

The Mother Lode

Thom Yorke

Another clown jumps off the ladder
A shallow pool but it doesn't matter
The way it goes, the way it goes
It's falling through barriers and hedgerows
Hollow man, hollow hand puppet
Where's the applause when you need it? But these brought by somersaults and backflips
I wish that things would be different
A mother lode, a mother lode
Hollow man, hollow hand puppet
I'm a clown you don't want her to know me The knife behind the curtain
The truth is hard of hearing
You can't see a way out of this one
It makes a joke but nobody listens
At least he does not know it
The last of all his courage
Press the button for a free ticket
Here he goes, hits the ground running

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>