

Stickin' to the Floor

Arctic Monkeys

Won't somebody let me out, don't wanna stick around no more
I'm sick of looking at yer strange, I'm sick of stickin' to the floor
Not one of you's got an ounce of style in yer
So now one of you, noFucking hell, I'll break your nose if they keep on pushing you around
They keep on steeping on your toes, I'll pick you up when you fall down
Not one of you's got an ounce of style in yer
Said, not one of you, noNot one of you's got an ounce of style in yer, no
So now one of you, no

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