

# Radiohead, Glass Eyes

Hey it's me  
I just got off the train  
A frightening place  
Their faces are concrete grey  
And I'm wondering, should I turn around?  
Buy another ticket  
Panic is coming on strong  
So cold, from the inside out  
No great job, no message coming in  
And you're so small  
Glassy eyed light of day  
Glassy eyed light of day

The path trails off  
And heads down a mountain  
Through the dry bush, I don't know where it leads  
I don't really care  
And the path trails off  
And heads down a mountain  
Through the dry bush, I don't know where it leads  
I don't really care

I feel this often, go  
I feel this often, go