

Fire and the Thud

Arctic Monkeys

You showed me my tomorrow
Beside a box of matches
A welcomed threatening stirMy hopes of being stolen
Might just ring true
Depends who you preferIf it's true you are going to run away
Tell me where, I'll meet you thereAm I snapping the excitement
If I pack away the laughter and tell you how it feels?And does burden come to meet you
If I've questions of the feature that rolls on your dream reel?The day after you stole my heart
Everything I touched told me it would be better shared with youAnd you're hiding in my soup
And the book reveals your face
And you're splashing in my eyelids
As the concentration continually breaks
I did request the mark you cast didn't heal as fast
I hear your voice in silences
Will the teasing of the fire be followed by the thud?In the jostling crowd
You're not allowed
To tell the truth
And the photo booth's a liar!There's a sharpened explanation
But there's no screaming reason to enquireI'd like to poke them in their prying eyes with things
They'd never see if it smacked them in their temples

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