

# Nose Grows Some

**Thom Yorke**

I don't know how this night will end  
If I open up the door To the back of your simple mind  
And then we'll call the flood  
When it all becomes too much  
Spread your last legs In the times you are afraid  
When the rolling thunder claps  
If I'm blowing myself away  
Through the bad times  
Two birds on a wall  
Your nose just grows But you're just another drop  
It is metal and it's cold  
We'll wait up on the rocks  
I am waiting on the tide  
Through the back doors

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