

Arctic Monkeys

"Fake Tales Of San Fransisco"

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Fake Tales of San Francisco
Echo through the room
More point to a wedding disco
Without a bride or groom

There's a super cool band
Yeah with their trilbys and their glasses of white wine
And all the weekend rock stars in the toilets
Practicing their lines

I don't want to hear you
(Kick me out, kick me out)
I don't want to hear, you know
(Kick me out, kick me out)
I don't want to hear you
(Kick me out, kick me out)
I don't want to hear you
I don't want to hear your...

Fake Tales of San Fransisco
Echo through the air
And there's a few bored faces in the back
All wishing they weren't there

And as the microphone squeaks
A young girl's telephone beeps
Yeah she's dashing for the exit
And she's running to the streets outside
"Oh you've saved me," she screams down the line
"The band aren't very good
And I'm not having a nice time"

I don't wanna hear you
(Kick me out, kick me out)
I don't wanna hear, you know
(Kick me out, kick me out)

Yeah but his bird said it's amazing, though
So all that's left
Is the proof that love's not only blind but deaf

He talks of San Francisco, he's from Hunter's Bar
I don't quite know the distance
But I'm sure that's far
Yeah I'm sure that's pretty far

And yeah, I'd love to tell you all my problem
You're not from New York City, you're from Rotherham
So get off the bandwagon, and put down the handbook
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Get off the bandwagon and put down the handbook
Get off the bandwagon and put down the handbook
Get off the bandwagon and put down the handbook
Get off the bandwagon and put down the handbook
Yeah

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