

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