

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 watch I 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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