

Pretty Visitors

Arctic Monkeys

Tricking through the morning,
The tramp with the trampoline under his arm
Shifts past your whiskers
So spark is the charm with the barking alarm
Weights coiled 'til the corner is turned. And the bicycle wheels all struggle to move 'round
In your muddy mind blatantly cape town
I And will intervine in co-operative time
Shall we sit on the springs 'til the mung goes dry? All 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 What came first, the chicken or the dickhead?
Split sleep reaps through rewards and ill fitting thoughts
A twilight force, she doesn't wanna walk
Your legs start running, and your head gets caught Cannot 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 plays All 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 Behold 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 gasp Crawling 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 gasp All 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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