

Twist

Thom Yorke

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To you who brought me back to life
Twisted thorns that grow inside
Shingle washing my old bones
Screams woe-betides and woe-be-gones
Just enough love to go 'round
For you who's turning me back on
Doesn't make it right or wrong
A prisoners of the mind
Of weebegones and woe-betides
Just enough love to go 'round

Just enough love to go 'round
Two hearts a firefly
[?]
[?]
Of weebetides and weebegones
Just enough love to go around

It's not me
It's not me
A boy on a bike who is running away
An empty car in the woods with the motor left running
It's not me
It's not me
It's not me
An empty car with the motor left running

And this face it isn't me
And this face it isn't me