

# 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 trilbies and their glasses of white wine  
And all the weekend rock stars 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 no  
(Kick me out, kick me out)  
I don't want to hear you no  
I don't want to hear you no

Fake Tales of San Francisco  
Echo through the air  
And there's a few bored faces in 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 wank  
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, please bet that it's amazing  
Although 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 that's pretty far

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  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

Get off the bandwagon and put down the handbook