## Arctic Monkeys, The Hellcat Spangled Shalalala

Just when things are getting complicated In the eye of the storm She flicks a red hot revelation Off the tip of her tongue It does a dozen somersaults And leaves you supercharged Makes me want to blow the candles out Just to see if you glow in the dark Shalalala Home sweet home, home sweet home, home sweet booby trap I took the batteries out my mysticism and put them in my thinking cap She's got a telescopic hallelujah hanging up on the wall For when it gets too complicated In the eye of the storm And in a hellcat spangled cavern When your judgement's on the run And you're acting like a stranger Because you thought it looked like fun And did you ever get the feeling That these are things she's said before Her steady hands may well have done The devil's pedicure What you waiting for? Sing another fucking shalalala