Thom Yorke, Black Swan

What will grow quickly, that you can't make straight It's the price you gotta pay Do yourself a favour and pack you bags Buy a ticket and get on the train Buy a ticket and get on the train Cause this is fucked up, fucked up Cause this is fucked up, fucked up People get crushed like biscuit crumbs And laid down in the bed you made You have tried your best to please everyone But it just isn't happening No, it just isn't happening And it's fucked up, fucked up And this is fucked up, fucked up This your blind spot, blind spot It should be obvious, but it's not. But it isn't, but it isn't You cannot kickstart a dead horse You just crush yourself and walk away I don't care what the future holds Cause I'm right here in your arms today With your fingers you can touch me I'm your black swan, black swan But I made it to the top, made it to the top This is fucked up, fucked up You are fucked up, fucked up This is fucked up, fucked up Be your black swan, black swan I'm for spare parts, broken up