

A Brain in a Bottle

Thom Yorke

Oh, what's that seeking us?
Steel hands have come to talk to us.
Take me back, take me back Seek gold let it pick the bones
it's a "tear,, I wrestle to the ground." Take the light,, Be modern and break myself in two.
It's like that I've forgotten you.
Think I'm going to go to pieces now.
Come and find me. ____ light Think I'm going to slow my dance to you.
A ____ of aiding you.
So I'm just going to keep bouncing back.
Come and find me. "I'm in love of life,,

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