A Brain in a Bottle

Thom Yorke

Oh what's that seeking us Still hands are gonna talk to us Looked in your eye, in your eye

Seagull laugh and pick the bones The entity I wrestle to the ground Looked in the eye, looked in the eye

Chill

Some teasing and then bring myself in too It's like I've forgotten you Think I'm gonna go to pieces now Come and fall in (in love) the dark

Chill

Think I'm gonna slow my dance to you Agree on letting you And so I'm punched I just keep bouncing back Come out fighting back