

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