

Balacava

Arctic Monkeys

Running off over next doors garden
Before the hour is done
It's more a question of feeling
Than it is a question of fun
The confidence is the balacava
I'm sure you'll baffle 'em good
Will the ending reek of salty cheeks
And runny makeup alone

Or will blood run down the face
Of a boy bewildered and scorned
And you'll find yourself in a skirmish
And you wish you'd never been born
And you tie yourself to the tracks
And there isn't no going back
And it's wrong wrong wrong
But we'll do it anyway cause we love a bit of trouble

Are you pulling her from a burning building
Or throwing her to the sharks
Can only hope that the ending is as pleasurable as the start
The confidence is the balacava, i'm sure you baffle 'em straight
And its wrong wrong wrong, she can hardly wait

That's right, he won't let her out his sight
Now the shaggers perform
And the daggers are drawn
Who's the crooks in this crime?

That's right, he won't let her out his sight
Now the shaggers perform
And the daggers are drawn
Who's the crooks in this....

That's right, he wont let her out his sight
That's right, he wont let her out his sight
That's right, he wont let her out his sight

You'll be able to post any day of the most
For the sights of all time

You knew that it'd be trouble right before the very first kiss
Quiet and assuming but you heard that they were the naughtiest
She pleaded with you to take it off
But you resisted and fought
Sorry sweetheart, I'd much rather keep on the balacava.