

# The Ultracheese

Arctic Monkeys

Still got pictures of friends on the wall  
I suppose we aren't really friends anymore  
Maybe I shouldn't ever have called that thing friendly at all  
Get freaked out from a knock at the door  
When I haven't been expecting one  
Didn't that used to be part of the fun, once upon a time?  
We'll be there at the back of the bar  
In a booth like we usually were  
Every time there was a rocket launch or some big event

What a death I died writing that song  
From start to finish, with you looking on  
It stays between us, Steinway and his sons  
Because it's the ultracheese  
Perhaps it's time that you went for a walk  
Dressed like a fictional character  
From a place they called America in the golden age  
Trust the politics to come along  
When you were just trying to orbit the sun  
When you were just about to be kind to someone because you had  
the chance

I've still got pictures of friends on the wall  
I might look as if I'm deep in thought  
But the truth is I'm probably not if I ever was

Oh the dawn won't stop weighing a tonne  
I've done some things that I shouldn't have done  
But I haven't stopped loving you once