

## Arctic Monkeys "Catapult"

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Both sides

In softly came the growl from both sides  
And if his whisper splits the mist  
Just think of what he's capable of with his kiss

Nice try

You cannot turn away, but nice try  
He'll turn your legs to little building blocks  
And with his index finger flicks you on your socks

I go high pitched

He'll talk and make your voice sound high pitched  
Dread to think if he got you on your own  
And whispered in your ear in that baritone

It's the same stone

His heart was cut out of the same stone  
That they use to carve his jaw  
It's impossible not to feel inferior

And he could catapult you back

To your daddy or into any hissing misery  
And he will tell you how the day after a triumph  
Is as hollow as the day after a tragedy

He'll extinguish any chance of escape

When he slaps you on your arse or kisses your nape  
And he's leaving without saying bye

And they would queue up to listen to him

Pissing and hang around to watch some poor girl blub  
And then they'd chase him down the avenue  
Incessantly pestering him to let him join the club

He knows how to put a cork in the fuss

And just how to shut up the charming ones of us

And I've seen him talking to your lady friend

There's a dust track waiting for betrayal  
Where he'll teach you all the bits they missed

