

Arctic Monkeys "The Nettles"

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Sank into their calculations and snorted on a stench
a bare arithmetic
look for the boy who was hanging his head low
more trophies and ideas
to follow their pretend.

with a scowl in his pocket and a smile on his face
he followed with obedience and fell in the nettles.

I flew in some spiked meniscus and he bought his own
rope
and skipped against the rode
did start not to find the dark lead and catch that man i
hope
devices man are closed
he lost all his foot holes.

and with a scowl in his pocket and a smile on his face
he followed with obedience and fell in the nettles, fell in
the nettles, fell in the nettles

he was a toothpick and the garlic and the cinder upon
the pub
failed to blunt or hinder, a slow collapse
and clinging to the door frame he was trapped
after a reminder of where he had been

with a smile in his pocket and a scowl on his face
there was nowhere to flee
just had to tent in the nettles

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