

Faust Arp

Radiohead

One, two, three, four
Wakey, wakey, rise and shine
It's on again, off again, on again
Watch me fall like dominos
In pretty patterns
Fingers in the blackbird pie
I'm tingling, tingling, tingling
It's what you feel now
What you ought to, what you ought to
Reasonable and sensible
Dead from the neck up
I guess I'm stuck, stuck, stuck
We thought you had it in you
But no, no, no, for no real reason
Squeeze the tubes and empty bottles
And take a bow, take a bow, take a bow
It's what you feel now

What you ought to, what you ought to
An elephant that's in the room
Is tumbling, tumbling, tumbling
In duplicate and triplicate and plastic bags
And duplicate and triplicate
Dead from the neck up
I guess I'm stuck, stuck, stuck
We thought you had it in you
But no, no, no
Exactly where do you get off
Is enough, is enough
I love you but enough is enough, enough
A last stop, there's no real reason
You got a head full of feathers
You got melted to butter

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