

The Ultracheese

Arctic Monkeys

Still got pictures of friends on the wall
I suppose we aren't really friends anymore
Maybe I shouldn't ever have called that thing friendly at all
Get freaked out from a knock at the door
When I haven't been expecting one
Didn't that used to be part of the fun, once upon a time?
We'll be there at the back of the bar
In a booth like we usually were
Every time there was a rocket launch or some big event

What a death I died writing that song
From start to finish, with you looking on
It stays between us, Steinway and his sons
Because it's the ultracheese
Perhaps it's time that you went for a walk
Dressed like a fictional character
From a place they called America in the golden age
Trust the politics to come along
When you were just trying to orbit the sun
When you were just about to be kind to someone because you had
the chance

I've still got pictures of friends on the wall
I might look as if I'm deep in thought
But the truth is I'm probably not if I ever was

Oh the dawn won't stop weighing a tonne
I've done some things that I shouldn't have done
But I haven't stopped loving you once