

Crying Lightning (Acoustic)

Arctic Monkeys

Outside the cafe by the cracker factory
You were practicing a magic trick
And my thoughts got rude, as you talked and chewed
On the last of your pick and mix Said your mistaken if your thinking that I haven't been called cold before
As you bit into your strawberry lace
And then a flip in your attention in the form of a gobstopper
Is all you have left and it was going to waste Your past-times, consisted of the strange
And twisted and deranged
And I love that little game you had called
Crying lightning
And how you like to aggravate the ice-cream man on rainy afternoons The next time that I caught my own
reflection
It was on it's way to meet you
Thinking of excuses to postpone
You never look like yourself from the side
But your profile did not hide
The fact you knew I was approaching your throne With folded arms you occupy the bench like toothache
Stood and puff your chest out like you never lost a war
And though I try so not to suffer the indignity of a reaction
There was no cracks to grasp or gaps to claw And your past-times, consisted of the strange
And twisted and deranged
And I hate that little game you had called
Crying lightning
And how you like to aggravate the icky man on rainy afternoons Uninviting
But not half as impossible as everyone assumes
You are crying lightning Your past-times, consisted of the strange
And twisted and deranged
And I hate that little game you had called
Crying lightning
Crying lightning
Crying lightning
Crying lightning Your past-times, consisted of the strange
And twisted and deranged
And I hate that little game you had called
Crying

Songwriters

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