

Arctic Monkeys "Plastic Tramp"

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He looks as if he hasn't slept
His hair is purposely unkept
And then he know his people wept
When you crafted your plan

Shadows underneath the eyes
And everywhere the bastard lies
My lack of proof is your disguise
You won't remember me

There's nothing really I can say
But sorry mate and walk away
I could be wrong unless you play your game

This world is full of most unkind
And horrible is redefined
I can't imagine that you'd mind at all

You're lying again, you're conscience in your friend
And the only thing you're sorting out is your
imagination
Lying again, your conscience in your friend
And the only thing you're sorting out is your
imagination

Is he really on the street?
Desperation or deceit?
And what he's wearing on his feet

Won't solve our mystery

And I am baffled by
How you stand there, soaking it in
And do you hide your identity
Where you hide your grin? Better hide your grin

Shadows underneath the eyes
Everywhere the bastard lies
My lack of proof is your disguise
You won't remember me

There's nothing really I can say

But sorry mate and walk away
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