

Arctic Monkeys, The Fire And The Thud

you showed me my tomorrow
beside a box of matches
a welcome threatening stir/stare
my hopes of being stolen
might just ring true
depends who you prefer
If its true your gonna run away
tell me where I'll meet you there
Am I snapping the excitement?
If i pack away the laughter
and tell you how it feels
And does burden come to meet ya
If i have questions of the feature
that rolls on your dream reel
The day after you stole my heart
Everyting I touched told me it would be better shared with you
And your hiding in my soup
and the book reveals your face
and as you're splashing in my eyelids
the concentration continually breaks
I did request the mark you cast
It didnt heal as fast
I hear your voice in silences
The teasing of the fire be followed by the thud
In the jostling crowd your not allowed to tell the truth and the photo booths a liar
And the sharpened explanations
but theres no screaming reason to enquire
I'd like to poke them in their prying eyes with things theyve never seen if it smacks them in their ten