

Backdrifts (Honeymoon Is Over)

Radiohead

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

This far but no further
I'm hanging off a branch
I'm teetering on the brink
Oh honeysweet
So full of sleep
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

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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