Catapult

Arctic Monkeys

Both sides
In softly came the growl from both sides
And if his whisper splits the mist
Just think of what he's capable of with his kiss
Nice try
You cannot turn away, but nice try
He'll turn your legs to little building blocks
And with his index finger flicks you on your socks
I go high pitched
He'll talk and make your voice sound high pitched
Dread to think if he got you on your own
And whispered in your ear in that baritone
It's the same stone
His heart was cut out of the same stone
That they use to carve his jaw
It's impossible not to feel inferior
And he could catapult you back
To your daddy or into any hissing misery
And he will tell you how the day after a triumph
Is as hollow as the day after a tragedy
He'll extinguish any chance of escape
When he slaps you on your arse or kisses your nape
And he's leaving without saying bye
And they would queue up to listen to him
Pissing and hang around to watch some poor girl blub
And then they'd chase him down the avenue
Incessantly pestering him to let him join the club
He knows how to put a cork in the fuss
And just how to shut up the charming ones of us
And I've seen him talking to your lady friend
There's a dust track waiting for betrayal
Where he'll teach you all the bits they missed

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