

## Blow Out

Radiohead

In my mind  
and nailed into my heels.  
All the time  
killing what I feel.

And everything I touch  
(All wrapped up in cotton wool)  
(All wrapped up and sugar coated)  
turns to stone.

I am fused  
just in case I blow out.

I am glued  
just in case I crack out.

Everything I touch turns to stone.

Everything I touch  
(All wrapped up in cotton wool)  
(All wrapped up and sugar coated)  
turns to stone.