

Red Right Hand

Arctic Monkeys

Take a little walk to the edge of town
Go across the tracks
Where the viaduct looms, like a bird of doom
As it shifts and cracks
Where secrets lie in the border fires
In the humming wires, for you know
You're never coming back
Past the square, past the bridge
Past the mills, past the stacks
On a gathering storm comes a tall handsome man
In a dusty black coat with a red right hand
He'll wrap you in his arms
Tell you that you've been a good boy
He'll rekindle all of those dreams
It took you a lifetime to destroy
He'll reach deep into the hole
Heal your shrinking soul
And there won't be a single thing
That you can do
He's a god, he's a man
He's a ghost, he's a guru
They're whispering his name across this disappearing land
But hidden in his coat is a red right hand
You don't have no money?
He'll get you some
If you haven't got no car? He'll get you one
You've got no self-respect, you feel like an insect
Well don't you worry buddy, cause here he comes
Through the ghetto and the barrio and the bowery and the slums
A shadow is cast wherever he stands
Stacks of green paper in his red right hand
You'll see him in your nightmares, you'll see him in your dreams
He'll appear out of nowhere but he's not what he seems
You'll see him in your head, and on the TV screen
Hey buddy, I'm warning you to turn it off
He's a ghost, he's a god
He's a man, he's a guru
You're one microscopic cog in his catastrophic plan
Designed and directed by his red right hand

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