

Thom Yorke, Atoms For Peace

No more going to the dark side with your flying saucer eyes
No more falling down a wormhole that I have to pull you out
The wriggling, squiggling worm inside
Devours from the inside out
No more talk about the old days
It's time for something great
I want you to get out
And make it work
So many lies
So many lies
So many lies
So feel the love come off of them
And take me in your arms
Peel all of your layers off
I want to eat your artichoke heart
No more leaky holes in your brain
And no false starts
I wanna get out
And make it work
So many lies
So many lies
So many lies
So feel the love come off of them
And take me in your arms
I wanna get out
And make it work
I want you to get out
And make it work
I'll be ok
So many lies
So many lies
So many lies
So feel the love come off of them
And take me in your arms