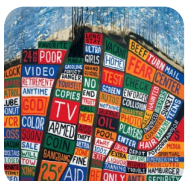
Backdrifts – Radiohead

We're rotten fruit
We're damaged goods
What the hell, we've got nothing more to lose
One gust and we will probably crumble
We're backdrifters
This far but no further
I'm hanging off a branch
I'm teetering on the brink of
Honey sweet
So full of sleep
I'm backsliding
You fell into our arms
You fell into our arms
We tried but there was nothing we could do
Nothing we could do
All evidence has been buried
All tapes have been erased
But your footsteps give you away
So you're backtracking
Ah ah ah
You fell into our arms
You fell into our arms
We tried but there was nothing we could do
Nothing we could do
You fell into our
You fell into a
We're rotten fruit
We're damaged goods
What the hell, we've got nothing more to lose
One gust and we will probably crumble
We're backdrifters



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych