Black Swan

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 your 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 upPeople 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 happeningAnd it is fucked up, fucked up
Well this is fucked up, fucked up
This is your blind spot, blind spot
It should be obvious, but it's not
[Incomprehensible]You cannot kick start a dead horse
You just cross 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 meI am your black swan, black swan
(But I made it to the top, but I made it to the top)
This is fucked up, fucked up
(I'm a baby in the dust, I'm a baby in the dust)We are black swans, black swans
(But I made it to the top, but I made it to the top)
And for spare parts we're broken up
(I'm a baby in the dust, I'm a baby in the dust)You are fucked up, fucked up
This is fucked up, fucked up
We are black swans, black swans
And for spare parts we're broken up

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