

# 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