

Thom Yorke, Analyse

A self-fulfilling prophecy of endless possibility
You roll in reams across the street
In algebra, in algebra
The fences that you cannot climb
The sentences that do not rhyme
In all that you can ever change
The one you're looking for
It gets you down
It gets you down
There's no spark
No light in the dark
It gets you down
It gets you down
You traveled far
What have you found
That there's no time
There's no time
To analyse
To think things through
To make sense
Like cows in the city, they never looked so pretty
By power cuts and blackouts
Sleeping like babies
It gets you down
It gets you down
You're just playing a part
You're just playing a part
You're playing a part
Playing a part
And there's no time
There's no time
To analyse
Analyse
Analyse