

505

Arctic Monkeys

I'm going back to 505
If it's a 7-hour flight or a 45-minute drive
In my imagination you're waiting lying on your side
With your hands between your thighs Stop and wait a sec
Oh when you look at me like that my darling, what did you expect?
I'd probably still adore you with your hands around my neck
Or I did last time I checked Not shy of a spark
The knife twists at the thought that I should fall short of the mark
Frightened by the bite though it's no harsher than the bark
Middle of adventure, such a perfect place to start I'm going back to 505
If it's a 7-hour flight or a 45-minute drive
In my imagination you're waiting lying on your side
With your hands between your thighs But I crumble completely when you cry
It seems like once again you've had to greet me with goodbye
I'm always just about to go and spoil the surprise
Take my hands off of your eyes too soon I'm going back to 505
If it's a 7-hour flight or a 45-minute drive
In my imagination you're waiting lying on your side
With your hands between your thighs and a smile

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