



fake plastic trees.

HEr green plastiC wateringcan for her fake chineserubberplant in the fake plastic earth,

She Looks like the

real thing. She tastes like the real thing, my fake plastic love.

But I Can't Help The Feeling

Could Blow Through The Ceiling f I Just Turn And RUN, and it wears me out

If i could be who you wanted all the time...



high & dry.

two jumps in a week i bet you think that's pretty clever don't you

watching all the ground beneath you

you'd kill yourself for recognition

you broke another mirror you're turning into something you are not.

drying up in conversation you will be the one who cannot talk.

all your insides fall to pieces.

you just sit there

they're the ones who'll hate you when you think you've got the world all sussed out.

they're the ones who'll spit at you.

you will be the one

it's the best thing that you ever had.



faith your driving me away you do it everyday

you dont mean it but it hurts like HELL my brain says im recieving pain

shoulders wrists knees and back ground to dust and ash

crawling on all fours. when you've got to feel it in your bones Now i can't climb the stairs irOn IUna.

prozak painkillersss. suck suck your teenage thumb when you've got to feel it in your bones and i used to fly like Peter Pan

all the children flew when i touched their hands.

(nice dream).

this this is our new s=ong just like the last one a total w.a.s.t.e. of time.

a lack of oxygen from my life suplpoRT

comes like a comet, suckered you but not your friends you how to be a holy cow. just(you do it to yourself)

can't get the stink off.he's been

hanging round for days.

don't get my sympathy hanging out the 15th floor.vou've changed th locks 3 times, he still comes reeling through the door and soon he'll get to you, teach you how to get to purest hell

you do it to yourself you do and that's what

really hurts is you do it to yourself just you,

you and no one else you do it to yourself.

limb by limb and tooth by tooth tearing up inside of me everyday everyhour wish that i

was bullet proof

bullet proof..i wish i was.

and stab them in you have turned me into this just wish that it was bullet proof.

so pay me money and take a shot

the hole in me i could burst a million bubbles

surrogate bullet proof.

get home from work and you're still standing in your dressing

well what am i to do?

i know all the things around your head and what they do to

what are we gonna do? blame it on the black star plame it on the falling sky

plame it on the satellite that beams me home. the troubled words of a troubled mind i try to understand

what is eating you. i try to stay awake but its 58hrs since that I last slept with

i'm gonna melt down.

what are we coming to?

get on the train and i just stand about now that i don't think

keep falling over i keep passing out when i see a face like you. what am i coming to?

through the big wall the big wall hites back you sit there sit there and you are so when youre on your knees disinfected

sometimes vou sulk sometimes you burn god rest vour soul when the loving comes and we've already gone vou'll never

it eats me alive so i declare

but it eats me a holiday

fall asleep drift, away



this machine will will not communicate rows of houses all bearing down on me these thoughts

i can feel their blue hands touching me and the strain i am under be a world child form a circle before we all

all these things in all positions all these things will one day and fade out again and fade out again and fade out again and fade out

cracked eggs dead birds scream as they fight for life can feel death can see it's beady eyes all these things into frution

thom vorke voice guitar piano.

ed o'brien quitar voice.

colin greenwood bass.

phil selway drums

jon greenwood guitar organ recorder synthesizer piano

all these things we'll one day swallow whole and fade out again and fade out again.

iMMersE your soll in LOVE.

written by radiohead. produced by john leckie. mixing by sean slade & paul q. kolderie, john leckie & radiohead. black star produced by radiohead with nigel godrich & john leckie.

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where do we go from here? the words are coming out all wierd where are you now when i need you? alone on an aeroplane falling asleep beside the window pane my blood will THICKEN. I need to wash myself again to hide all the dirt and pain i'd be scared that there's nothing underneath and who are my real friends? have they all got the bends? am i really sinking this low? +my baby's got the bends we don't have any real friends i'm just lying in a bar with my drip feed on talking to my girlfriend waiting for something to happen and I wish it was the sixtles I wish I could be happy I wish i wish i wish that something would happen.. where do we go from here? the words are coming out all wierd where are you now when I need you? they brought in the CIA the tanks and the whole marines to blow me away to blow me sky high. +my baby's got the bends we don't have any real friends I'm just lying in a par with my drip feed on talking to my girlfriend waiting for something to happen and I wish it was the sixties I wish I could be happy I wish i wish i wish that something would happen...

i want to live and breath i want to be part of the human race.

that she bought from a rubber man in a town full of rubber PlanS to get rid of itself,- it wears her out.

SHe lives with a broken man, a cracked polystyreneman who just

He used to do surgery for girls in the eighties but GRAVITY always wins and it wears him out

my IrOn IUng. I don't wannt a be krippled kracked weRe too young to fall asleep too cynical to speak

we are loosing it can't you tell? we scratch our eternal itch our twentieth century bitch and we are gratEful for our

pieces missing everywhere

coilet trained anddumb (whe n the powrr runs out we'll just humm)

they love me like i was a brother they protect me listen to me they due me my very own garden

gave me sunshine made me happy, nice dream, i call up my friend the good angel

her ansaphone she says she would love to come help but

electrocute us all, nice dream.

the see would if you think that you're strong enough if you think you belong enough.

nice dream.

to please

black star.

what are we coming to?

i just don't know anymore.

iohn matthias viola & violin. caroline appears courtesy of N-Gram Recordings/Warner Music UI john appears courtesy of jackdaw music string arrangements by ion & thom.

dedicated to the late bill hicks. also to indigo.

