

Radio Head, Faust Arp

One two three four

Wakey wakey
Rise and shine
It's on again, off again, on again
Watch me fall
Like dominoes
In pretty patterns
Fingers in the blackbird pie
I'm tingling, tingling, tingling
It's what you feel, not what you ought to
What you ought to
Reasonable and sensible
Dead from the neck up

I guess I'm stuffed, stuffed, stuffed
We thought you had it in you
But no, no, no
For no real reason

Squeeze the tubes and empty bottles
And take a bow, take a bow, take a bow
It's what you feel, not what you ought to
What you ought to
The elephant that's in the room is
Tumbling, tumbling, tumbling
Duplicate and triplicate
And plastic bags
And duplicate and triplicate
Dead from the neck up

I guess I'm stuffed, stuffed, stuffed
We thought you had it in you
But no, no, no
Exactly where do you get off?
Is enough, is enough
I love you but enough is enough
Enough of that stuff
There's no real reason

You've got a head full of feathers
You got melted to butter