Million Dollar Question

Radiohead

Was always waiting for the crush
The car to drive right through the shops
To call in sick and late at work
To take a holiday
Was always tangled up in knots
To keep myself from speaking up
But no one's listening anyway
Just trying to bribe me
And if it's alright, then what am I doing here?

And if it's alright, this place is gassed by fear
And if it's alright, I'll tell you, 'cause you never understand
And if it's alright, I'll beg you, 'cause I'm a begging kind of man
Today I wrote a bad check
Packed a bag and took a jet
But no one's looking anyway
I hope you miss me
(I just think maybe I'm making a mistake)

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