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.