

Faust Arp

Radiohead

One, two, three, four Wakey, wakey, rise and shine
It's on again, off again, on again
Watch me fall like dominoes in pretty patterns Fingers in the blackbird pie
I'm tingling, tingling, tingling
It's what you feel, not what you ought to, what you ought to Reasonable and sensible, dead from
the neck up
I guess I'm stuffed, stuffed, stuffed
We thought you had it in you but no, no, no
For no real reason
Squeeze the tubes and empty bottles
And take a bow, take a bow, take a bow
It's what you feel, not what you ought to, what you ought to The elephant that's in the room is
Tumbling, tumbling, tumbling
Duplicate and triplicate and plastic bags
And duplicate and triplicate, dead from the neck up
I guess I'm stuffed, stuffed, stuffed
We thought you had it in you but no, no, no
Exactly where do you get off? Is enough, is enough
I love you but enough is enough, enough of that stuff
There's no real reason You've got a head full of feathers
You got melted to butter

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