

Don't Forget Whose Legs You're On

Arctic Monkeys

The painted faces congregate
In the mating season
The second hopes, they go alone
In no rush to reason And there's a fountain
And a scimitar
Shaped yellow light
That picks you up
And cuts you down to size The people there and the furniture
Start to seem important
And a whole lot more
You catch the floor With a vivid and absorbent sharpened arc
Like the scimitar
Shaped yellow light
That picks you up
And cuts you down to size I had questions for the tap dancer
Sat on my lap
And she had child proof caps on her answers
Stolen blower blow me a scone
And show me that handsome enhancer She had a rock on her throttle
And a brown glass bottle
Full of shavings from the sun
Although those shoes affect your step
Don't forget whose legs you're on There's a fountain and a scimitar
Shaped yellow light
That picks you up
That cuts you down to size

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