

Faust Arp

Radiohead

One, two, three, four Wakey, wakey, rise and shine
It's on again, off again, on again
Watch me fall like dominoes
In pretty patterns Fingers in the blackbird pie
I'm tingling, tingling, tingling
It's what you feel not
What you ought to, what you ought to
Reasonable and sensible Dead from the neck up
I guess I'm stuffed, stuffed, stuffed
We thought you had it in you
But not, not, not,
For no real reason Squeeze the tubes and empty bottles
I take a bow, take a bow, take a bow
It's what you feel not
What you ought to, what you ought to The elephant that's in the room
Is tumbling, tumbling, tumbling
Duplicate and triplicate
Plastic bags
and duplicate and triplicate Dead from the neck up
I guess I'm stuffed, stuffed, stuffed
We thought you had it in you
But not, not, not Exactly where do you get off?
Is enough, is enough
I love you but enough is enough,
Enough of that stuff
There's no real reason. You got a head full of feathers,
You're gonna melt into butter.

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