Crying Lightning

Arctic Monkeys

Outside the cafe by the cracker factory you were practisin' a magic trick
And my thoughts got rude as you talked and chewed
On the last of your pick and mixSaid you're mistaken if you're thinkin' that
I haven't been caught 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 goin' to wasteYour past times consisted of the strange and twisted and deranged
And I love that little game you had called cryin' lightnin'
And how you like to aggravate the ice-cream man on rainy afternoonsThe next time that I caught my own reflection
It was on its way to meet you thinkin' of excuses to postpone
You never look like yourself from the side but your profile did not hide
The fact you knew I was approachin' your throneWith folded arms you occupy the bench like toothache
Saw them, 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 clawAnd your past times consisted of the strange and twisted and deranged
And I hate that little game you had called cryin' lightnin'
And how you like to aggravate the icky man on rainy afternoons
Uninvitin' but not half as impossible as everyone assumes
You are cryin' lightnin'Your past times consisted of the strange and twisted and deranged
And I hate that little game you had called cryin' lightnin', cryin' lightnin'
Cryin' lightnin', cryin' lightnin'Your past times consisted of the strange and twisted and deranged
And I hate that little game you had called cryin'

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