

# Jetstream

Thom Yorke

Is this a free seat?  
Which way you heading?  
You keep pushing and you keep pushing.  
Between the whipcrack  
and the moonbeams  
I said coachman where we heading?  
The gleaming teeth  
of the inbetween  
I can hear some people laughing.  
Is this a stitch up?  
I am not willing.  
So I am turning you off and then I'm counting.  
I regret.  
I turn the clock back.  
To where I wasn't taken in.  
I jump out  
of a window  
and get lost in a jetstream.  
Whis is a ghost coach  
that we are riding  
damp decay and splintering.  
Between the whipcrack  
and the moonbeams  
I can hear some people laughing.  
We need a rubber man  
we need a stretchy man  
I'm not sure I am welcome.  
You are a fool  
and this is over  
over the Cliffs of Dover.  
I regret.  
I turn the clock back.  
To where I wasn't taken in.  
I jump out  
of a window  
and get lost in a jetstream.  
You're beautiful  
until I get close  
you have the eyes of a mountain goat.  
A coat of mildew  
a bad smell  
and the strap broke in my hand.  
Now I wanna turn back.  
Turn back.  
I wanna turn back.  
You need a rubber man  
You need a stretchy man  
You need a rubber man  
You need a stretchy man  
I wanna turn back  
I wanna turn back  
You need a rubber man  
You need a stretchy man  
You need a rubber man  
You need a stretchy man  
I wanna turn back  
I'm on my back

Turn back.