

Radiohead, Climbing Up A Bloody Great Hill

Shoot it down
He's got to let something
Start hitting through the wall
Dreaming about something
Means nothing at all
We'll put him on the TV
And make lots of videos
You can smile for the good 80's
Hope we dont break the shows
All right boys, come on boys, all right boys
Hey, whoa, climbing up a bloody great hill
I'm hey, whoa, I'm climbing, I'm up, climbing up, I'm up, up
Everything is fluent
But everything ain't good
Why am I so misunderstood?
He's got to know something
Say, Mr. Radio Man
Yes, he's got a little something
Say, Mr. Producer Man
They want to buy him hooks
And screaming girls
Who haven't go a clue
What it means to be living in
A horrible, evil little world
Come on, boys
Hey, whoa, climbing up a bloody great hill
I'm hey, whoa, I'm climbing, I'm up, climbing up, I'm up, up
Everything is good here
But everything ain't good
Why am I so misunderstood?
Why am I so misunderstood, boys and girls?
Hey, whoa, climbing up a bloody great hill
I'm hey, whoa, I'm climbing, I'm up, climbing up
Everything is fluent
But everything ain't good
Why am I so misunder-
Everything is good here
But everything ain't good
Why am I so misunder-
Hey, Mr. Producer Man
Give me a break, man
Give me a break, yeah
Hey, Mr. Producer Man
I want to be famous
Something of me
Some family
So, uh, uh, uh