

Black Swan (Cristian Vogel Spare Parts remix)

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 you 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's fucked up, fucked up
And this is fucked up, fucked up
This your blind spot, blind spot
It should be obvious, but it's not.
But it isn't, but it isn't You cannot kick start a dead horse
You just crush 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'm your black swan, black swan
But I made it to the top, made it to the top
This is fucked up, fucked up You are fucked up, fucked up
This is fucked up, fucked up Be your black swan, black swan
I'm for spare parts, broken up

Songwriters

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