

# Arctic Monkeys, I Haven't Got My Strange

When I got back from fixing my hair,  
you were directing traffic.  
Letting your story slip on the snow as  
if the transmission was automatic.

It's arguable  
that I shouldn't have been there.

It was fortunate timing.

I had a hole in the pocket  
of my favourite coat  
and my love dropped  
into the lining.

(Have you got your strange?)

Not on me. I haven't got my strange

(Have you got your strange?)

Not on me

You can't sleep  
until you've sat  
on the steps to weep  
until you feel like  
you've wept yeah.

(As long as you don't forget your strange)

(Have you got your strange?)

No, not on me. I haven't got my strange

I've better fetch my strange.

I haven't got my strange.