Pretty Visitors

Arctic Monkeys

Tricking through the morning
The tramp with the trampoline under his arm
Shifts past your whiskers
So stuck is the chum with the barking alarm
Waits coiled 'til the corner is turnedAnd the bicycle wheels all struggle to move 'round
And your muddy mind blatantly cain't turn
I'm willing to whine in co-operative time
Shall we sit on the springs 'til the mug goes dryAll the pretty visitors came and waved their arms
And cast the shadow of a snake pit on the wall
All the pretty visitors came and waved their arms
And cast the shadow of a snake pit on theWhat came first, the chicken or the dickhead?
Split sleep reaps rewards and ill fitting thoughts
A twilight force, she doesn't wanna walk
Your legs start running, and your leg gets caughtCannot be nineteen, it's perfectly placed
For the reasonably frightening, falls from the aftertaste
You'll have to slip away, and I'm happy to say
Behold as the crook in a hammock playsAll the pretty visitors came and waved their arms
And cast the shadow of a snake pit on the wall
All the pretty visitors came and waved their arms
And cast the shadow of a snake pit on the wallBehold as the crook in the hammock plays
Crawling with the base of the scales
And fiddles with the feet on a balancing act
Gagged, bound, and craft in a tale
Trailing wrapped in a gaspCrawling with the base of the scales
And fucking fiddles with the feet on a balancing act
You were gagged, bound and craft in a tale
Trailing wrapped in a gaspAll the pretty visitors came and waved their arms
And cast the shadow of a snake pit on the wall
All the pretty visitors came and waved their arms
And cast the shadow of a snake pit on the wall

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