

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