

# Analyse (Various Remix)

Thom Yorke

A self-fulfilling prophecy of endless possibility  
You're born and raised across the street  
In algebra, in algebra The fences that you cannot climb  
The sentences that do not rhyme  
In all that you can ever change  
The one you're looking for It gets you down  
It gets you down There's no spark  
No light in the dark It gets you down  
It gets you down  
You travel far  
What have you found  
That there's no time  
There's no time  
To analyze  
To think things through  
To make sense Like cows in the city  
They never looked so pretty  
Bad power cuts and blackouts  
Sleeping like babies It gets you down  
It gets you down  
You're just playing a part  
You're just playing a part You're playing a part  
Playing a part  
That there's no time  
There's no time  
To analyze  
Analyze  
Analyze

Songwriters

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