

Thom Yorke**"Default"**

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It slipped my mind
And for a time
I felt completely free

Oh what a troubled
Silent, poor boy
A pawn into a queen

I laugh now
But later's not so easy
I've gotta stop
The will is strong
But the flesh is weak
Guess that's it
I've made my bed
And I'm lying in it

I'm still hanging on
Bird upon the wires
I fall between the waves

Oooooohhhhhhh

I avoid your gaze
I turn out of phase
A pawn into a queen

Oooooohhhhhhh

I laugh now
But later's not so easy
I've gotta stop
The will is strong
But the flesh is weak
Guess that's it
I've made my bed
And I'm lying in it

But it's eating me up
But it's eating me up
It's eating me up (If I could feel all the snakes on my

heads)

It's eating me up (If I could feel all my snails on my
heads)

It's eating me up (If I could feel all my snares on my
head)

Oooooohhhhhh

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