

Arctic Monkeys, The Bad Thing

Do the bad thing
Take off your wedding ring
But it won't make it that much easier
It might make it worse

The night's like a whirlwind
Somebody's girlfriend is talking to me
But it's alright, she's saying
That he's not gonna slap me
Or try to attack me
He's not the jealous type
And I only need to get half an excuse and I'm away
But when there's no excuses that's much easier to say

I've been before
And all these capers makers to the floor
Then to ignore
She's talking but I'm not entirely sure

Do the bad thing
Take off your wedding ring
But it won't make it that much easier
It might make it worse

I suddenly saw that
Somebody's partner is talking to me
But I don't know that's what she isn't
She murmurs things to confirm that the tragedy is true
And I knew how could she not she could have anyone she wants
And I'm struggling to think of an immediate response

Like I don't mind
Be a big mistake for you to wait
And help me waste your time
Really, love, it's fine
Said "Really, love, it's fine"

And then the first time, it occurred that there was something to destroy
I knew before the invitation that there was this ploy
Oh, but she carried on suggesting, I struggled to refuse
She said "It's the red wine this time", but that is no excuse.