

Arctic Monkeys, Too Much To Ask

The smiles as she walked in the room
Have all turned into frowns
Am I too quick to assume
That the love is no longer in bloom?
The tantrums and the tears
Play a very different tune

To what they did before
Her head's red raw
And the ending doesn't sound like
The happiest around
When you sobbed before
It felt much more
Like the product of a squabble
Now there's reason for it to be something more

And no would be
Oh, it's uncertain whether the curtain has
Shut for good, she
Says, "See if it's still raining, I'm not dressed for it, and
If you loved me..."
And I interrupt to receive the scowl and stare
But still decided to stop her there

Would it be outrageous to say
We're either shouting or we're shagging?
Locked in tempestuous phase
At least that's how we felt yesterday
The eyes are getting heavier
And whether you're asleep or awake

Is a mystery
Would a kiss be too much to ask
When you fit me
As Sunday's frozen pitch fits the thermos flask?
It's a pity
It just hit me, we can't go back
To the chest touching on the back