

Fright Lined Dining Room

Arctic Monkeys

You thrive on dancing in our laps
Before the more familiar chaps
And all the curtain leads to fever

We watched the womanizer cry
And in the last sip you and I
Declared we might require a breather

I am the truth true through and I
Convey excitement fluently
As solid as I can busk shock

With well presented merry men
And I know all too well
I shouldn't break the key off in the lock

And the tumble splits the fray
Revealing silk and fit
In the fright lined dining room
Throw a gaze towards them while they feast

The days drag their heels
When you're not there to crack the whip
And the weeks wait to burst like a sache of brats

The old pantomime villian follows my coat
And he hides where it hangs and he spies through the slots

And meanwhile in the desert's only costume shop
The cowels hide and wait to rot away
The identities of the willing

Drowned bags of sugar in the night
Rocketing shutter doors despite
The shop not opening for hours

You can itch, flap and whistle
And try to avoid the top
As I scribbled over dribble
You were snoring, showing off

The tumble splits the frays
Revealing silk and fit
In the fright lined dining room
Throw a gaze towards them while they feast