

# 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  
The ripples on the ceiling, the avenues  
Oh, own the sugar taste  
Waste away the evening  
The afternoon and the afternoon's hat  
Together we'll find something  
To direct some laughter at

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