Radiohead - Backdrifts

Tom: A

В

We're rotten fruit, we're damaged goods What the hell, we've got nothing more to lose E

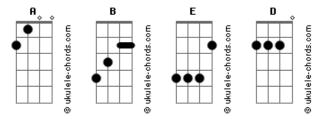
One gust and we will probably crumble

We're backdrifters

This far but no further, I'm hanging off a branch I'm teetering on the brink Oh honey sweet So full of sleep I'm backsliding

DAB

Acordes



You fell into our arms D A B You fell into our arms D A E We tried but there was nothing we could do B Nothing we could do

All evidence has been buried All tapes have been erased But your footsteps give you away So you're backtracking

We're rotten fruit, we're damaged goods What the hell, we've got nothing more to lose One gust and we will probably crumble We're backdrifters