

Arctic Monkeys, Sketchhead

He's coming to your party
He's walking up your drive
And he's swinging all his keys round
Sketchhead
He's seen you with your top off
He already knows your boyfriend
retain your introductions
Sketchhead
That cunts a protagonist
The pips in your quince
They are behind the spoil
The itch you can't itch in your ear
And the knock that shattered your packet of peppermints
Sketchhead
There's poison in his spit
He'll compliment your tits
And leave you to your wits
Convincingly insisting the tyres were bald
when you gave him the car
Sketchhead
Still coming to your party
Still walking up your drive
And still swinging all his keys round on his finger
As a pendulum to un nerve
And then there's you
You've changed
I approach you like you were the same
But soon it was apparent a new name was required
New lips went and fired accomplishments at me
While I'm captivated by your magazine skin
The tint on your limbs is obscures to begin
And you know full well
That anyone who says that
They don't prefer the sequel
Will still be swinging on themselves tonight