

**Dont Forget Whose Legs Youre On
Arctic Monkeys**

Cm

The painted faces congregate

Bb Cm

In the mating season

Cm

The second homes

Cm

They go alone

Bb Cm

In no rush to leave em

Fm

And there s a fountain

And a scimitar

G Cm

Shaped yellow light

Fm G

That picks you up

Cm

And cuts you down to size

Ponte: **Cm F G**

Cm

The people there

Cm

And the furniture

Bb Cm

Start to seem important

Cm

And a whole lot more

Cm

You catch the floor

Bb Cm Fm

With a vivid and absorbant sharpened arc

G

Like the scimitar

Cm Fm

Shaped yellow light

G

That picks you up

Cm

And cuts you down to size

Cm

I had questions for the tap dancer

Cm

Sat on my lap

Bb

Cm

And she had child proof caps on her answers

Stolen blower blow me a stone

Bb

Cm

And show me that handsome enhancer

Fm

She had a rock on her throttle

Fm

And a brown glass bottle full of

G

Cm

Shavings from the sun

Fm

Although those shoes affect your step

G

Cm

Don't forget, whose legs you're on

Fm

And there's a fountain

And a scimitar

G

Cm

Shaped yellow light

Fm

G

That picks you up

Cm

And cuts you down to size

(**Cm F G**) (2x)