

# Crying Lightning

## Arctic Monkeys

Outside the cafe by the cracker factory  
You were practicing a magic trick  
And my thoughts got rude, as you talked and chewed  
On the last of your pick and mix Said your mistaken if your thinking that I haven't been called cold before  
As you bit into your strawberry lace  
And then a flip in your attention in the form of a gobstopper  
Is all you have left and it was going to waste Your past-times, consisted of the strange  
And twisted and deranged  
And I love that little game you had called  
Crying lightning  
And how you like to aggravate the ice-cream man on rainy afternoons The next time that I caught my own  
reflection  
It was on it's way to meet you  
Thinking of excuses to postpone  
You never look like yourself from the side  
But your profile did not hide  
The fact you knew I was approaching your throne With folded arms you occupy the bench like toothache  
Stood and puff your chest out like you never lost a war  
And though I try so not to suffer the indignity of a reaction  
There was no cracks to grasp or gaps to claw And your past-times, consisted of the strange  
And twisted and deranged  
And I hate that little game you had called  
Crying lightning  
And how you like to aggravate the icky man on rainy afternoons Uninviting  
But not half as impossible as everyone assumes  
You are crying lightning Your past-times, consisted of the strange  
And twisted and deranged  
And I hate that little game you had called  
Crying lightning  
Crying lightning  
Crying lightning  
Crying lightning Your past-times, consisted of the strange  
And twisted and deranged  
And I hate that little game you had called  
Crying

Songwriters

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