# The Afternoonâ€™s Hat

## Arctic Monkeys

Made me kiss ya' with a whisper
And violently you swung, through unfamiliar tongue
Couldn't listen to tradition, grabbed me by the wrist to silently insistAnd when I'm in the confines of crawling walls, you hold me in place
The ripples on the ceiling the avenues, unsugared taste
Waste away the evening, the afternoon, the afternoon's hat
Together we'll find something to direct some laughter atYou stood shirtless and confident
Listenin' to the fools, tickling the rules
Their obsessions follow patterns
Sat upon their stools, with their attitudesAnd when I'm in the confines of crawling walls, you hold me in place
The ripples on the ceiling the avenues, unsugared taste
Waste away the evening, the afternoon, the afternoon's hat
Together we'll find something to direct some laughter at

Songwriters
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