

Sketchhead

Arctic Monkeys

He's coming to your party
He's walking up your drive
And he's swinging all his keys round
Sketchhead He's seen you with your top off
He already knows your boyfriend
retain your introductions
Sketchhead That cunts a protagonist
The pips in your quince
They are behind the spoil
The itch you can't itch in your ear And the knock that shattered your packet of peppermints
Sketchhead
There's poison in his spit
He'll compliment your tits And leave you to your wits
Sketchhead
Convincingly insisting the tyres were bald
when you gave him the car Sketchhead
Still coming to your party
Still walking up your drive
And still swinging all his keys round on his finger As a pendulum to un nerve
And then there's you
You've changed
I approach you like you were the same But soon it was apparent a new name was required
New lips went and fired accomplishments at me
While I'm captivated by your magazine skin
The tint on your limbs is obscures to begin And you know full well
That anyone who says that
They don't prefer the sequel
Will still be swinging on themselves tonight

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