

Analyse

Thom Yorke

A self-fulfilling prophecy
Of endless possibility
You roll in reams across the street
In algebra, in algebra The fences that you cannot climb
The sentences that do not rhyme
In all that you can ever change
The one you're looking for It gets you down
It gets you down
There's no spark
No light in the dark It gets you down
It gets you down
You traveled far
What have you found? That there's no time
There's no time
To analyse
To think things through
To make sense Like cows in the city
They never looked so pretty
By power carts and blackouts
Sleeping like babies It gets you down
It gets you down
You're just playing a part
You're just playing a part You're playing a part
Playing a part
And there's no time
There's no time
To analyse
Analyse, analyse
Analyse

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