

Secret Door

Arctic Monkeys

Fools on parade cavort and carry on for waiting eyes
That you would rather be beside than in front of
But she's never been the kind to be hollowed by the stares
She swam out of tonight's phantasm
Grabbed my hand and made it very clear
There's absolutely nothing for us here
It's a magnolia celebration to be attempted on a Wednesday night
It's better than to get a reputation as a miserable little tyke
At least that's the conclusion she came to in this overture
The secret door swings behind us
She's saying nothing, she's just giggling along
Her arms were folded most indignant
Not looking like she was soon to leave
I had to squint in order to believe
And then like a butler pushing on a bookshelf
I'm unveiling the unexpected
I, who was earlier reluctant was suddenly embarrassed and corrected
How could such a creature survive in such a habitat?
And the secret door swings behind us
She's saying nothing, she's just giggling along
Even if they were to find us I wouldn't notice
I'm completely occupied
As all the fools on parade cavort and carry on for waiting eyes
One you would rather be beside than in front of
But she's never been the kind to be hollowed by the stares
Fools on parade frolic and fuck about to make her
gaze
Turn to a scribble on a page by a picture that holds her options
But you're daft to think she'd care
Fools on parade, fools on parade
Fools on parade conduct a sing-along

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