

# Radio Head, 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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