## Radiohead Hail to the Thief

2 + 2 = 5 (The Lukewarm.)

Sit down. Stand up. (Snakes & Ladders.)

Sail to the Moon. (Brush the Cobwebs out of the Sky.)

Backdrifts. (Honeymoon is Over.)

Go to Sleep. (Little Man being Erased.)

Where I End and You Begin. (The Sky is Falling in.)

We suck Young Blood. (Your Time is up.)

The Gloaming. (Softly Open our Mouths in the Cold.)

There there. (The Boney King of Nowhere.)

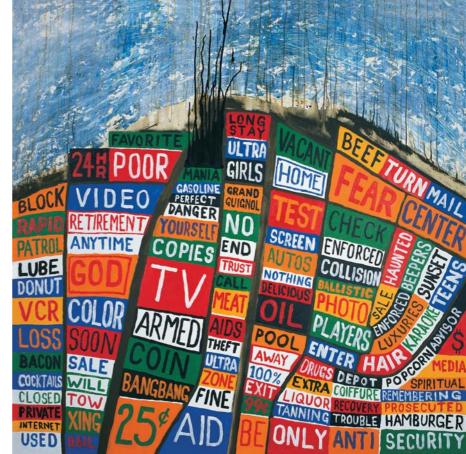
I will. (No man's Land.)

A Punchup at a Wedding.  $^{(\mbox{\scriptsize No no no no no no no no no.})}$ 

Myxomatosis. (Judge, Jury & Executioner.)

Scatterbrain. (As Dead as Leaves.)

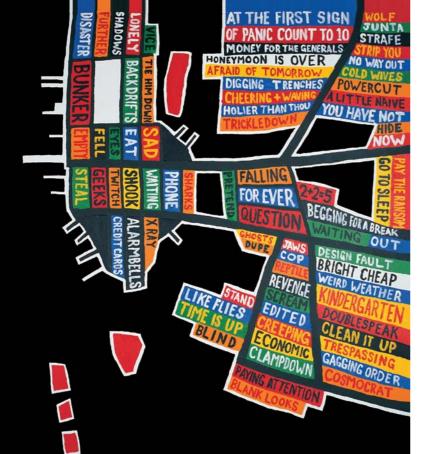
A Wolf at the Door. (It Girl. Rag Doll.)











## NON-ALPHABETICAL INDEX

HONEYCOMB ROADMAP, LABYRINTHINE CATACOMBS, &c.

## HAIL TO THE THIEF,

(or, The Gloaming.)\*

(The Lukewarm.)

Are you such a dreamer? To put the world to rights? I'll stay home forever Where two & two always makes up five I'll lay down the tracks Sandbag & hide January has April's showers And two & two always makes up five IT'S THE DEVIL'S WAY NOW THERE IS NO WAY OUT YOU CAN SCREAM & YOU CAN SHOUT IT IS TOO LATE NOW BECAUSE YOU HAVE NOT BEEN PAYING ATTENTION I try to sing along I get it all wrong Eezeepeezeeezee NOT I swat em like flies but Like flies the buggers Keep coming back

NOT
Maybe not
"All hail to the thief"
"But I'm not!"
"Don't question my authority
or put me in the dock"

Cozimnot!

Go & tell the king that The sky is falling in When it's not Maybe not.

(ahh diddums.)

4

(Snakes & Ladders.)

Sit down. Stand up. Walk into The jaws of hell. Anytime. Anytime. We can wipe you out

Anytime. Anytime. THE RAINDROPS

<sup>\*</sup> Parental Advisory: These Lyrics contain Words that some People may find Offensive.

(Brush the Cobwebs out of the Sky.)

I sucked The moon

I spoke

Too soon And how much did

It cost?

I was dropped from

Moonbeams

And sailed

On shooting stars

Maybe you'll be president

But know

right from wrong Or in the flood you'll build an Ark

And sail us to the moon

\$

(Honeymoon is Over.)

We're rotten fruit We're damaged goods What the hell We got nothing more to

lose
One gust & we
Will probably crumble
We're backdrifters.
This far but no further
I'm hanging off a branch
I'm teetering on the brink
Oh Honeysweet
So full of sleep

I'm backsliding.

You fell into our arms

We tried

But there was nothing We could do

All evidence has been buried. All tapes have been erased. But your footprints give you away so You're backtracking

\$

(Little Man being Erased.)

Something for the rag & bone man
"Over my dead body"
Something big is gonna happen
"Over my dead body"
Someone's son or someone's daughter
"Over my dead body"

This is how I end up getting sucked in "Over my dead body"
I'm gonna go to sleep let this wash all over me
We don't wanna wake the monster
"Tiptoe round tie him down"
We don't want the loonies taking over
"Tiptoe round tie them down"
May pretty horses
Come to you
As you sleep
I'm gonna go to sleep

Let this wash

All over me

(The Sky is Falling in.)

There's a gap in between There's a gap where we meet Where I end & you begin And I'm sorry for us The dinosaurs roam the earth The sky turns green Where I end & you begin I am up in the clouds I am up in the clouds And I can't & I can't come down I can watch but Not take part Where I end & where you start Where you you left me alone You left me alone. X will the mark the place Like parting the waves

I will eat you all alive

sea

And there'll be no more lies

\$

Like a house falling into the

(Your Time is up.)

Are you hungry?
Are you sick?
Are you begging for a break?
Are you sweet?
Are you strung up by the
wrists?
(Fois-gras style)
We want the young blood.

Are you fracturing? Are you torn at the seams? Would you do anything? Flea-bitten? Motheaten? We suck young blood.

Won't let the creeping ivy
Won't let the nervous bury me
Our veins are thin
Our rivers poisoned

We want the sweet meats. We want the young blood. We suck young blood. We want the young blood.

(Softly Open our Mouths in the Cold.)

Genie let out the bottle It is now the witching hour

Murderers you're murderers We are not the same as you

Funny haha funny how When the walls bend With your breathing

They will suck you down To the otherside

To the shadows blue & red Your alarm bells

Should be ringing

This is the gloaming

(The Boney King of Nowhere.)

In pitch dark I go walking in Your landscape Broken branches Trip me as I speak Just because you feel it Doesn't mean its there Iust because you feel it Doesn't mean it's there There's always a siren Singing you to shipwreck Steer away from these rocks We'd be a walking disaster Just because you feel it Doesn't mean it's there Just because you feel it Doesn't mean it's there

There there

Why so green & lonely? Heaven sent you to me

We are accidents
Waiting
Waiting to happen
We are accidents
Waiting
Waiting to happen

\$

(No man's Land.)

I will
Lay me down
In a bunker
Underground.

I won't let this happen to my children. Meet the real world coming

Meet the real world coming out of my shell With white elephants

Sitting ducks.

I will Rise up.

Little babies' eyes.

5

(No no no no no no no no.)

Just to start a fight

wedding

I don't know why you bother Nothing's ever good enough for you I was there And it wasn't like that You came here

You had to piss on our parade You had to shred our big day You had to ruin it for all concerned In a drunken punchup at a

Hypocrite opportunist Don't infect me with your poison A bully in a china shop

When I turn round You stay Frozen to the spot The pointless snide remarks Of hammerheaded sharks The pot will call the kettle black

It's a drunken punchup at a wedding

(Judge, Jury & Executioner.)

The mongrel cat came home Holding half a head Proceeded to show it off To all his new found friends He said "I been where I liked I slept with who I liked she ate me up for breakfast she screwed me in a vice And now I don't know why I feel so tongue tied" I sat in the cupboard And wrote it down in neat They were cheering & waving

They were cheering & waving cheering & waving thereing & salivating like with myxomatosis But it got edited, fucked up Strangled, beaten up Used as a photo in Time magazine Buried in a burning black hole in Devon
"I don't know why I feel so

"I don't know why I feel so tongue tied
Don't know why I feel so skinned alive."
My thoughts are misguided & A little naive
I twitch & salivate like with myxomatosis
You should put me in a home

You should put me in a home or you should put me down I got myxomatosis I got myxomatosis
"Now no one likes a smart arse"

"But we all like stars"
That wasn't my intention
I did it for a reason
He shook hands with the
cripples &
He gave them all milk
He did a few card tricks
For his mafia geeks
But now
"I don't know why I feel so
tongue tied"

\$

(As Dead as Leaves.)

I'm walking out In a force ten gale Birds thrown around Bullets for hail The roof is pulling off By its fingernails Your voice is rapping On my window sill

Yesterday's headlines Blown by the wind Yesterday's people End up SCATTERBRAIN Then any fool can Easy pick a hole ("I only wish I could fall in")

A moving target In a firing range

(continues)

(continued)

Somewhere I'm not Scatterbrain Somewhere I'm not Scatterbrain Lightning fuse Powercut SCATTERBRAIN

2

(It Girl. Rag Doll.)

get the gunge

Drag him out the window Dragging out your dead Singing I miss you Snakes & ladders flip the lid out pops the cracker smacks you in the head knifes you in the neck kicks you in the teeth steel toe caps takes all your credit cards step up

Get the eggs get the flan in the face the flan in the face the flan in the face

Dance you fucker dance you fucker don't you dare

Don't you dare don't you Flan in the face Take it with the love its given take it with a pinch of

salt take it to the taxman

Let me back let me back I promise to be good don't look in the mirror at the face you don't recognize

Help me, call the doctor, put me inside put me inside put me inside put me inside put me inside

I keep the wolf from the door but he calls me up calls me on the phone tells me all the ways that he's gonna mess me up

Steal all my children if I don't pay the ransom & I'll never see them again if I squeal to the cops...

Walking like a giant cranes & with my X ray eyes I strip you naked in a

Tight little world & are you on the list?

Stepford wives who are we to complain?

Investments & dealers.

Investments & dealers.

Cold wives & mistresses.

Cold wives & Sunday papers city boys in First Class don't know we're born just know

Someone else is gonna come & clean it up Born & raised for the job

Someone always does I wish you'd get up go over get up go over & turn this tape off

## Hail to the Thief

101

Written & played by Radiohead. Thom Yorke; voice, words, guitar, piano, laptop. Jonny Greenwood; guitar, analogue systems, ondes martenot, laptop, toy piano, glockenspiel.

martenot, laptop, toy piano, glockenspiel. Colin Greenwood; bass, string synth, sampler.

Ed O'Brien; guitar, effects, voice.

Philip Selway; drums, percussion.

Recorded, edited, operated on & mixed by Nigel Godrich & his magic boxes.

Painting of words onto BLACK canvas Stanley "who's in charge here?" Donwood.

This record was made at Ocean Way, Hollywood, California, & at our own studio, between September 2002 and February 2003.

Engineered, backed up & catalogued by Darrell Thorp.

All our instruments are maintained & rebuilt by Plank.

Tape loops on The Gloaming & preliminary sessions engineered by Graeme Stewart.

Packaging designed by Stanley Donwood using a font called Mrs Eaves, which was made by Emigre type foundry in Sacramento (www.emigre.com).

Thank you Cycling'74.
Thank you Bob from Truro.
To Patrick & Tamir and to a future worth having.

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To all those who get us out of bed in the morning;

Thom: Rachel, Noah, our families. Martin, Katy & Archie, Fiona, Andy, Elliot, Grace, Sarah, Jo, Lou, Katrina, Jay, Clarky (and the rest), Cracky, Dan, Maddy, Indigo & Ketty. Oliver Postgate, Mr Tanaka, Michael Stipe, Polly Jean Harvey, Spike Milligan (may you rest in peace.)

Philip: With love and thanks to Cait, Leo, Jamie, Patrick, all my family & friends; in particular, Mum, Dad, Karen & family, Nicola & family, Cathy, Brendan, Susan, Lucy & families. Thanks to Terry James, Francis Seriau & Neil Finn & Friends, Premier, Zildjian. In fond memory of Abby Rae.

Ed: Susan; Anna O'Brien, Rory and Clive Greenwood; Eve & Hugh John; John O'Brien; Raj Nayak; Anthony Chancellor-Weale; Rob Cheek, Nick Griffin; Johnny Marr, Neil Finn & the rest of the Kare Kare crew,

Colin: Molly, Brenda, Susan & Daniel, the McGrann clan, Patrick, Robin & Clare, Nick & Rachel, Andy Collis, Charlie Myatt, Phil Millo, Charlotte Cotton, Jason Evans, Dan Holdsworth, Alex & Jonathan, James & Molly, David Miller, Steve Keros, Phil & Cindy, Brian Smith, Simon & Schlom at Baked-Goods.com.

Jonny: Sharona, Tamir, Ugly Dog, Brenda, Susan, Daniel, Yardena, Yair, Neta, Yotam, Tomer, Edo, Ian and Nigel, & Joe Egg. Also Jeanne Loriod (to her memory) - & all her pupils.

101

Stanley: M+I+K, Jon Spinks, Mr Dive, Mr Rigby, & Peter Kennard. And my mum. And my dad. And Andy Hannen who mended my computer.

All of us: Chris, Bryce, Brian, Plank, Tim, Julie, Dilly, Charlie, Fi, Nigel E, Brian O, Jim, Andi, Tree, Richard, Gavin, Colin, Graham L, Duncan, Adam, Alan, Florent, Steve, Sarah, Ian, Ed Moore, Mick, Andy B. Hilda, Chris Bran, Tim Bran, Kate, Pippa. Tony, Keith, Terry, Mandy, Kev, Steve, Helena, Murray & all at Parlophone. Andy Slater, Rob Gordon, Steve Martin, Carole Kinsel. Mel, Christiaan, Joff & all at w.a.s.t.e. Azmat, Alex, Michelle & Suzi.

We reserve the Right to Thank anyone else whom we may have inadvertantly forgotten.

Peep. "Yes?" "Mmmmorrre coookiesss......"