

The Last Shadow Puppets, My Mistakes Were Made

About as subtle as an earthquake, I know
My mistakes were made for you
And in the back room of a bad dream, she came
And whisked me away, enthused
And it's solid as a rock rolling down a hill
The fact is that it probably will hit something
On the hazardous terrain
And were just following the flock, round
And the inbetween, before we smash to smithereens
Like they were, and we scrambled from the grain
And it's the fame that put words in her mouth
She couldn't help, but spit em out
Innocence and arrogance intertwined
In the filthiest of minds
She's been bitten on her birthday, and now
A face in the crowd, she's not
And I suspect that now, forever the shape
She came to escape, it's forgot
And it's a lot to ask and not to sting¹
Give her less than everything
Around your crooked conscious she will wind
Cos we were just following the flock round
And the in-between
Before we smash to smithereens
Like they were, and we scramble from the grain
And it's the fame that put words in her mouth
She couldn't help, but spit em out
Around your crooked conscious she will wind
And it's a lot to ask and not to sting
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