Backdrifts

Radiohead

We're rotten fruit, we're damaged goods
What the hell, we've got nothing more to lose
One gust and we will probably crumble
We're backdrifting
There's far but no further
I'm hanging off a branch
I'm teetering on the brink
Of honey sweet, so fall asleep
I'm backsliding
You fell into our arms
You fell into our arms
We tried but there was nothing we could do
Nothing we could do
All evidence has been buried

All tapes have been erased
But your footsteps give you away
So you're backtracking
Oh oh oh, you fell into our arms
You fell into our arms
We tried but there was nothing we could do
Nothing we could do
You fell into our, you fell into our
We're rotten fruit, we're damaged goods
What the hell, we've got nothing more to lose
One gust and we will probably crumble
We're backdrifters

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