

# 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

