

Too Much to Ask

Arctic Monkeys

The smiles as she walked in the room have all turned into frowns
Am I too quick to assume that love is no longer in bloom?
The tantrums and the tears play a very different tune to what they did before
Her head's red raw and the ending doesn't sound like the happiest around
When you sobbed before it felt much more like the product of a squabble
Now there's reason for it to be something more
And no would be...

Oh, it's uncertain whether the curtain has shut for good
She says "See if it's still raining, I'm not dressed for it and if you loved me-"
Well I interrupted, received the scowl and stare
But still decided to stop her there

Would it be outrageous to say we're either shouting or we're shagging, locked in tempestuous bays?
At least that's how it felt yesterday
The eyes are getting heavier and whether you're asleep or awake is a mystery
Would a kiss be too much to ask?
When you fit me like Sunday's frozen pitch fits the thermos flask
It's a pity, it just hit me we can't go back to the chest touching on the back