

Backdrifts

Radiohead

We're rotten fruit, we're damaged goods
What the hell, we've got nothing more to lose
One gust and we will probably crumble
We're backdrifting There's far but no further
I'm hanging off a branch
I'm teetering on the brink
Of honey sweet, so fall asleep
I'm backsliding You fell into our arms
You fell into our arms
We tried but there was nothing we could do
Nothing we could do All evidence has been buried
All tapes have been erased
But your footsteps give you away
So you're backtracking Oh oh oh, you fell into our arms
You fell into our arms
We tried but there was nothing we could do
Nothing we could do You fell into our, you fell into our We're rotten fruit, we're damaged goods
What the hell, we've got nothing more to lose
One gust and we will probably crumble
We're backdrifters

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