

# Radio Head, My Iron Lung

Faith, you're driving me away  
You do it everyday  
You don't mean it  
But it hurts like hell

My brain says I'm receiving pain  
A lack of oxygen  
From my life support  
My iron lung

We're too young to fall asleep  
Too cynical to speak  
We are losing it  
Can't you tell?

We scratch our eternal itch  
A twentieth century bitch  
And we are grateful for  
Our iron lung

The head shrinkers  
They want everything  
My uncle Bill  
My Belisha beacon

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Suck, suck your teenage thumb  
Toilet trained and dumb  
When the power runs out  
We'll just hum

This, this is our new song  
Just like the last one  
A total waste of time  
My iron lung

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And if you're frightened  
You can be frightened  
You can be, it's okay

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