

Glass Eyes – Radiohead

Hey it's me
I just got off the train
A frightening place
Their faces are concrete
Grey And I'm wondering, should I turn around?
Buy another ticket
Panic is coming on
Strong So cold, from the inside out
No great job, no message coming in
And you're so small
Glassy eyed light of day
Glassy eyed light of day
The path trails off
And heads down a mountain
Through the dry bush,
I don't know where it leads
I don't really care
And the path trails off
And heads down a mountain
Through the dry bush,
I don't know where it leads
I don't really care
I feel this love to the core
I feel this love to the core



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych