

# Radiohead, A Wolf At The Door (It Girl. Rag Doll)

Drag him out your window  
Dragging out the dead  
Singing I miss you  
Snakes and ladders flip the lid  
Out pops the cracker  
Smacks you in the head  
Knives you in the neck  
Kicks you in the teeth  
Steel toe caps  
Takes all your credit cards  
Get up get the gunge  
Get the eggs  
Get the flan in the face  
The flan in the face  
The flan in the face  
Dance you fucker dance you fucker  
Don't you dare  
Don't you dare  
Don't you flan in the face  
Take it with the love its given  
Take it with a pinch of salt  
Take it to the tax man  
Let me back  
Let me back  
I promise to be good  
Don't look in the mirror at the face you don't recognize  
Help me, call the doctor, put me inside  
put me inside  
put me inside  
put me inside  
put me inside

I keep the wolf from the door but he

**CALLS ME UP!**

Calls me on the phone  
Tells me all the ways that he's gonna

**MESS ME UP!**

Steal all my children if I don't pay the ransom  
And I'll never see them again if I squeal to the cops. . . .

Walking like giant cranes  
And with my X-ray eyes I strip you naked  
in a tight little world  
and are you on the list?  
Stepford wives who are we to complain?  
Investments and dealers  
Investments and dealers  
Cold wives and mistresses  
Cold wives and Sunday papers city  
Boys in First Class don't know we're born just know  
Someone else is gonna come and clean it up  
Born and raised for the job  
Someone always does  
I wish you'd get up get over  
get up get over and turn the tape off

I keep the wolf from the door  
But he calls me up  
Calls me on the phone  
Tells me all the ways that he's gonna mess me up

Steal all my children if I don't pay the ransom  
And I'll never see them again if I squeal to the cops

So I'm just gonna ...