

## Arctic Monkeys

### "Red Right Hand"

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Take a little walk to the edge of town  
And go across the tracks  
Where the viaduct looms,  
Like a bird of doom  
As it shifts and cracks  
Where secrets lie in  
The humming wires and  
The border fires well you know you're never comin back  
Past the square, past the bridge  
Past the mills, past the stacks  
On a gathering storm comes  
A tall handsome man  
In a dusty black coat with  
A red right hand

He'll wrap you in his arms and  
Tell you that you've been a good boy  
He'll rekindle all of those dreams  
It took you a lifetime to destroy  
He'll reach deep into the hole,  
Heal your shrinking soul  
And there won't be a single thing  
That you can do  
He's a god, he's a ghost,  
He's a man, he's a guru  
They're whispering his name  
Across this disappearing land  
But hidden in his coat

Is a red right hand

You haven't got no money?  
He'll get you some  
If you haven't got no car,  
He'll get you one  
You've got no self-respect,  
You feel like an insect  
Well don't you worry buddy,  
Cause here he comes  
Through the ghetto and the barrio  
And the bowery and the slum

A shadow is cast wherever he stands  
Stacks of green paper in his  
Red right hand

You'll see him in your nightmares,  
You'll see him in your dreams  
He'll appear out of nowhere but  
He's not what he seems  
You'll see him in your head and  
On the TV screen  
Hey buddy, I'm warning  
You to turn it off  
He's a ghost, he's a god,  
He's a man, he's a guru  
You're one microscopic cog  
In his catastrophic plan  
Designed and directed by  
His red right hand

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