Balaclava

Arctic+Monkeys

Running off over next door's garden
Before the hour is done
It's more a question of feeling
Than it is a question of fun
The confidence is the balaclava
I'm sure you'll baffle 'em good
Will the ending reek of salty cheeks
And runny makeup alone?Or will blood run down the face
Of a boy bewildered and scorned
And you'll find yourself in a skirmish
And you wish you'd never been born
And you tie yourself to the tracks
And there isn't no going back
And its wrong, wrong, wrong
But well do it anyway cause we love a bit of troubleAre you pulling her from a burning building
Or throwing her to the sharks?
Can only hope that the ending
Is as pleasurable as the start
The confidence is the balaclava
I'm sure you'll baffle 'em straight
And it's wrong, wrong, wrong
She can hardly waitThat'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
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
That's right, he won't let her out his sight
That's right, he won't let her out his sightWill you be able to boast
that this day held the most flawless heist of all timeYou knew that it'd be trouble
Right before the very first kiss
Quiet and unassuming but you'd heard
That they were the naughtiest
She pleaded with you to take it off
But you resisted and fought
Sorry sweetheart,
I'd much rather keep on the balaclava

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