

The Jeweller's Hands
Arctic Monkeys

Am **Dm**
Fiendish wonder in a carnivals wake,
Am **Dm**
Dull caresses once again irritate
Am
Tread softly stranger,
Dm **Am** **Dm**
Move over toward the danger that you seek

Am **Dm**
You think excitement has receded,
Am **Dm**
Then the mirror distracts
Am **Dm**
The logic of the trance quickly reaches and grasps
Am
Handsome and faceless
Dm **Am** **Dm**
And weightless your imagination runs

F **Am**
And now it's no one's fault but yours
E **Am**
At the foot of the house of cards,
F **Am**
You thought you'd never get obsessed
E **Am**
You thought the wolves would be impressed,
F **Am**
And you're a sinking stone
E **Am**
Cos you know what it's like to hold the jeweller's hands,
F **E** **Am**
That procession of pioneers, all drowned

In the moonlight they're more thrilling,
Those things that he knows
As he leads you through the grinning, buddled, blowers in the snow,
Watching his exit is like falling off the ferry in the night

Am **Dm**
Inevitable's gather to push you around,
Am **Dm**
Any old voice makes such a punishing sound
Am
He became laughter's assassin,

