One Point Perspective

Arctic Monkeys

Dancing in my underpants
I'm gonna run for government
I'm gonna form a covers band and all
Back there by the baby grand
Did Mr. Winter Wonderland say
"Come 'ere kid, we really need to talk?"
Bear with me, man, I lost my train of thought

I fantasize, I call it quits
I swim with the economists
And I get to the bottom of it for good
By the time reality hits
The chimes of freedom fell to bits
The shining city on the fritz
They come out of the cracks
Thirsty for blood

Just as the apocalypse finally gets prioritized
And you cry some of the hottest tears you ever cried
Multiplied by five
I suppose a singer must die

"Singsong 'round the money tree"
This stunning documentary that no one else unfortunately saw
Such beautiful photography
It's worth it for the opening scene
I've been driving 'round listening to the score
Or maybe, I just imagined it all
I've played to quiet rooms like this before
Bear with me, man, I lost my train of thought

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz

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