Arabella

Artic Monkeys

Arabella's got some interstellar gator skin boots
And a Helter Skelter round her little finger and I ride it endlessly
She's got a Barbarella silver swimsuit
And when she needs to shelter from reality she takes a dip in my daydreamsMy days end best when the sunset gets itself behind
That little lady sitting on the passenger side
It's much less picturesque without her catching the light
The horizon tries but it's just not as kind on the eyes
As Arabella, oh,
As ArabellaJust might've tapped into youe mind and soul
You can't be sureArabella's got a '70s head
But she's a modern lover
It's an exploration she's made of outer space
And her lips are like the galaxy's edge
And her kiss the colour of a constellation falling into placeMy days end best when the sunset gets itself behind
That little lady sitting on the passenger side
It's much less picturesque without her catching the light
The horizon tries but it's just not as kind on the eyes
As Arabella, oh,
As ArabellaJust might've tapped into youe mind and soul
You can't be sure(That's magic) in a cheetah print coat
(Just a slip) underneath it I hope
(Asking if) I can have one of those
(Organic) Cigarettes that she smokes
(Rubs her lips) round a Mexican Coke
(Makes you wish) that you were the bottle
(Takes a sip) of your soul, and it sounds likeJust might've tapped into youe mind and soul
You can't be sure

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