

CREEP

#71

Music and Lyrics Thom Yorke, Johnny Greenwood, Colin Greenwood
(Legal co-write credits Albert Hammond, Mike Hazlewood)

When you're here before, couldn't look you in the eye.
You're just like an angel. Your skin makes me cry.
You float like a feather in a beautiful world.
I wish I was special, you're so very special.

But I'm a creep, I'm a weirdo,
What am I doing here?
I don't belong here.

I don't care if it hurts, I want to have control,
I want a perfect body, I want a perfect soul,
I want you to notice when I'm not around,
You're so very special, I wish I was special.

But I'm a creep, I'm a weirdo,
What am I doing here?
I don't belong here.

Oh, oh.
She's running out...
She's running. She runs, runs, runs, ru-uns.
She's running. She runs, runs, runs.

Whatever makes you happy. Whatever you want,
You're so very special, I wish I was special.

But I'm a creep, I'm a weirdo,
What am I doing here?
I don't belong here.
I don't belong here.