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 planShadows underneath the eyes
And everywhere the bastard lies
My lack of proof is your disguise
You won't remember meThere's nothing really I can say
But sorry mate and walk away
I could be wrong unless you play your gameThis world is full of most unkind
And horrible is redefined
I can't imagine that you'd mind at allYou'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 imaginationIs he really on the street?
Desperation or deceit?
And what he's wearing on his feet
Won't solve our mysteryAnd 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 grinShadows underneath the eyes
Everywhere the bastard lies
My lack of proof is your disguise
You won't remember meThere's nothing really I can say
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