

# That's Where You're Wrong

Arctic Monkeys

A pussyfooting setting sun  
Make a wish that weighs a tonne  
There are no handles for you to hold  
And no understanding where it goes

Jealousy in technicolor  
Fear by name, love by numbers  
Streetlamp amber, wanderlust  
Powder in a blunderbuss

She looks as if she's blowing a kiss at me  
And suddenly the skies are sizzling  
Sitting on the floor with a tambourine  
Crushing up a bundle of love  
Don't take it so personally  
You're not the only one  
That time's got it in for honey  
That's where you're wrong

All the old flames fastened on  
Make a wish that weighs a tonne  
There are no handles that you can hold  
And no understanding where it goes

She looks as if she's blowing a kiss at me  
And suddenly the skies are sizzling  
Sitting on the floor with a tambourine  
Crushing up a bundle of love  
Don't take it so personally  
You're not the only one  
That time's got it in for honey  
That's where you're wrong  
That's where you're wrong  
That's where you're wrong