

Golden Trunks

Arctic Monkeys

Last night when my psyche's subcommittee sang to me in it's scary voice

You slowly dropped your eyelids

When true love takes a grip it leaves you without a choice

And in response to what you whispered in my ear

I must admit sometimes I fantasize about you too

The leader of the free world reminds you of a wrestler wearing tight golden trunks

He's got himself a theme tune

They play it for him as he makes his way to the ring

And in response to what you whispered in my ear

I must admit sometimes I fantasize about you too

In the daytime, bendable figures with a fresh new pack of lies
Summat else to publicise

I'm sure you've heard about enough

So in response to what you whispered in my ear

I'll be upfront, sometimes I fantasize about you too