Backdrifts (Honeymoon Is Over)

Radiohead

WeÂ´re rotten fruit
WeÂ´re damaged goods
What the hell
We got nothing more
To lose
One gust & we
Will probably crumble
WeÂ´re back drifters.

This far but no further
IÂ´m hanging off a branch
IÂ´m teetering on the brink
Oh honeysweet
So full of sleep
IÂ´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 youÂ´re backtracking

Ah ah ah
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, ah
You fell into a

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 back drifters

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