

Radiohead, We Suck Young Blood (Your Time Is

Are you hungry?
Are you sick?
Are you begging for a break?
Are you sweet?
Are you fresh?
Are you strung up by the wrists?
(Fois-gros style)
We want the young blood.
Are you fracturing?
Are you torn at the seams?
Would you do anything?
Flea-bitten? Motheaten?
We suck young blood.

Won't let the creeping ivy
Won't let the nervous bury me
Our veins are thin
Our rivers poisoned

We want the sweet meats.
We want the young blood.
We suck young blood.
We want the young blood.