

Skip Divided

Thom Yorke

I'm in a skip divided malfunction
I flap around and dive bomb
Frantically around your light
Enveloped in a sad distraction
I got your voice repeating endlessly
Could you guide me in? Could you smother me?
I swoop around your head but I never hit
I'm blinded by your daylight
Electric veins pass through me
I thought there was this big connection
I only got my name, I only got the situation
I just need a number and location
Without appropriate papers or permissions
I'm known to bite in tight situations
And then I head into your French windows
I thought there was a big connection
I only got my name, I only got my situation
I just need my number and location
And my mum keeps telling me
Hey hey, hey hey, hey hey
The devil may
Hey hey, hey hey, hey hey
You are a fool, you are a fool
For sticking round, for sticking round
Yeah, you are a fool, you are a fool
For sticking round, for sticking round
I tried every trick in the book, I tried to look and knew
Every trick in the book but how come I look?
No more common dress or elliptical caress
Don't look into your eyes 'cause I'm desperately in love
In love, in love
Oh, when you walk in the room everything disappears
When you walk in the room it's a terrible mess
When you walk in the room I start to melt
When you walk in the room I follow you round like a dog
I'm a dog, I'm a dog, I'm a lapdog
I'm your lapdog, yeah
I just got a number and location
I just need my number and location

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