

The Mother Lode

Thom Yorke

Another clown jumps off the ladder
A shallow pool but it doesn't matter
The way it goes, the way it goes
He's falling through barriers and hedgerows
A hollow man, hollow hand puppet
Where's the applause when you need it?

But these brought by somersaults and backflips
On Hallowe'en some things'll be different
A mother lode, a mother lode
A hollow man, hollow hand puppet
I'm a clown, you don't want her to know me
The knife behind the curtain
No truth is ordinary

You can't see your way out of this one
He makes a joke but nobody listens
At least he does not know it
The last of all his courage
Press the button for a free ticket
Here he goes, hits the ground running.