

# Stickin to the Floor

## Arctic Monkeys

Won't somebody let me out, don't wanna stick around no more  
I'm sick of looking at yer strange, I'm sick of stickin' to the floor  
Not one of you's got an ounce of style in yer  
So now one of you, noFucking hell, I'll break your nose if they keep on pushing you around  
They keep on steeping on your toes, I'll pick you up when you fall down  
Not one of you's got an ounce of style in yer  
Said, not one of you, noNot one of you's got an ounce of style in yer, no  
So now one of you, no

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