

# Black Swan

Thom Yorke

What will grow crooked you can't make straight  
It's the price that you gotta pay  
Do yourself a favor and pack your bags  
Buy a ticket and get on the train  
Buy a ticket and get on the train 'Cause this is fucked up, fucked up  
'Cause this is fucked up, fucked up People get crushed like biscuit crumbs  
And laid down in the bitumen  
You have tried your best to please everyone  
But it just isn't happening  
No, it just isn't happening And it is fucked up, fucked up  
Well this is fucked up, fucked up  
This is your blind spot, blind spot  
It should be obvious, but it's not  
[Incomprehensible] You cannot kick start a dead horse  
You just cross yourself and walk away  
I don't care what the future holds  
'Cause I'm right here and I'm today  
With your fingers you can touch me I am your black swan, black swan  
(But I made it to the top, but I made it to the top)  
This is fucked up, fucked up  
(I'm a baby in the dust, I'm a baby in the dust) We are black swans, black swans  
(But I made it to the top, but I made it to the top)  
And for spare parts we're broken up  
(I'm a baby in the dust, I'm a baby in the dust) You are fucked up, fucked up  
This is fucked up, fucked up  
We are black swans, black swans  
And for spare parts we're broken up

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