

# Arctic Monkeys, This House Is A Circus

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What it's done to your friends  
Their memories are pretend  
And the last thing that they want is for the feeling to end

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There's a room for the trouble and there's lovers to be had  
Those walls will make sinners out of such lovely lads  
Scaling the corridors for maidens in the maze  
And in the anomaly, you'll slip into familiar ways  
And we're...

Forever unfulfilled  
And can't think why  
Like a search for murder clues  
In dead men's eyes

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The more you open your mouth, the more you're forcing performance  
And all the attention is leading me to feel important  
(Completely obnoxious, completely obnoxious now)  
Now that we're here, we may as well go too far

Wringling around in incidents you won't forget  
And there's certainly some venom in the looks that you collect  
Aimlessly gazing at the faces in the queue  
And we're struggling with the notion that it's life, not film

This house is a circus, berserk as fuck (We're forever unfulfilled)  
We tend to see that as a perk though, look (And can't think why)  
What it's done to your friends  
Their memories are pretend (Like a search for murder clues)  
And the last thing that they want is for the feeling to end.