

Cigarette Smoker Fiona

Arctic Monkeys

Sat at the side of the pool at one of your houses
With wet white trousers on
And worlds collide as the evening continues, the dignity fucks off
Her brother's gone off to the strippers to make up for all the lost time
She could have been one of the bitches but she's actually alright
Cigarette smoker, I'm sorry
But we're all unsure how much you've had
But we think that you outta maybe not have anymore
A country home, even if we really tried
Would it cease to surprise us now
And I bet your dad would like to give us all a slap
When are your parents back d'ya know?
Well, I never came from no ghetto
But it wasn't nowhere near here
Well, spoken girls and stilettos
Aren't something to fear
Cigarette smoker, I'm sorry
But we're all unsure how much you've had
But we think that you outta maybe not have anymore
Cigarette smoker, I'm sorry
But we're all unsure how much you've had
But we think that you outta maybe not have anymore
Cigarette smoker, cigarette smoke doesn't hide
As well as you think
And you think that it outta act as the perfect disguise

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