

# The White Cliffs

Thom Yorke

I'm feeling the same cold room  
Every now and then  
A face that keeps changing  
Every now and then  
Another direction  
Blowing in the wind  
Nothing but empty promises  
Every now and then  
All over the same four thoughts  
Every now and then

Every now and then  
Every now and then

Every now and then  
Every now and then

What is the purpose?  
Every now, every now and then  
I get kinda nervous  
I want it all to end  
Don't understand the purpose  
Every now and then

Please don't look but you're drowning  
This is your punishment  
A small mind with a plaything  
A tiny little wren  
You go out that door that you came in  
This is your punishment  
You don't mean what you're saying  
You don't mean what you say  
I pay no mind what you say  
I pay no mind at all

Everything is out of our hands  
Everything is out of our hands  
Everything is out of our hands

And I don't believe what you're saying  
That everything is out of our hands  
We've been over and over the same things  
But everything is out of our hands  
Waving from opposite cliffs now  
Both waving and drowning

Everything is out of our hands now  
Everything is out of our hands  
Better get in the boats now  
When everything is out of our hands  
It's easier to not look now  
When everything is out of your hands  
Everything is out of your hands  
Everything is out of your hands  
Blow, whistle, blow