Black Star

Radiohead

I get home from work and
You're still standing in your dressing gown
Well what am I to do?I know all the things around your head
And what they do to you
What are we coming to?
What are we gonna do?Blame it on the black star
Blame it on the falling sky
Blame it on the satellite
That beams me homeThe troubled words of a troubled mind
I try to understand what is eating youI try to stay awake but its 58 hours
Since that I last slept with you
What are we coming to?
I just don't know anymoreBlame it on the black star
Blame it on the falling sky
Blame it on the satellite
That beams me homeI get on the train and I just stand about
Now that I don't think of youI keep falling over I keep passing out
When I see a face like you
What am I coming to?
I'm gonna melt downBlame it on the black star
Blame it on the falling sky
Blame it on the satellite
That beams me homeThis is killing me
This is killing me

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