall,  
All the pretty visitors came and waved their arms and cast the shadow of a snake pit on the wall.