

## Twist

Thom Yorke

Twist

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 woebegones and woe-betides  
Just enough love to go 'round

Just enough love to go 'round  
Two hearts a firefly  
[?]  
[?]  
Of woebetides and woebegones  
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