

Radiohead, Backdrifts (Honeymoon Is Over)

We're rotten fruit
We're damaged goods
What the hell we've got nothing more to lose
One gust and we will probably crumble
We're backdrifters

This far but no further
I'm hanging off a branch
I'm teetering on the brink
Oh! honey sweet
So full of sleep
I'm backsliding

You fell into our arms
You fell into our arms
We tried hard but there was nothing we could do
Nothing we could do

All evidence has been buried
All tapes have been erased
But your footsteps give you away
So you're backtracking

Ah ah ah
You fell into our arms
You fell into our arms
We tried hard but there was nothing we could do
Nothing we could do
You fell into our, ah
You fell into a

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