

Nose Grows Some

Thom Yorke

I don't know how this night will end
If I open up the door
To the back of your simple mind
And then we'll call the flood
When it all becomes too much
Spread your last legs
In the times you are afraid
When the rolling thunder claps
If I'm blowing myself away
Through the bad times
Two birds on a wall
Your nose just grows

But you're just another drop
It is metal and it's cold
We'll wait up on the rocks
I am waiting on the tide
Through the back doors
If I'm blowing myself away
Under hot fluorescent lights
Two birds on a wall
Your nose just grows
And grows
(One day I'll grow up tall
I will be with you)