

The Axe

Thom Yorke

Goddamn machinery
Why won't it speak to me?
One day I am gonna take an axe to it
The pit of hell
What does it matter?
Where's that love
You'd promised me?
I'm pierced by long nails
By coloured windmills
The sorrowful sting
Envelope

I thought we had it here
I thought we had it here
I thought we had it here
I thought we had it here
I thought we had it here
I thought we had it here

You've asked to speak to me
Have you no pity?
Give me a goddamn good reason
Not to jack it all in
I would've told you
Daring you to tell yourself
I thought we had it here
(Could've loved me)
(I've had my fill)
(I've had my fill of hurt)
(Had had my fill of hurt)