

The Hellcat Spangled Shalalala

Arctic Monkeys

Just when things are getting complicated
In the eye of the storm
She flicks a red hot revelation
Off the tip of her tongueIt does a dozen somersaults
And leaves you supercharged
It makes me wanna blow the candles out
Just to see if you glow in the darkShalalala, shalalala
Shalalala, shalalalaHome sweet home, home sweet home
Home sweet booby trap
I took the batteries out my mysticism
And put them in my thinking capShe's got a telescopic Hallelujah
Hanging up on the wall
For when it gets too complicated
In the eye of the stormShalalala, shalalala
Shalalala, shalalalaAnd in a hellcat spangled cabin
When your judgment's on the run
And you're acting like a stranger
'Cause you thought it looked like funAnd did you ever get the feeling
That these were things she said before
Her steady hands may well have done the devil's pedicure
What you waiting for?Sing another fucking
Shalalala, shalalala
Shalalala, shalalala

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