

Plastic Tramp

Arctic Monkeys

He looks as if he hasn't slept,
His hair is purposely unkept.
Then he knew his people wept
When you crafted your plan.

Shadows underneath the eyes,
And everywhere the bastard lies,
My lack of proof is your disguise,
You won't remember me.

There's nothing really I can say,
I'm sorry mate and walk away.
I could be wrong unless you play your game.

It's wonderful and most unkind,
And Horrible is redefined.
I can't imagine that you'd mind at all.

You're lying again, your conscious ain't you friend.
And the only thing you are sorting out is your imagination.

Is he really on the street,
Desperation or deceit?
And what he's wearing on his feet will solve our mystery.

And I am baffled by how you stand there soaking it in.
Do you hide your identity where you hide your grin?
Better hide your grin