

Fake Tales of San Francisco

Arctic Monkeys

Fake tales of San Francisco
Echo through the room
More point to a wedding disco
Without a bride or groom There's a super cool band yeah
With their trilbys and their glasses of white wine
And all the weekend rock stars are in the toilets
Practicing their lines I don't want to hear you
(Kick me out, kick me out)
I don't want to hear you no
(Kick me out, kick me out) I don't want to hear you
(Kick me out, kick me out)
I don't want to hear you
I don't want to hear you Fake tales of San Francisco
Echo through the air
And there's a few bored faces at the back
All wishing they weren't there And as the microphone squeaks
A young girl's telephone beeps
Yeah she's dashing for the exit
Oh she's running to the streets outside "Oh you've saved me," she screams down the line
"The band were fucking wanking
And I'm not having a nice time I don't want to hear you
(Kick me out, kick me out)
I don't want to hear you no
(Kick me out, kick me out) Yeah but his bird thinks it's amazing, though
So all that's left
Is the proof that love's not only blind but deaf He talks of San Francisco, he's from Hunter's Bar
I don't quite know the distance
But I'm sure that's far
Yeah I'm sure it's pretty far And yeah I'd love to tell you all my problem
You're not from New York City, you're from Rotherham
So get off the bandwagon and put down the handbook Get off the bandwagon and put down the handbook
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