Myxomatosis

Radiohead

The mongrel cat came home
Holding half a head
Proceeded to show it off
To all his newfound friendsHe said, I been where I liked
I slept with who I liked
She ate me up for breakfast
She screwed me in a viceBut now I don't know why
I feel so tongue-tiedI sat in the cupboard
And wrote it down in neat
They were cheering and waving, cheering and waving
Twitching and salivating like with myxomatosisIt got edited, fucked up
Strangled, beaten up
Used as a photo in Time Magazine
Buried in a burning black hole in DevonI don't know why
I feel so tongue-tied
Don't know why
I feel so skinned aliveMy thoughts are misguided and a little naive
I twitch and I salivate like with myxomatosis
You should put me in a home or you should put me down
I got myxomatosis, I got myxomatosisYeah, no one likes a smart-ass but we all like stars
That wasn't my intention, I did it for a reason
It must have got mixed up, strangled, beaten up
I got myxomatosis, I got myxomatosisI don't know why
I feel so tongue-tied

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