

Arctic Monkeys, Secret Doors

Fools on parade cavort and carry on
For waiting eyes
That you would rather be beside than in front of
But she's never been the kind to be hollowed by the stares
She swam out of tonight's phantasm
Grabbed my hand and made it very clear
There's absolutely nothing for us here
It's a magnolia celebration
To be attempted on a Wednesday night
It's better than to get a reputation
As a miserable little tyke
At least that's the conclusion
She came to in this overture
The secret door swings behind us
She's saying nothing
She's just giggling along
Her arms were folded the most indignant
Not looking like she was soon to leave
I had to squint in order to believe
And then like a butler pushing on a bookshelf
I'm unveiling the unexpected
How she was never gonna look to?
Suddenly embarrassed and corrected
How could such a creature
Survive in such a habitat
The secret door swings behind us
She's saying nothing
She's just giggling along
And even if they were to find us
I wouldn't notice, I'm completely occupied
At all the fools on parade
Cavort and fuck about to make her gaze
To a scribble on a page by a picture
That holds her options
But you're daft to think she'd care
Fools on parade (3x)
Conduct a sing-along