

# Arabella

## Arctic Monkey

Arabella's got some interstellar gator skin boots  
And a Helter Skelter round her little finger and I ride it endlessly  
She's got a Barbarella silver swimsuit  
And when she needs to shelter from reality she takes a dip in my daydreams  
My days end best when the sunset gets itself behind  
That little lady sitting on the passenger side  
It's much less picturesque without her catching the light  
The horizon tries but it's just not as kind on the eyes  
As Arabella, oh,  
As Arabella  
Just might've tapped into your mind and soul  
You can't be sure  
Arabella's got a '70s head  
But she's a modern lover  
It's an exploration she's made of outer space  
And her lips are like the galaxy's edge  
And her kiss the colour of a constellation falling into place  
My days end best when the sunset gets itself behind  
That little lady sitting on the passenger side  
It's much less picturesque without her catching the light  
The horizon tries but it's just not as kind on the eyes  
As Arabella, oh,  
As Arabella  
Just might've tapped into your mind and soul  
You can't be sure  
(That's magic) in a cheetah print coat  
(Just a slip) underneath it I hope  
(Asking if) I can have one of those  
(Organic) Cigarettes that she smokes  
(Rubs her lips) round a Mexican Coke  
(Makes you wish) that you were the bottle  
(Takes a sip) of your soul, and it sounds like  
Just might've tapped into your mind and soul  
You can't be sure

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