

Don't Forget Whose Legs You're 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

