

# This House Is A Circus (live @ the apollo)

## Arctic Monkeys

There's a room for the trouble and there's lovers to be had  
Those ones that make sinners out of such lovely ladsThis house is a circus, berserk as fuck  
We tend to see that as a perk, though  
Look what it's done to your friends; their memories are pretend  
And the last thing they want is for the feeling to end  
This house is a circus, berserk as fuck  
We tend to see that as a perk, though  
Look what it's done to your friends; their memories are pretend  
And the last thing they want is for the feeling to endThere's a room for the trouble and there's lovers to be had  
Those ones that make sinners out of such lovely lads  
Scaling the corridors for maidens in the maze  
And the anomaly is slipping into familiar ways  
And we're forever unfulfilled  
Can't think why  
Like a search for murder clues  
In dead man's eyes  
Forever unfulfilled  
And can't think why  
Like a search for murder clues  
In dead man's eyesThe more you open your mouth  
The more you're forcing performance  
All the attention is leading me to feel important (completely obnoxious)  
Now that we're here, we may as well go too farWriggling around just so that you won't forget  
There's certainly some venom in the looks that you collect  
Aimlessly gazing at the faces in the queue  
Struggling with the notion that it's life, not filmThis house is a circus, berserk as fuck  
We tend to see that as a perk, though  
Look what it's done to your friends; their memories are pretend  
And the last thing they want is for the feeling to end  
This house is a circus, berserk as fuck  
We tend to see that as a perk, though  
Look what it's done to your friends; their memories are pretend  
And the last thing they want is for the feeling to end

Songwriters

TURNER, ALEXPublished by

Lyrics © EMI Music Publishing Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>