

# Star Treatment

## Arctic Monkeys

I just wanted to be one of The Strokes  
Now look at the mess you made me make  
Hitchhiking with a monogrammed suitcase  
Miles away from any half-useful imaginary highway  
I'm a big name in deep space  
Ask your mates but golden boy's in bad shape  
I found out the hard way that here ain't no place for dolls like you and me  
Everybody's on a bridge floating down the endless stream of great TV  
1984 2019 Maybe I was a little too wild in the 70s  
Rocket-ship grease down the cracks of my knuckles  
Karate bandana  
Warp speed chic  
Hair down to there  
Impressive moustache  
Love came in a bottle with a twist off cap  
Let's all have a swig and do a hot lap  
So who you gonna call?  
The martini police baby that isn't how they look tonight  
It took the light forever to get to your eyes I just wanted to be one of those ghosts you thought  
that you could forget and then I haunt you via the rear view mirror on a long drive from the  
back seat  
But it's alright because you love me and you recognise that it's ain't how it should be  
Your eyes are heavy and the weather's getting ugly so pull over  
I know the place don't know an apparition is a cheap date  
What exactly is it you've been drinking these days?  
Jukebox in the corner  
Long hot summer  
They've got a film up on the wall and it's dark enough to dance  
What do you mean you've never seen Blade Runner? Maybe I was a little too wild in the 70s  
Back down to earth with a lounge singer shimmer  
Elevator down to my make believe residency from the honeymoon suite  
Two shows a day four nights a week  
Easy money  
So who you gonna call?  
The martini police baby that isn't how they look tonight  
It took the light absolutely forever to get to your eyes  
And as we gaze skyward, ain't it dark early?  
It's the star treatment

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>

