Faust Arp

Radiohead

One, two, three, fourWakey, wakey, rise and shine
It's on again, off again, on again
Watch me fall like dominoes
In pretty patternsFingers 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 sensibleDead 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 reasonSqueeze 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 toThe elephant that's in the room
Is tumbling, tumbling, tumbling
Duplicate and triplicate
Plastic bags
and duplicate and triplicateDead from the neck up
I guess I'm stuffed, stuffed, stuffed
We thought you had it in you
But not, not, notExactly 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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