

# Fire and the Thud

Arctic Monkeys

You showed me my tomorrow  
Beside a box of matches  
A welcome threatening stir

My hopes of being stolen  
Might just ring true  
Depends who you prefer

But if it's true you're gonna run away  
Tell me where  
I'll meet you there

Am I snapping the excitement  
If I pack away the laguther  
And tell you how it feels

And does burden come to meet ya  
If I've questions of the feature that runs on your dream wheel

The day after you stole my heart,  
Everything I touched told me it would be better shared with you

And you're hiding in my soup  
And the book reveals your face  
And there's a splashing in my eyelids  
The concentration continually breaks

I did request the mark you cast  
Didn't heal as fast  
I hear your voice in silences  
Will the teasing of the fire be followed by the thud?

And the jostling crowd  
You're not allowed to tell the truth  
And the photobooth's a liar  
And the sharpened explanations  
But there's no screaming reason to inquire  
I'd like to poke them in their prying eyes with things they never see if it smacks in their temples