

Crying Lightning

Arctic Monkeys

Outside the café by the cracker factory
You were practicing a magic trick
And my thoughts got rude,
As you talked and chewed
On the last of your pecan mix

Said, "You're mistaken if you're thinking that I haven't been called
'cold' before."
As you bit into your strawberry lace
And offered me your attention in the form of a gobstopper
It's all you had left and it was going to waste

Your past times consisted of the strange,
The twisted and deranged
And I loved that little game you had called "Crying Lightning"
And how you like to aggravate the ice-cream man on rainy afternoons

The next time that I caught my own reflection
It was on its way to meet you
Thinking of excuses to postpone
You never looked like yourself from the side
But your profile could not hide
The fact you knew I was approaching your throne

With folded arms you occupied the bench like toothache
Stood and puffed your chest out like you'd never lost a war
And though I tried so not to suffer the indignity of a reaction
There was no cracks to grasp or gaps to claw

And your past times consisted of the strange,
The twisted and deranged
And I hate that little game you had called "Crying Lightning"
And how you like to aggravate the icky man on rainy afternoons

Uninviting
But not half as impossible as everyone assumes
You are crying lightning

Your past times consisted of the strange,
The twisted and deranged
And I hate that little game you had called "Crying Lightning"
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