My Iron Lung

Radiohead

Faith, you're driving me away You do it everyday You don't mean it But it hurts like hell

My brain says I'm receiving pain A lack of oxygen From my life support My iron lung

We're too young to fall asleep To cynical to speak We are losing it Can't you tell?

We scratch our eternal itch A twentieth century bitch And we are grateful for Our iron lung

The headshrinkers, they want everything My uncle Bill, my Belisha beacon The headshrinkers, they want everything My uncle Bill, my Belisha beacon

Suck, suck your teenage thumb Toilet trained and dumb When the power runs out We'll just hum

This, this is our new song
Just like the last one
A total waste of time
My iron lung
The headshrinkers, they want everything
My uncle Bill, my Belisha beacon
The headshrinkers, they want everything
My uncle Bill, my Belisha beacon

And if you're frightened You can be frightened You can be, it's OK And if you're frightened You can be frightened You can be, it's OK

The headshrinkers, they want everything My uncle Bill, my Belisha beacon