

# A Brain in a Bottle

Thom Yorke

Oh what's that seeking us  
Still hands are gonna talk to us  
Looked in your eye, in your eye

Seagull laugh and pick the bones  
The entity I wrestle to the ground  
Looked in the eye, looked in the eye

Chill

Some teasing and then bring myself in too  
It's like I've forgotten you  
Think I'm gonna go to pieces now  
Come and fall in (in love) the dark

Chill

Think I'm gonna slow my dance to you  
Agree on letting you  
And so I'm punched I just keep bouncing back  
Come out fighting back