

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.