

Radio Head, Maquiladora

Here it comes, Here it comes,
I can feel the hills exploding
Exploding gracefully
Burning up the freeway
Here it comes
Grass is green at the edge of the bubble
Beautiful gets into beautiful trouble
And it seems to fall out of the sky and come down on you.
Oh baby burn

Fast die younger
Burns rubber
Useless rockers
From England
Good times
Had by all
Just swallow your guilt and your crutches
Blue and white birds stop and hide on the pedal
Interstate fire walk straight down the middle,
And it seems to fall out of the sky and come down on you
Oh baby burn