The Afternoon's Hat

Arctic Monkeys

Made me kiss you with a whisper
And violently you swung through an unfamiliar tongue
Couldn't listen to tradition
Grab me by the wrist to silently insist
And when I'm in the confines of crawling walls
You hold me in place
The ripples on the ceiling, the avenues
Oh, own the sugar taste
We'll waste away the evening
The afternoon, the afternoon's hat
Together we'll find something
To direct some laughter at
You stood shirtless and confident
Listening to the fools, tickling the rules
Their obsessions followed patterns
Sat upon their stools with their attitudes
And when I'm in the confines of crawling walls
You hold me in place
The ripples on the ceiling, the avenues
Oh, own the sugar taste
We'll waste away the evening
The afternoon, the afternoon's hat
Together we'll find something
To direct some laughter at
And when I'm in the confines of crawling walls
You hold me in place
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Oh, own the sugar taste
Waste away the evening
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Together we'll find something
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