

Thom Yorke

"Reverse Running"

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I'm reverse running.
It doesn't mean anything.
Hurling headlong.
Why would you even ask?

I've forgotten who i am.
Snakes uncoiling.
Pressed up to the glass.
All the things that you shouldn't ask.

But you see through me.
It doesn't mean anything.
a meaningless plaything.
Reverse running.

Running contrary-ways.
Pulling off the anyways.
I'm messing up.
Messing up the balance.
Breaking my trajectory.
All the toys in the factory.

While you all lie down.
While you all lie down.
I'm skipping back through the tapes.
Skipping through the ad breaks.
God in heaven!

It makes me feel energized!
All else is sanitized.
And with such joy.
Running contrary-ways.
Pulling off the anyways.

I jump back around.
I'm reversing.
I'm reverse running.
I fall under the horses feet.
All the things that I shouldn't see.
Animal or Bird.
Animal or Bird.

Moving in slow motion.
This shit is gonna mess me up

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