

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
Knifes 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 ...