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 backdriftingThere'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 backslidingYou fell into our arms
You fell into our arms
We tried but there was nothing we could do
Nothing we could doAll evidence has been buried
All tapes have been erased
But your footsteps give you away
So you're backtrackingOh oh oh, you fell into our arms
You fell into our arms
We tried but there was nothing we could do
Nothing we could doYou fell into our, you fell into ourWe'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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