## **Arctic Monkeys - Crying Lightning**

Tom: C Intro: Am F Am E Am G C E reaction Am F Am Outside the cafe by the cracker factory G Am C F You were practicing a magic trick F Am F Am And my thoughts got rude, as you talked and chewed Am G С E Am On the last of your Pick and Mix Dm Crying lightning Am F Said you're mistaken if you're thinking that I haven't been caught Dm Am cold before Uninviting Am G C F Am As you bit into your Strawberry Lace E Dm Am F Am F And then a flip in your attention in the form of a Gobstopper Am G С (Riff do refrão) x2 E Is all you had left and it was going to waste Am G C Em / ( Am ) (solo) Am F Am E ∖ (Am) Your pastime's consisted of the strange And twisted and deranged And I love that little game you had called Am Crying lightning And how you like to aggravate the ice-cream man on rainy Am afternoons Am ( **A**m ) F Am Dm The next time that I caught my own reflection Crying lightning Am Е It was on its way to meet you Crying lightning Am G C Dm Thinking of excuses to postpone Crying lightning Am You never look like yourself from the side Crying lightning Е Am But your profile could not hide F C Am G E The fact you knew I was approaching your throne Am F Am Am Am With folded arms you occupied the bench like toothache C F F Am G Dm Stood and puffed your chest out like you never lost a war Cry\_ ing

Am F. Am Е And though I tried so not to suffer the indignity of a G F There was no cracks to grasp or gaps to claw Dm And your pastime's consisted of the strange And twisted and deranged And I hate that little game you have called Am And how you like to aggravate the icky man on rainy afternoons But not half as impossible as everyone assumes You Are Crying lightning (x2) Your pastime's consisted of the strange And twisted and deranged And I hate that little game you had called Dm Your pastime's consisted of the strange And twisted and deranged And I hate that little game you have called

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## Acordes

