

Arctic Monkeys - Crying Lightning

Tom: C

Intro: 2x: Am F Am E Am G C E

Am F Am E
Outside the cafe by the cracker factory
You were practicing a magic trick
And my thoughts got rude, as you talked and chewed
On the last of your pick and mix

Am E
Said your mistaken if your thinking that I haven't been called
cold before

Am G C E
As you bit into your strawberry lace

Am E
And then a flip in your attention in the form of a gobstopper

E
Is all you have left and it was going to waste

Am
Your past-times, consisted of the strange
And twisted and deranged
And I love that little game you had called
Crying lightning
And how you like to aggravate the ice-cream man on rainy
afternoons

(Am)

Am F
The next time that I caught my own reflection

Am E
It was on it's way to meet you
Thinking of excuses to postpone

Am E
You never look like yourself from the side

Am G C
But your profile did not hide

E
The fact you knew I was approaching your throne

Am
With folded arms you occupy the bench like toothache

E Am G
C Stood and puff your chest out like you never lost a war

E Am F Am
And though I try so not to suffer the indignity of a reaction

E E
There was no cracks to grasp or gaps to claw

F Dm
And your past-times, consisted of the strange

Am
And twisted and deranged

F
And I hate that little game you had called

Dm
Crying lightning

Am
And how you like to aggravate the icky man on rainy afternoons

F Dm
Uninviting

Am
But not half as impossible as everyone assumes

F Dm
You are crying lightning

Solo: Am F Am E Am F Am E

Am
Your past-times, consisted of the strange
And twisted and deranged
And I hate that little game you had called

F Dm
Crying lightning

Am
Crying lightning

F Dm
Crying lightning

Am
Crying lightning

F Dm
Your past-times, consisted of the strange

Am
And twisted and deranged

F
And I hate that little game you had called

Dm
Crying

Acordes

