

505 (Instrumental)

Arctic Monkeys

I'm going back to 505
If it's a seven hour flight or a forty-five minute drive
In my imagination you're waiting, lying on your side
With your hands between your thighs Stop and wait a sec
Oh, when you look at me like that, my darling
What did you expect?
I probably still adore you with your hands around my neck
Or I did last time I checked Not shy of a spark
A knife twists at the thought that I should fall short of the mark
Frightened by the bite though it's no harsher than the bark
Middle of adventure, such a perfect place to start I'm going back to 505
If it's a seven hour flight or a forty-five minute drive
In my imagination you're waiting, lying on your side
With your hands between your thighs But I crumble completely when you cry
It seems like once again you've had to greet me with goodbye
I'm always just about to go and spoil a surprise
Take my hands off of your eyes too soon I'm going back to 505
If it's a seven hour flight or a forty-five minute drive
In my imagination you're waiting, lying on your side
With your hands between your thighs and a smile!

Songwriters

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