

Thom Yorke**"Ego"**

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I feel light up on my feet
From the way you look at me
You open up the universe
Yeah I bet you get this all the time

I crumble when you touch my wings
But that's okay 'cause I'm nothing
I'm tougher than you think
Yeah I bet you get this all the time

The no-hopers
The overwhelmers
The sweet talkers
I bet you get this all the time
I bet they just throw themselves at you

The daydreamers
The dope smokers
The loose talkers
Yeah I bet you get this all the time

Evil lovers
Go-getters
Fare workers
Yeah I bet you get this all the time
I bet they just throw themselves at you

Yeah I bet you get this all the time

I can't make this any clearer
I can't make this any simpler
Still passin' through my fingers
I bet you get this all the time

The day dreamers
The evil lover
The sweet talkers
Yeah I bet you get this all the time

I bet they just throw themselves at you

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