

No Surprises

[Regina Spektor](#)

A heart that's full up like a landfill
A job that slowly kills you
Bruises that won't heal
You look so tired, unhappy
Bring down the government
They don't, they don't speak for us
I'll take a quiet life
A handshake of carbon monoxide
With no alarms and no surprises
No alarms and no surprises
No alarms and no surprises
Silence, silence
This is my final fit
My final bellyache
With no alarms and no surprises
No alarms and no surprises
Such a pretty house
And such a pretty garden
No alarms and no surprises
(Get me outta here)
No alarms and no surprises
(Get me outta here)
No alarms and no surprises, please

Songwriters

Jonathan Richman; Greenwood; Thomas Yorke; Edward John O'Brien; Philip Selway; Colin Charles

Greenwood
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