

# Matador

Arctic Monkeys

She was marrying a matador and he was with the weather girl,  
A very clever girl who stood out amongst several once  
A terrible dilemma and forever he'll regret this day he didn't  
make the  
Rescue from the bull ring  
Sulking won't get you nowhere son,  
There's blood on your chin where you've bitten your tongue  
Smitten but might not be smitten for long if you're still sitting  
she'll soon  
Be smitten and gone