

Balacava (Live At The Apollo)

Arctic Monkeys

Running off over next doors garden
Before the hour is done
It's more a question of feeling
Than it is a question of fun
The confidence is the balacava
I'm sure you'll baffle 'em good
With the ending wreak of salty cheeks
And runny makeup alone Oh, will blood run down the face
Of a boy bewildered and scorned
And you'll find yourself in a skirmish
Where you wish you'd never been born
You tie yourself to the tracks
And there isn't no going back
And it's wrong, wrong, wrong
But we'll do it anyway 'cause we love a bit of trouble
Are you pulling her from a burning building
Or throwing her to the sharks?
Can only hope that the ending is a pleasurable as the start
The confidence is the balacava
I'm sure you baffle 'em straight
And it's wrong, wrong, wrong
She can hardly wait That's right, he won't let her out his sight
Now the shaggers perform
And the daggers are drawn
Who's the crooks in this crime? That's right, he won't let her out his sight
How the shaggers perform
And the daggers are drawn
Who's the crooks is this...
Crime! That's right, he won't let her out his sight
That's right, he won't let her out his sight
That's right, he won't let her out his sight You'll be able to post any day of the most
For the sights of all time You knew that he'd be trouble right before the very first kiss
Quiet and unassuming, but you heard that they were the naughtiest
She pleaded with you to take it off
But you resisted and fought
Sorry sweetheart Abba Drava
Keep on the balacava

Songwriters

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