

Radiohead, Scatterbrain

I'm walking out in a force ten gale
Birds thrown around, bullets for hail
The roof is pulling off by its fingernails
Your voice is rattlin' on my window sill
Yesterday's headlines blown by the wind
Yesterday's people end up scatterbrain
Any fool can easy pick a hole I only wish I could fall in
A moving target in a firing range
Somewhere I'm not
Scatterbrain
Somewhere I'm not
Scatterbrain
Lightning fuse, powercut
Scatterbrain