

**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**

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)