Glass Eyes

Radiohead

Hey it's me
I just got off the train
A frightening place
Their faces are concrete grey
And I'm wondering, should I turn around?
Buy another ticket
Panic is coming on strong
So cold, from the inside out
No great job, no message coming in
And you're so small
Glassy eyed light of day
Glassy eyed light of dayThe path trails off
And heads down a mountain
Through the dry bush, I don't know where it leads
I don't really care
And the path trails off
And heads down a mountain
Through the dry bush, I don't know where it leads
I don't really careI feel this often, go
I feel this often, go

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