

Stickin' to the Floor

Arctic Monkeys

Won't somebody let me out!
Don't wanna stick around no more
I said they're looking at yer strange
I said yer stickin' to the floor

Not one of you's got an ounce of style in yer
So now one of you's gonna have to stop!

Fucking hell I'll break your nose
If they keep on pushing you around
Keep on steeping on your toes
I'll pick you up when you fall down

Not one of you's got an ounce of style in yer
Said not one of you, no

Not one of you's got an ounce of style in yer
So now one of you's gonna have to stop!

Ah ah, ah ah, oh!
Ah ah, ah ah, oh
Yea, yea, yea!

Not one of you's got an ounce of style in yer