

# Radiohead, Scatterbrain

I'm walking out in a force ten gale  
Birds thrown around, bullets for hail  
The roof is pulling off by its fingernails  
Your voice is rattlin' on my window sill  
Yesterday's headlines blown by the wind  
Yesterday's people end up scatterbrain  
Any fool can easy pick a hole I only wish I could fall in  
A moving target in a firing range  
Somewhere I'm not  
Scatterbrain  
Somewhere I'm not  
Scatterbrain  
Lightning fuse, powercut  
Scatterbrain