

# Analyse – Thom Yorke

A self-fulfilling prophecy  
Of endless possibility  
In rolling reams across a screen  
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 candles 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

## Analyse

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Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych