

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

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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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