

Arctic Monkeys, The Car

Your grandfather's guitar
Thinking about how funny I must look
Trying to adjust to what's been there all along
With the boat kiosk lady and her sleepy amigos
But it ain't a holiday until
You go to fetch something from the car
A travel size champagne cork pops
And we're sweeping for bugs in some dusty apartment
The what's it called café
You can arrive at eleven and have lunch with the English
But it ain't a holiday until
They force you to make a wish
They say "climb up this"
And "jump off that"
And you pretend to fall asleep on the way back
No, it ain't a holiday until
You go to fetch something from the car