

# 505

## Arctic Monkeys

I'm going back to 505  
If it's a 7-hour flight or a 45-minute drive  
In my imagination you're waiting lying on your side  
With your hands between your thighs Stop and wait a sec  
Oh when you look at me like that my darling, what did you expect?  
I'd probably still adore you with your hands around my neck  
Or I did last time I checked Not shy of a spark  
The knife twists at the thought that I should fall short of the mark  
Frightened by the bite though it's no harsher than the bark  
Middle of adventure, such a perfect place to start I'm going back to 505  
If it's a 7-hour flight or a 45-minute drive  
In my imagination you're waiting lying on your side  
With your hands between your thighs But I crumble completely when you cry  
It seems like once again you've had to greet me with goodbye  
I'm always just about to go and spoil a surprise  
Take my hands off of your eyes too soon I'm going back to 505  
If it's a 7-hour flight or a 45-minute drive  
In my imagination you're waiting lying on your side  
With your hands between your thighs and a smile

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