

# Plastic Tramp

## Arctic Monkeys

He looks as if he hasn't slept  
His hair is purposely unkept  
And then he know his people wept  
When you crafted your plan Shadows underneath the eyes  
And everywhere the bastard lies  
My lack of proof is your disguise  
You won't remember me There's nothing really I can say  
But sorry mate and walk away  
I could be wrong unless you play your game This world is full of most unkind  
And horrible is redefined  
I can't imagine that you'd mind at all You're lying again, your conscience aint your friend  
And the only thing you're sorting out is your imagination  
Lying again, your conscience aint your friend  
And the only thing you're sorting out is your imagination Is he really on the street?  
Desperation or deceit?  
And what he's wearing on his feet  
Won't solve our mystery And I am baffled by  
How you stand there, soaking it in  
And do you hide your identity  
Where you hide your grin? Better hide your grin Shadows underneath the eyes  
Everywhere the bastard lies  
My lack of proof is your disguise  
You won't remember me There's nothing really I can say  
But sorry mate and walk away  
I could be wrong unless you play your game This world is full of most unkind  
And horrible is redefined  
I can't imagine that you'd mind at all You're lying again, your conscience aint your friend  
And the only thing you're sorting out is your imagination  
Lying again, conscience aint your friend  
And the only thing you're sorting out is your imagination

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>