

Crying Lightning

Arctic Monkeys

Outside the cafe by the cracker factory you were practisin' a magic trick
And my thoughts got rude as you talked and chewed
On the last of your pick and mix Said you're mistaken if you're thinkin' that
I haven't been caught cold before as you bit into your strawberry lace
And then a flip in your attention in the form of a gobstopper
Is all you have left and it was goin' to waste Your past times consisted of the strange and twisted and deranged
And I love that little game you had called cryin' lightnin'
And how you like to aggravate the ice-cream man on rainy afternoons The next time that I caught my own
reflection
It was on its way to meet you thinkin' of excuses to postpone
You never look like yourself from the side but your profile could not hide
The fact you knew I was approachin' your throne With folded arms you occupy the bench like toothache
Saw them, puff your chest out like you never lost a war
And though I try so not to suffer the indignity of a reaction
There was no cracks to grasp or gaps to claw And your past times consisted of the strange and twisted and
deranged
And I hate that little game you had called cryin' lightnin'
And how you like to aggravate the icky man on rainy afternoons
Uninvitin' but not half as impossible as everyone assumes
You are cryin' lightnin' Oh you were reading a book about some idiot
And telling me about another I was so severely underwhelmed
I thought I might never recover Straighten the rudder girl
And sail me up stairs
And go and find somebody
Who cares
Well we might not be the perfect partners
But tonight we make a pair Your past-times, consisted of the strange
And twisted and deranged
And I hate that little game you had called Crying lightning
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Crying lightning Your past times consisted of the strange
And twisted and deranged
And I hate that little game you had called
Crying

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