

This House Is a Circus

Arctic Monkeys

This house is a circus, berserk as fuck
We tend to see that as a perk though
Look what it's done to your friends, their memories are pretend
And the last thing that they want is for the feeling to end
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Look what it's done to your friends, their memories are pretend
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There's a room full of trouble and there's lovers to be
had
Those ones who make sinners out of such lovely lads
Scaling the corridors for maidens in the maze
And the anomaly is slipping into familiar ways
And we're forever unfulfilled
Can't think why
Like a search for murder clues
In dead man's eyes
Forever unfulfilled
And can't think why
Like a search for murder clues
In dead man's eyes
The more you open your mouth
The more you're forcing performance
And all the attention is leading me to feel important
(Maybe I'm not just completely obnoxious)
Now that we're here, we may as well go too far
Wriggling around in it just so that you won't forget
There's certainly some venom in the looks that you collect
Aimlessly gazing at the faces in the queue
And we're struggling with the notion that it's life not film
This house is a circus, berserk as fuck
(We're forever unfulfilled)
We tend to see that as a perk though
(Can't think why)
Look what it's done to your friends, their memories are pretend
(Like a search for murder clues)
And the last thing that they want is for the feeling to end

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