## Arctic Monkeys "The Lovers"

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Up from the pastures of boredom out from the sea of discontent they come in packs like hungry hounds the seekers of the dark enchantment.

They haunt the boulevards and bars they pray to wishing wells and stars they ride the hurricane of hope not looking back but on they go toward the distance and deceiving and all the while they keep believing they are special and apart the lovers, the lovers of the heart... the lovers.

And when they pair off two by two they feel they are the chosen few and though their beds are made of straw they feel like velvet in the night and so the night is never ending it's made of distance and pretending coz they're special and apart the lovers, the lovers of the heart... the lovers.

And when love goes away and when love goes... goodbye... catches in their throats like cotton rises in their hearts like rain the good times suddenly are all forgotten the hunt begins again.

They search the subways and the streets their faces tired, like their feet their bodies aching to be warm and so they hide behind the moon their loneliness inside them growing but they take comfort in just knowing that they are special and apart the lovers, the lovers of the heart... the lovers

And when love comes again and when love comes

hello...
rises from their throats like singing catches in their hearts like wind the good things strangers in their arms are bringing makes life all right again.

They turn their faces to the light no longer hiding in the night so unashamed and unafraid that they can face each other's faults and though the waltz will have its ending there is no harm in just pretending that they are special and apart the lovers, the lovers of the heart... the lovers.

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