Arctic Monkeys, This House Is A Circus

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Their memories are pretend
And the last thing that they want is for the feeling to end

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There's a room for the trouble and there's lovers to be had Those walls will make sinners out of such lovely lads Scaling the corridors for maidens in the maze And in the anomaly, you'll slip into familiar ways And we're...

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The more you open your mouth, the more you're forcing performance And all the attention is leading me to feel important (Completely obnoxious, completely obnoxious now) Now that we're here, we may as well go too far

Wringling around in incidents you won't forget And there's certainly some venom in the looks that you collect Aimlessly gazing at the faces in the queue And we're struggling with the notion that it's life, not film

This house is a circus, berserk as fuck (We're forever unfulfilled) We tend to see that as a perk though, look (And can't think why) What it's done to your friends
Their memories are pretend (Like a search for murder clues)
And the last thing that they want is for the feeling to end.