Radiohead, Blowout

In my mind and nailed into my heels.
All the time killing what I feel.
And everything I touch
[All wrapped up in cotton wool]
[All wrapped up and sugar coated]
turns to stone.
And everything I touch
[All wrapped up in cotton wool]
[All wrapped up and sugar coated]
turns stone.
I am fused just in case I blow out.
I am glued just because I crack out.
Everything I touch turns to stone.
Everything I touch
[All wrapped up in cotton wool]
[All wrapped up and sugar coated]