

We Suck Young Blood. (Your Time Is Up.)

Radiohead

Are you hungry?
Are you sick?
Are you begging for a break?
Are you sweet?
Are you fresh?
Are you strung up by the wrists? We want the young blood
Are you fracturing?
Are you torn at the seams?
Would you do anything?
Flea-bitten? Moth eaten? We suck young blood
We suck young blood
Won't let that creeping ivy
Won't let the nervous bury me
Our veins are thin
Our rivers poisoned
We want the sweet meats
We want young blood

Songwriters

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