Science Fiction

Arctic Monkeys

Religious iconography giving you the creeps?
I feel rougher than a disco lizard tongue along your cheek
The rise of the machines
I must admit you gave me something momentarily
In which I could believe
But the hand of harsh reality's un-gloved
And it's on its way back to scoop you up
Not on my watchI want to stay with you my love
The way that some science fiction does reflections in
The silver screen of strange societies
Swamp monster with a hard on for connectivity
The ascension of the cream
Mass panic on a not too distant future colony
Quantitative easing
I want to make a simple point about peace and love
But in a sexy way where it's not obvious
Highlight dangers and send out hidden messages
The way some science fiction does
I've got the world on a wire in my little mirror mirror on the wall
In the pocket of my raincoat
So I tried to write a song to make you blush
But I've a feeling that the whole thing
May well just end up too clever for its own good
The way some science fiction does

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