

ARCTIC MONKEYS SINGLE RELEASE

Life's not always that sweet. First there's that girl you met down the local nightclub. You know, the one who reduced you to a quivering lump of jelly when your eyes met over a beer sodden dancefloor. The one giving you the eye all night and then giving you the cold shoulder the minute she thinks you might be interested. Not that you should worry about her, though. Because even if you did get her she'd be gone in five minutes when some bigger, older and more loutish bloke swaggered along. Life, as they say, just isn't always that sweet.

The 17th October sees the release of Arctic Monkey's first single on Domino Recordings, a song that perfectly sums up the endless headfuck of trying to get a girl and hold onto her. That the hotly-tipped Sheffield four-piece encapsulate in two short guitar-pop bursts what many professional novelists might take a lifetime to pin down only showcases the supreme talent we're talking about here.

Just don't be surprised if you've heard these songs already. These tunes are already life-affirming anthems to a generation of kids who've been downloading Arctic Monkeys demos frantically over the last 12 months. And if you were sensible enough to stray within a mile of their packed-out gig at this year's Carling Weekend: Reading and Leeds festival, then you'd have been able to hear them being belted out across the site, too. Because thanks to records like these, Arctic Monkeys have created scenes of intense fandom more deranged than most bands will ever witness.

So there's 'I Bet You Look Good On The Dancefloor', which manages to pack cutting humour ("Your name isn't Rio, but I don't care for sand/Lighting the fuse might result in a bang."), the anthemic frenzy of early Oasis and the odd twisted Shakespeare reference into the grim tale of failing to pull at your local club. Then there's 'Bigger Boys And Stolen Sweethearts', a rowdier cousin to The Smiths' 'I Know It's Over' which articulates perfectly the crushing inevitability of losing your teenage girl to a bigger bloke. There's a touch of Johnny Marr in the guitar work, a sprinkle of John Cooper Clarke in the delivery ("They've got engaged/No intention of a wedding/He's pinched your bird/And he'll probably kick your head in.") and a lifetime's worth of pain and frustration bubbling away underneath. The result? Two of the most gloriously original pop songs you'll hear in 2005. Sometimes, life really couldn't be any sweeter.