505

Arctic+Monkeys

I'm going back to 505
If it's a 7-hour flight or a 45-minute drive
In my imagination you're waiting lying on your side
With your hands between your thighsStop and wait a sec
Oh when you look at me like that my darling, what did you expect?
I'd probably still adore you with your hands around my neck
Or I did last time I checkedNot shy of a spark
The 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 startI'm going back to 505
If it's a 7-hour flight or a 45-minute drive
In my imagination you're waiting lying on your side
With your hands between your thighsBut 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 soonI'm going back to 505
If it's a 7-hour flight or a 45-minute drive
In my imagination you're waiting lying on your side
With your hands between your thighs and a smile

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