

# Arctic Monkeys

## "Don't Forget Whose Legs You're On"

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The painted faces congregate  
In the mating season  
The second hopes  
They go alone  
In no rush to reason  
And there's a fountain  
And a scimitar  
Shaped yellow light  
That picks you up  
And cuts you down to size

The people there  
And the furniture  
Start to seem important  
And a whole lot more  
You catch the floor  
With a vivid and absortant sharpened arc  
Like the scimitar  
Shaped yellow light  
That picks you up

And cuts you down to size

I had questions for the tap dancer  
Sat on my lap  
And she had child proof caps on her answers  
Stolen blower blow me a scone  
And show me that handsome enhancer  
She had a rock on her throttle  
And a brown glass bottle full of  
Shavings from the sun  
Although those shoes affect your step  
Don't forget, whose legs you're on

There's a fountain and a scimitar  
Shaped yellow light  
That picks you up  
That cuts you down to size

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