

# All My Own Stunts

Arctic Monkeys

Caricatures of your wrecking ball  
Down in my mind all the time  
I wanna be in that damsel-patterned alley  
Where you go for a smoke

And sorrow slow dances  
The phones are lining up  
Taking no chances  
Close but never close enough

Been watching cowboy films  
On gloomy afternoons  
Tinting the solitude  
Put on your dancing shoes  
And show me what to do  
I know you've got the moves

All my own stunts  
Hiding has changed it's tune  
Linking arms, syncing hearts

And sorrow slow dances  
Around the edges of her eyes  
Taking no chances  
The last one out to win a prize

Been watching cowboy films  
On gloomy afternoons  
Tinting the solitude  
Put on your dancing shoes  
And show me what to do  
I know you've got the moves

'Cause I'm from High Green, I'm from High Green