

# Radiohead, Black Star

I get home from work and you're still standing in your dressing gown  
Well what am I to do?  
I know all the things around your head and what they do to you  
What are we coming to?  
What are we gonna do?

Blame it on the black star  
Blame it on the falling sky  
Blame it on the satellite that beams me home

The troubled words of a troubled mind I try to understand what is eating you  
I try to stay awake but its 58 hours since that I last slept with you  
What are we coming to?  
I just don't know anymore

Blame it on the black star  
Blame it on the falling sky  
Blame it on the satellite that beams me home

I get on the train and I just stand about now that I don't think of you  
I keep falling over I keep passing out when I see a face like you  
What am I coming to?  
I'm gonna melt down

Blame it on the black star  
Blame it on the falling sky  
Blame it on the satellite that beams me home  
This is killing me  
This is killing me