

# 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.