

Arctic Monkeys, That's Where You're Wrong

Pussyfooting setting sun
Make a wish that weighs a tonne
There are no handles for you to hold
No understanding where it goes
Jealousy in Technicolor
Fear by name than love by numbers
Street lamp amber wanderlust
Powder in a blunderbuss
She looks as if she's blowing a kiss at me
And suddenly the sky is a scissor
Sitting on the floor with a tambourine
Crushing up a bundle of love
Don't take it so personally
You're not the only one
That time's got it in for honey
That's where you're wrong
All the old flames fastened on
Make a wish that weighs a tonne
There are no handles you can hold
And no understanding where it goes