

This House Is A Circus (At the Apollo)

Arctic Monkeys

There's a room for the trouble and there's lovers to be had
Those ones that make sinners out of such lovely lads
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 they want is for the feeling to end
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 they want is for the feeling to end
There's a room for the trouble and there's lovers to be had
Those ones that 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
All the attention is leading me to feel important (completely obnoxious)
Now that we're here, we may as well go too far
Wriggling around 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
Struggling with the notion that it's life, not film
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Songwriters

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