



NON-ALPHABETICAL INDEX
TO
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
Eezeeppeezeeeezeepeeeze
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.)



(*Snakes & Ladders.*)

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

* 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 backslicing.
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*



UP SNOOT SWAT COSMOCRAT ATTENTION AUTHORITY PICKPOCKETS RIGHTS GAGGING DUPE REDCARPET PILGRIM DECAY ALMANAC
NOT WAY FOREVER DEMONS HIDE SCUM KING SHOUT SHAREHOLDERS STAY HAIL ATTENTION HOSPITAL WORM MAYHEM
FLIES SHOWERS VICTIM PRETEND CARE DUPED BOGEYMAN SYMPATHY VENTURE FAULT IDIOTIC
SECRECY JUDGE JERK MONEY YELLOW RAT SMILE LAPDOG CONCRETE OVER GULLIBLE
WAX EYES FLAK ARK ATOLL PUBLIC SCUM .COM TRACK LURID DEVILS THIEF HIDE POOR ALONG FOREVER WORM BUFFET OPINION FLYSWAT FORCE QUANGO MILLBANK CATERWAUL DOMESTIC PICKPOCKETS JITTERS PAYING STRANGERS ASYLUM SOULS AVALANCHE OPEN HOME DEVILS WAY CONSCIENCE PUBLIC SMART CARD FREEZING SNAKEPIT
ATTENTION

(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 left me alone
You left me alone.
X will the mark the place
Like parting the waves
Like a house falling into the
 sea

I will eat you all alive

And there'll be no more lies



(Your Time is up.)

Are you hungry?
Are you sick?
Are you begging for a break?
Are you sweet?
Are you fresh?
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
Just 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
out of my shell
With white elephants
Sitting ducks.
I will
Rise up.

Little babies' eyes.



(No no no no no no no no.)

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
Just to start a fight

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
wedding

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
cheering & waving
twitching & 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
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
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 crip-
ples &
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



(*It Girl. Rag Doll.*)

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 knives
you in the neck kicks you in
the teeth steel toe caps takes all
your credit cards step up get
the gunge

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

†††

Written & played by Radiohead.

Thom Yorke; voice, words, guitar, piano, laptop.

Jonny Greenwood; guitar, analogue systems, ondes 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.

‡

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

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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,

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†††

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

Peep. "Yes?" "Mmmmorre coookiess....."



Bonus Tracks

- Paperbag Writer.^(There There)
Where Bluebirds Fly.^(There There)
I Am Citizen Insane.^(Go To Sleep)
Fog (Again) – Live.^(Go To Sleep)
Gagging Order.^(Go To Sleep)
I Am A Wicked Child.^(Go To Sleep)
Remyxomatosis (Cristian Vogel RMX).⁽²⁺²⁼⁵⁾
There there (First Demo).⁽²⁺²⁼⁵⁾
Skttrbrain (Four Tet RMX).⁽²⁺²⁼⁵⁾
I will (Los Angeles Version).⁽²⁺²⁼⁵⁾
Sail to the Moon.^(Jo Whiley Show – 05/28/03)
2+2=5 (Live At Earls Court,
London, 11/26/03)^(Com Lag)
Go to Sleep.^(Zane Lowe – 12/08/03)

1, 7, 8, 10. Produced by Mr. Nigel Godrich & Radiohead.

2, 3, 5, 6. Produced by Radiohead.

1, 2, 7, 8, 10. Engineered by Mr. Darrell Thorp.

4. Engineered and mixed by Mr. Nigel Godrich. Recorded live for Music Planet 2Nite TV show.

5 & 6. Engineered by Mr. Graeme Stewart.

7. Remixed by Cristian Votel.

9. Remixed by Four Tet.

11. Produced by Andy Rogers.

Recorded for BBC Radio 1's "Jo Whiley Show" at BBC Live Lounge. First transmitted May 28th 2003.

12. Recorded live by Nigel Godrich.

13. Produced by Rob Lewis. Mixed by Miti Adhikari.

Recorded for BBC Radio 1's "Zane Lowe Show" at BBC Maida Vale Studios. First transmitted December 9th 2003.

Written by Radiohead.

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Radiohead

Hail to the Thief

Album Tracks

- 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. *(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.)*

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