

A Wolf at the Door

Radiohead

Drag 'em out your window, dragging out the dead
Singing I miss you, Snakes and Ladders
Flip the lid, out pops the cracker
Snaps you in the head, knives you in the neck

Kicks you in the teeth, steel toe caps
Takes all your credit cards, get up, get the gunge
Get the eggs, get the flan in the face
The flan in the face, the flan in the face

Dance you fucker, dance you fucker, don't you dare
Don't you dare, don't you flan in the face
Take it with the love it's given
Take it with a pinch of salt, take it to the taxman

Let me back, let me back, I promise to be good
Don't look in the mirror
At the face you don't recognize
Help me call the doctor, put me inside
Put me inside, put me inside
Put me inside, put me inside

I keep the wolf from the door but he calls me up
Calls me on the phone, tells me all the ways
That he's gonna mess me up
Steal all my children if I don't pay the ransom
But I'll never see 'em again if I squeal to the cops

Walking like giant cranes and
With my x-ray eyes I strip you naked
In a tight little world and are you on the list?
Stepford wives, who are we to complain?

Investments and dealers, investments and dealers
Cold wives and mistresses
Cold wives and Sunday papers
City boys in 1st class, don't know they're born

They know someone else is gonna come and clean it up
Born and raised for the job, someone always does
I wish you'd get up, get over, get up, get over
Turn your tape off

I keep the wolf from the door but he calls me up
Calls me on the phone tells me all the ways
That he's gonna mess me up
Steal all my children if I don't pay the ransom
But I'll never see 'em again if I squeal to the cops
So I just go ooh, ooh