

Scatterbrain.

Radiohead

I'm walking out in a force-ten gale
Birds thrown around, bullets for hail
The roof is pulling off by its fingernails
Your voice is rapping on my window-sill
Yesterday's headlines blown by the wind
Yesterday's people in a scatterbrain
Any fool can easy pick a hole
I only wish I could fall in
A moving target in a firing range
Somewhere I'm not
Scatterbrain
Somewhere I'm not
Scatterbrain
Lightning fuse, powercut
Scatterbrain

Songwriters

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