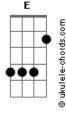
Arctic Monkeys - Crying Lightning

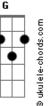
Tom: C Е Am G Intro: 2x: Am F Am E Am G C E F C Stood and puff your chest out like you never lost a war Δm F Am F Am F Am Outside the cafe by the cracker factory F Am G F And though I try so not to suffer the indignity of a reaction You were practicing a magic trick Am G C F Am F Am F And my thoughts got rude, as you talked and chewed There was no cracks to grasp or gaps to claw Am G F On the last of your pick and mix F Dm F And your past-times, consisted of the strange Am Am F Δm Said your mistaken if your thinking that I haven't been called And twisted and deranged F cold before And I hate that little game you had called Am С F As you bit into your strawberry lace Dm F Crying lightning Am Am F Am And then a flip in your attention in the form of a gobstopper And how you like to aggravate the icky man on rainy afternoons Am G Dm C Uninvitina Is all you have left and it was going to waste Am But not half as impossible as everyone assumes Dm Your past-times, consisted of the strange You are crying lightning And twisted and deranged And I love that little game you had called Solo: Am F Am E Am F Am E Crying lightning And how you like to aggravate the ice-cream man on rainy Am afternoons Your past-times, consisted of the strange And twisted and deranged (Am) And I hate that little game you had called F Dm Am The next time that I caught my own reflection Crying lightning Δm Am It was on it's way to meet you Crying lightning G Е F Dm Thinking of excuses to postpone Crying lightning Am Am You never look like yourself from the side Crying lightning Am Dm But your profile did not hide Your past-times, consisted of the strange С Am Am And twisted and deranged The fact you knew I was approaching your throne F Am And I hate that little game you had called Dm With folded arms you occupy the bench like toothache Crying

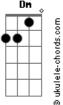
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