

Arctic Monkeys

"The Afternoon S Hat"

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Made me kiss ya' with a whisper
And violently you swung, through unfamiliar tounge
Couldn't listen to tradition, grabbed me by the wrist to
silently insist

And when I'm in the confines of crawling walls, you
hold me in place
The ripples on the ceiling the avenues, unsugared
taste
Waste away the evening, the afternoon, the afternoons
hat
Together we'll find something to direct some laughter
at

You stood shirtless and confident
Listenin' to the fools, tickling the rules
Their obsessions follow patterns
Sat upon their stools, with their attitudes

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