

Radiohead, No Surprises

A heart that's full up like a landfill,
a job that slowly kills you,
bruises that won't heal.

You look so tired-unhappy,
bring down the government,
they don't, they don't speak for us.

I'll take a quiet life,
a handshake of carbon monoxide,
with no alarms and no surprises,
no alarms and no surprises,
no alarms and no surprises,
no alarms and no surprises,
Silent silent.

This is my final fit,
my final bellyache,
with no alarms and no surprises,
no alarms and no surprises,
no alarms and no surprises please.

Such a pretty house
and such a pretty garden.

No alarms and no surprises (get me outta here),
no alarms and no surprises (get me outta here),
no alarms and no surprises, please.