

Radiohead - Backdrifts

Tom: A

B
 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
B

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

D A B

You fell into our arms

D A B

You fell into our arms

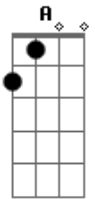
We tried but there was **D** nothing we could do **A E**

B
 Nothing we could do

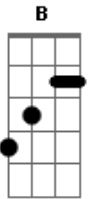
All evidence has been buried
 All tapes have been erased
 But your footsteps give you away
 So you're backtracking

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

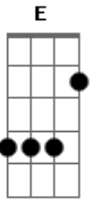
Acordes



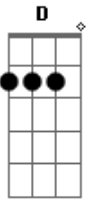
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