RADIOHEAD

28 of Radiohead's biggest hits and piano songs accurately transcribed for piano and voice with guitar chords.
The Piano Songbook

RADIOHEAD

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ALL I NEED
Words and Music by Thomas Yorke, Jonathan Greenwood,
Colin Greenwood, Edward O’ Brien and Philip Selway

\[ J = 84 \]

\[ C \]

1. I’m the next act, waiting in the wings,
2. I am a moth who just wants to share your light,

(Play small notes 2")

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I'm an animal
trapped in your hot car.
I'm just an insect
trying to get out of the night.

I am all the days,
one only stick with you.

that you choose to ignore,
because there are no others.
Play I only

C5  C/E  C5  C/E  C5  C/E
You are all I need, you're all I need.

C/E  C5  C/E  C5  C/E  C5/G  C5
I'm in the middle of your picture, lying in the reeds.

Cmaj7add9

mf

You are all I need, you're all I need.
Cmaj\add3/E
Cmaj\add3/G
Cmaj\add3

S'all wrong,
Cmaj\add3/E
Cmaj\add3/G
Cmaj\add3

S'all wrong.
S'all wrong,
S'all wrong.
S'all right.

S'all right,
S'all right,
S'all right.

S'all right.
CREEP


\[ J = 93 \]

\[ \text{G} \]

1. When you were here before,

\[ \text{C} \]

could \(-\)

\[ \text{B} \]

\( (2.) \) (hurts,)

I want to have control.
you're just like an angel,
I want a perfect body,
your skin makes me cry...
I want a perfect soul.

You float like a feather.
I want you to notice.

in a beautiful world...
when I'm not around...
I wish I was special.
You're so fucking special...
-cial, you're so fuck-ing spe-cial.
-cial, I wish I was spe-cial.

But I'm a creep,

I'm a weir-do.

What the hell am I do-ing here?

I don't be-long.

1. Cm

here.

2. I don't care if it hurts, long here, oh, oh...
She's running out, the door.

She's running out, she run, run, run, run,

run...

run...

What-ever makes you hap...
You're so fucking special,
I wish I was special.
But I'm a creep,
I'm a we**** do.
What the hell am I doing here?
I don't belong here.
I don't belong here.
Every thing,

in its right

place,

in its right

place.
Yesterday I woke up sucking a lemon,

Ev'rything,
in its right
place, in its right place.

1.2. There are two colours in my head,
3. what, what is that you tried to say,

what, what was that you tried to say,
EXIT MUSIC (FOR A FILM)
Words and Music by Thomas Yorke, Jonathan Greenwood, Colin Greenwood, Edward O'Brien and Philip Selway

\[ \text{\textcopyright 1997 Warner/Chappell Music Ltd} \]
B\textsuperscript{sus}\textsubscript{4} (A\textsubscript{sus}\textsuperscript{4})

1.
B (A)

- cape, loose.

Am\textsuperscript{addm} (G\textsuperscript{addm})

E\textsuperscript{7}/G\textsuperscript{#}
(D\textsuperscript{7}/F\textsuperscript{#})

B\textsuperscript{sus}\textsuperscript{2} (A\textsubscript{sus}\textsuperscript{2})

Bm (Am)

Em (Dm) Bm (Am)

F\textsuperscript{sus}\textsuperscript{4} (Es\textsubscript{us}\textsuperscript{4})

2.
Bm (Am)

F\textsuperscript{sus}\textsuperscript{4} (Es\textsubscript{us}\textsuperscript{4})

F\# (G)

Breathe, keep breathing...
Breathe, keep breathing...

don’t can’t do this your nerve.
lose a - lone.

Scanned By Christophe L. June 2012
Sing us a song__ a song to keep us warm.

there's such a chill__ such a chill__

you can laugh__ a spine less laugh__

hope your rules and wisdom choke you__ Now
we are one, in everlasting peace. We hope that you choke, we hope that you choke.
FAKE PLASTIC TREES

Words and Music by Thomas Yorke, Jonathan Greenwood, Colin Greenwood, Edward O’Brien and Phillip Selway

\[ j = 74 \]

(A) \[ Asus^4 \] \[ Dmaj9/F^# \]

1. Her green plastic watering can
2. She lives with a broken man,
3. She looks like the real thing,

\[ (3^\circ) \] (p) \[ (2^\circ) \] mf \[ (3^\circ) \] f

fake Chinese rubber plant
cracked polystyrene man

\[ E^6 \] \[ Dsus^3 \] \[ A \]

deep in fake plastic and
who just crumbles, my fake plastic

\[ Dsus^2 \] \[ A \]

earth burns.
love, that she bought from a rubber man

\[ A \]

He used to do surgery,
but I can’t help the feeling.

\[ A \]

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Scanned By Christophe L. June 2012
in a town full of rubber plans,
for girls in the eighties, but gravity all
I could blow through the ceiling,
if I just

of itself,
ways wins.

turn and run.

It wears her out,
It wears him out,
And it wears me out,
1. it wears her out

2. it wears

3. it wears me out... And if I could be...
FOG (AGAIN)
(LIVE VERSION)

Words and Music by Thomas Yorke, Jonathan Greenwood, Colin Greenwood, Edward O'Brien and Philip Selway

\( \text{\textcopyright 2004 Warner/Chappell Music Ltd} \)
1. There's a little child running round this house and he never leaves,
2. Baby alligators in the sewers grow up fast, he will never leave. And the fog comes up from the sewers and glows grow up fast, anything you want, it can be done, how,

in the dark.
2. how____ did you go bad,______ did you go bad.

G

29

some things__ will nev - er wash___ a - way.__ did you go bad,____

32

D

36

did you go bad?
HIGH & DRY

Words and Music by Thomas Yorke, Jonathan Greenwood,
Colin Greenwood, Edward O’Brien and Philip Selway

Junior

\( \text{N.C.} \)

\( \text{Drums} \)

\( \text{E} \)

\( \text{F}_{\#5}\text{add9} \)

\( 1. \)

\( 2. \)

\( \text{Asus}^2 \)

\( \text{E}^5 \)

\( \text{E} \)

\( \text{F}_{\#5}\text{add9} \)

\( \text{Asus}^2 \)

1. Two jumps in a week, I bet you think that’s pretty clever, don’t.
2. Drying up in conversation, you will be the one who can.

\( \text{E} \)

---

\( \text{E} \)

---

you, boy?
not talk.
Flying on your motor cycle, watching all the ground beneath
All your insides fall to pieces, you just sit there wishing you could

You drop, still make love.

Yourself for recognition, they're the ones who'll hate you when you
kill yourself to never, ever

sussed out

You broke
F₇ add₁

Another mirror, you're turning into something you...
They're the ones who'll spit at you, you will be the one screaming.

E Esus⁴ E

Don't leave me high.

E Esus⁴ E

don't leave me dry.
2.

3. Oh, it's the best thing that you ever had, the

best thing that you ever, ever had, it's the best

thing that you ever had, the best thing that you had is gone.
away.

So don't leave me high,

pp

don't leave me dry,
_don't leave me high,_

_E_

_don't leave me dry._

_don't leave me dry._
HOW I MADE MY MILLIONS

Words and Music by Thomas Yorke

\( \text{\textcopyright 1998 Warner/Chappell Music Ltd} \)
Picked you out.

2. Now don’t say a word.
3. Let you out.

no, don’t yell out.

led you back.
A

D

A

D

D5

Let it fall.

Bm

Bm7

let it fall.

A

mp
I WANT NONE OF THIS

Words and Music by Thomas Yorke

\[ \text{\textcopyright \ 2005 41GP Music} \]

\[ \text{Dm} \]

\[ \text{Dsus}^2/4 \]

\[ \text{Dm} \]

\[ \text{Dsus}^2/4 \]

\[ \text{Dm} \]

\[ \text{Dsus}^2/4 \]

\[ \text{Dm} \]

\[ \text{Dsus}^2/4 \]

\[ \text{Dm} \]

\[ \text{Dsus}^2/4 \]

\[ \text{Dm} \]

\[ \text{Dsus}^2/4 \]

\[ \text{Dm} \]

\[ \text{Dsus}^2/4 \]

\[ \text{Dm} \]

\[ \text{Dsus}^2/4 \]

\[ \text{Dm} \]

\[ \text{Dsus}^2/4 \]

\[ \text{Dm} \]

\[ \text{Dsus}^2/4 \]

\[ \text{Dm} \]

\[ \text{Dsus}^2/4 \]

\[ \text{Dm} \]

\[ \text{Dsus}^2/4 \]

\[ \text{Dm} \]

\[ \text{Dsus}^2/4 \]

\[ \text{Dm} \]

\[ \text{Dsus}^2/4 \]

\[ \text{Dm} \]

\[ \text{Dsus}^2/4 \]

\[ \text{Dm} \]

\[ \text{Dsus}^2/4 \]

\[ \text{Dm} \]

\[ \text{Dsus}^2/4 \]

\[ \text{Dm} \]
of it,________

they're just

bad mem - mo - ries________

I don't want....

And my

sun - shine,________

you can pack________
it all up and be gone,

and be gone

2. If it mat-

ters to you, you can
sell it all on, if the price feels right; I won't judge.  

If you get off your knees, you'll be out...
on the breeze.

Take a lesson from me.

don't get stuck on a dream.
KNIVES OUT
Words and Music by Thomas Yorke, Jonathan Greenwood,
Colin Greenwood, Edward O'Brien and Philip Selway

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want
(2.) you'd
been
(3.) want
you
you

Gm
Bp
Abmaj7

Cm

want
to know

he's
they would have
drowned

he's
not

not

com

com

at birth,

Em9

back...

back...

He's
Look in to my eyes,
Look in to my eyes,
bloat ed and fro zen,

I'm not the only way you'll know I'm tel ling the truth.
still there's no point in letting it go to waste.

back.

1.3. So
2. So
knives
out,

catch
the mouse.

cook
him up...

1. Don't
look down,

shove
it in

your mouth.

2.3. Squash
his head,

put
him in

the pot.

To Coda ♩

2. If
KARMA POLICE
Words and Music by Thomas Yorke, Jonathan Greenwood,
Colin Greenwood, Edward O’Brien and Philip Selway

D = 74 Slow 8-Beat

Am D7/F# Em G Am F Em G

5

Am D7/F# G D/F# C/E Bm/D Am Bm D

Kar-ma po-lice, ar-rest this man, he talks in maths, he buzz-es like a fridge,

© 1997 Warner/Chappell Music Ltd
he's like a detuned radio.

Karma police, arrest this girl, her Hitler hairdo is making me feel ill.

and we have crashed her party.

This is what you get, this is what you get.
this is what you get when you mess with us
Karma police, I've given all I can
it's not enough, I've given all I can, but we're still on
the payroll

C D Dsus4 D G Bm C

Bm D Dsus4 D Am D7/F# Em G

Am F Em G Am D

G D/F# C/E Bm/D Am Bm D Dsus4 D
This is what you get, this is what you get,
this is what you get, when you mess with us.
For a minute there, I lost myself.
I lost myself.
Phew, for a minute there.
LIFE IN A GLASSHOUSE
Words and Music by Thomas Yorke, Jonathan Greenwood, Colin Greenwood, Edward O’Brien and Philip Selway

\(\text{\textcopyright 2001 Warner/Chappell Music Ltd}\)
living in a glass house.

Once again,

(1.) packed like frozen food and battery hens.
(2.) we are hungry for a lynching.

Think of all the starving millions,
don’t talk politics and don’t throw stones,
your royal highnesses.

You should turn the other cheek...
Well of course I'd like to sit around and chat,

I'd like to stay and chew the fat,

Well of course I'd like to sit around and chat but someone's listening in.

Once again

around and chat, only, only, only
only, only, only, only, only.

only, only, only, only, only.

only, only, only.

F C E7/B Am E7b9

F C G7/B Am E

F C G/B Am E7

rit. Freely

but someone's listening in.
While you make me pretty

the speeches

Scanned By Christophe L. June 2012
G#m

I'm being cut to shreds.

Fm

da delicate balance.

Amaj7

2. You feed And this

cresc.

dim.

Amaj7

just feels like spinning

C#m

f

G#

plates,

{ I'm liv

our bod

G#
LUCKY
Words and Music by Thomas Yorke, Jonathan Greenwood, Colin Greenwood, Edward O’Brien and Philip Selway

\[ \text{\textcopyright 1995 Warner/Chappell Music Ltd} \]
Kill me, Sarah, kill me again with love, day!

it's gonna be a glorious day.

it's gonna be my lucky day.

Pull me out of the air.
We are standing on the edge.
LAST FLOWERS TO THE HOSPITAL
Words and Music by Thomas Yorke, Jonathan Greenwood, Colin Greenwood, Edward O’Brien and Phillip Selway

Song transcribed for piano
\[ J = 88 \]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Fm} & \quad \text{Gm} & \quad \text{Am} \\
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{C} & \quad \text{Em} \\
\end{align*}
\]

1. Appliances have gone berserk, I cannot keep up.
2. And if I’m gonna talk, I just wanna talk.

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{C} & \quad \text{Em} \\
\end{align*}
\]

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And because I can’t face the evening straight,…you can offer me escape.

Houses move and houses speak,…if you take me there you’ll get relief.

relief,

relief,

relief.
NO SURPRISES

Words and Music by Thomas Yorke, Jonathan Greenwood, Colin Greenwood, Edward O'Brien and Philip Selway

(recording sounds slightly flat)

\( \text{\textit{Guitar Capo 3rd fret}} \)

\( \text{F}_s \text{sus}^2 \)  
\( \text{B}_b \text{m}^6 \)  
\( \text{F}_s \text{sus}^2 \)  
\( \text{B}_b \text{m} \)  

\( \text{F}_s \text{sus}^2 \)  
\( \text{B}_b \text{m}^6 \)  
\( \text{B}_b \text{m}^6 \)

1. A

\( \text{F}_s \text{sus}^2 \)  
\( \text{D}_m^6 \)  

(1.) heart that's full up__ a land__ fill, a job that slowly kills

2. You look so tired unhappy, bring down the government__

cont sim.

\( \text{G}_m \)  
\( \text{C} \)  
\( \text{C}_s u s^4 \)  
\( \text{B}_b \text{m}^6 \)

they don't, they don't speak for us.

© 1997 Warner/Chappell Music Ltd
I'll take the quiet life, a handshake, some carbon monoxide, with no alarms and no surprises, no alarms and no surprises, no alarms and no surprises, no alarms and no surprises, silent silence.
This is my final fit, my final
belly ache, with no alarms and no surprises,
no alarms and no surprises, no alarms and no_
surprises please.
Such a pretty house and such a

Such a pretty house and such a

prett[y] garden. No arms and no surprises,
no alarms and no surprises, no alarms

surprises please.

dim.

rit.
MOTION PICTURE SOUNDTRACK

Words and Music by Thomas Yorke, Jonathan Greenwood, Colin Greenwood, Edward O’Brien and Phillip Selway

\[ \text{\( j = 52 \) Slowly} \]

\[
\begin{array}{cccc}
\text{G} & \text{Cmaj7} & \text{Bm7b5} & \text{Cmaj7} \\
\text{\( \frac{3}{4} \)} & & & \\
\text{pp} & & & \\
\text{\( \frac{3}{4} \)} & & & \\
\text{with pedal} & & & \\
\end{array}
\]

\[
\begin{array}{cccc}
\text{G} & \text{Csus2} & \text{Bm} & \text{Cmaj7} \\
\text{5} & & & \\
\text{\( \frac{3}{4} \)} & & & \\
\text{\( \frac{3}{4} \)} & & & \\
\end{array}
\]

\[
\begin{array}{cccc}
\text{G} & \text{C} & \text{B5} & \text{C5} \\
\text{9} & \text{\( \frac{3}{4} \)} & & \\
\text{\( \frac{3}{4} \)} & \text{\( \frac{3}{4} \)} & & \\
\end{array}
\]

Red wine and sleeping pills... help me get back... to your... arms.

© 2000 Warner/Chappell Music Ltd
Cheap sex and sad films help me get where I belong.

I think you're crazy, maybe, I think you're crazy, maybe.

Stop sending letters, letters always get burned.

It's
not like the movies, they fed us on little white lies. I think you’re cra-
zy, maybe, I think you’re cra-
zy, maybe I will see you in the next life.
MY IRON LUNG

Words and Music by Thomas Yorke, Jonathan Greenwood, Colin Greenwood, Edward O’Brien and Philip Selway

\[ J = 104 \]

Faith, you're driving me away, you do it every day,

\[ G \]

you don't mean it but it hurts like hell. My
brain says I'm receiving pain, a lack of oxygen

from my life support, my iron lung
1. We're too young to fall asleep, too cynical to speak.
2. Suck, suck your teenage thumb, toilet trained and dumb.

We are losing it, can't you tell? We
when the power runs out, we'll just hum.

scratch, our eternal itch, a twentieth century bitch,
This, this is our new song, just like the last
and we are grateful for our iron lung.

The head shirk-ers, they want ev’ry-thing, my un-cle Bill, my Beli-sha beacon.
And if you're frightened, you can be frightened, you can be, it's...
O.K.

And if you're frightened, you can be frightened, it's O.K.

The head shrinkers, they want everything,

my uncle Bill, my Belisha beacon.
PARANOID ANDROID

Words and Music by Thomas Yorke, Jonathan Greenwood, Colin Greenwood, Edward O’Brien and Philip Selway

\[ \text{Cm} \quad \text{Cm/Bb} \quad \text{F#} \quad \text{Am9s} \quad \text{Cm/Bb} \]

\[ \text{Gm} \quad \text{Gm/A} \quad \text{Gm/Bb} \quad \text{Em9s} \quad \text{D7} \quad \text{Em7} \]

1. Please could you stop the noise I’m tryin’ a get some rest?
2. When am king you will be first again the wall

© 1997 Warner/Chappell Music Ltd
From all the unborn \chick\-\en\s voices in my head?

in all

What's
What's that??

I may be paranoid but not an android.
2\* a tempo

1. You don’t re\- mem\- ber, you don’t re\- mem\- ber, why don’t you re\- mem\- ber my name?___

8. yeah!___

Off with his head\_\_ man. Off\_\_ with his head, man. Why don’t you re\- mem\- ber my name? I guess he’s a_\_
That's it sir, you're leaving. The crackle of pig skin. The dust and the screaming.
me,
from a great height,
from a great

the yap-pies net-work-ing, and the pu-nic, the vo-mit, the pu-nic, the vo-mit.
God loves his children,
1. I don't know why you both-

2. Hypocrite

- er, - ist,

nothing's ever good_

Don't infect me with
Em9  |  Dmaj7E  |  E7  |  Esus2

--- enough for you.
--- your poison.

Oh, a

E7  |  Esus2

I was there, a and it wasn't like that.
bully in a china shop.

You came here just to start a fight.
When I turn round you stay frozen to the spot.
You had to piss on our parade.
The pointless snide remarks.

You had to shred our big day,
you had to

ruin it for all concerned
at a drunk pot will call the kettle black, it's a drunk
1. Jumped in the river and what did I see? _

2. All my lovers were there with me. _

Black eyed angels swam with me. _

And we moon full of stars and astral cars, and went to heaven in a little row boat, there was
all the figures I used to see
nothing to fear, nothing to doubt.

Ooh,

nothing to fear, nothing to doubt.

D.8 al Coda
(with repeats)

There was
much
right
did it cost?
from wrong.

I was dropped
or in the flood
moon -
beams.
you'll build
an Ark

and sailed
and sail
on shoot -
ing stars.
SIT DOWN. STAND UP.

Words and Music by Thomas Yorke, Jonathan Greenwood, Colin Greenwood, Edward O’Brien and Philip Selway

\[ \text{\textbf{\textit{N.C.}}} \]

\[ \text{(Repeat x 6)} \]

\[ \text{pp} \]

\[ \text{Red.} \]

\[ \text{cont. sim.} \]

\[ \text{cont. sim.} \]

\[ \text{E'sus}^2 \]

\[ \text{D}^b \]

\[ \text{F}^3 \]

\[ \text{D}^b \]

\[ \text{E'sus}^2 \]

\[ \text{D}^b \]

\[ \text{D}^b \]

\[ \text{D}^b \]

\[ \text{F}^3 \]

\[ \text{D}^b \]

\[ \text{D}^b \]

\[ \text{E'sus}^2 \]

\[ \text{D}^b \]

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Sit down.

(Sing 3rd only)

Walk into the jaws of Hell.

(Sing 4th only)

Any time.

(Sing 5th only)

Sit down.

(1st, 2nd p
3rd mp
4th p
5th mp)

Stand up.

Walk into the jaws of Hell.

Any time.

Stand up.
Sit down.

We can wipe you out any time.

Sit down.

We can wipe you out.

Sit down.
94

F$\text{sus}^4$

rain - drops, the rain - drops, the rain - drops, the

98

F$\text{sus}^4/E_b$

Ddim

rain - drops, the rain - drops, the rain - drops, the

102

C(b5)

g$\text{badd}^9$

B$\text{bss}^4/F_m^7$

rain - drops, the rain - drops, the rain - drops, the

106

N.C.

(Drums)

rain - drops, the rain - drops, the rain - drops, the...
STREET SPIRIT (FADE OUT)
Words and Music by Thomas Yorke, Jonathan Greenwood, Colin Greenwood, Edward O’Brien and Philip Selway

\[ \text{\textit{Pedal throughout}} \]

Rows of houses all bearing down on me,
I can feel their blue hands touching me.

All these things into position, all these things we’ll one day swallow whole.

And fade
out again,

and fade

out...

This machine will, will not communicate these

Cracked eggs, dead birds scream as they fight for life,
thoughts, and the strain I am under. I can feel death, can see its beady eyes.

Be a world child, form a circle before we all go under. All these things into position, all these things we'll one day swallow whole.

And fade out, again, again.
SUBTERRANEAN HOMESICK ALIEN

Words and Music by Thomas Yorke, Jonathan Greenwood,
Colin Greenwood, Edward O’Brien and Philip Selway

\[ \text{\( \bar{\text{b}} \)} \]

\[ \text{\( \overline{\text{p}} \)} \]

Pedal throughout

\[ \text{\( \overline{\text{RIH}} \)} \]

\[ \text{\( \overline{\text{mp}} \)} \]

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1. The breath of the morn-ing,
I wish that they'd
swoop down

I keep for-get-ting,
I live in a town_
where you can't smell a thing,

The smell of the warm
late at night
when I'm_

in a coun-try lane
driving.

Take me on board_
their beauti-ful ship,

you watch your feet_
for cracks in the pave

show me the world_
as I

love to see_
And up above
I'd tell all my friends

But they'd never believe me. They'd

Making aliens hover,

For the folks back home of

Think that I'd finally

Lost it completely, I'd
all these weird creatures who lock up their spirits, drill holes in themselves and live for their security.
G6
Cm/G
G

2º D. & al Coda

oh.

Coda

Cm/G

shut me away

but

G7

G6

I’d be all

(2.) - right

f

mp
VIDEOTAPE

Words and Music by Thomas Yorke, Jonathan Greenwood, Colin Greenwood, Edward O'Brien and Philip Selway

\[ J = 84 \]

\[ C_\flat m \quad E_\flat m \quad E \quad C_\flat m \quad E_\flat m \quad E \quad C_\flat m \]

\[ \text{Ped. (throughout)} \]

11

When I'm at the pearly gates, this'll be on my video tape, my video tape.

When Mephisto is just beneath and he's

15

reaching up to grab me.

This is one for the

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good days and I have it all here in red, blue, green, in red, blue, green. And

you are my centre when I spin away, out of control on video-tape, on video-tape, on

vid-e-o-tape, on vid-e-o-tape, on vid-e-o-tape, on vid-e-o-tape, on

(fade to nothing)

(Oooh, ooooh.)
This is my way of saying good-bye because I can't do it face to face. I'm talking to you before... No matter what happens now, you should not be afraid because I know today has been the most
perfect day I have ever seen.

Repeat section x4

cresc.

Ped. cont. sim.

1.

2.

p
A WOLF AT THE DOOR

Words and Music by Thomas Yorke, Jonathan Greenwood, Colin Greenwood, Edward O’Brien and Philip Selway

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asus⁴

A/G

teeth, steel toe caps takes all your credit cards, step up get the guinge.

Dm

Dsus²

Get the eggs, get the flan in the face, the flan in the face, the flan in the face,
Walking like a giant cranes... and with my X-ray eyes I... strip you naked in a

Eb/G

Gm

dance you fuck-er, dance you fuck-er, don't you dare, don't you dare, don't you flan in the face.
tight little world and are you on the list? Stepford wives, who are we to complain? In-

asus⁴

A/G

Take it with the love its given, take it with a pinch of salt, take it to the tax man.
Investments & dealers. Investments & dealers. Cold wives & mistresses. Cold wives &
Let me back, let me back, I promise to be good, don’t look in the mirror
Sunday papers, city boys in First Class, don’t know we’re born just know

at the face you don’t recognize. Help me, call the doctor, put me inside,
someone else is gonna come & clean it up, born and raised for the job, someone always

put me inside, put me inside, put me inside, put me inside,
does, I wish you’d get up go over, get up, go over, turn this tape off.

I keep the wolf from the door, but he calls me up,
Gmaj7

calls me on the phone, tells me all the ways that he's gonna mess me up,

F#m

steal all my children if I don't pay the ransom and

Dmaj7

To Coda G

I'll never see them again if I squeal to the cops...
WE SUCK YOUNG BLOOD

Words and Music by Thomas Yorke, Jonathan Greenwood, Colin Greenwood, Edward O’Brien and Philip Selway

\[ J = 80 \]

\[ E^\#m \quad B^\#maj7\#1/D \quad E^\#m \quad B^\#maj7/D \]

\[ \text{n}f \]

\[ E^\#m \quad F \quad G^\#b \quad F \]

Are you

\[ E^\#m \quad B^\#maj7\#1/D \quad E^\#m \quad B^\#maj7/D \]

hungry? __________

Are you sick? __________

Are you

\[ mp \]

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beg - ging for a break?

sweet? Are you fresh? Are you

strung up by the wrists?

We want the young

(Ooo, blood)
Are you fracture?

Are you torn at the seams?

Would you do anything?
Fleabitten?  Moth-eaten?

We suck young blood...

We suck young blood...
Suddenly fast  \( \frac{d}{\text{d}} = 112 \)

E\(^{\text{m}}\)  E\(^{\text{m7}}\)  E\(^{\text{m}}\)  F\(_{m}\)  E  E\(^{\text{m}}\)  E\(^{\text{m7}}\)  E\(_{m}\)  F\(_{m}\)  E

Woah,
woah,

Won't let the
(White clusters - fists on the keyboard)

Creep-

i:

vy.

won't let the
We want the young blood.

Blood.

Blood.

Blood.
28 classic songs from Radiohead accurately transcribed from the original recordings

All I Need
Creep
Everything In Its Right Place
Exit Music (For A Film)
Fake Plastic Trees
Fog (Again)
High & Dry
How I Made My Millions
I Want None Of This
Karma Police
Knives Out
Last Flowers To The Hospital
Life In A Glasshouse
Like Spinning Plates
Lucky
Motion Picture Soundtrack
My Iron Lung
No Surprises
Paranoid Android
A Punch Up At A Wedding
Pyramid Song
Sail To The Moon
Sit Down. Stand Up.
Subterranean Homesick Alien
Street Spirit (Fade Out)
Videotape
We Suck Young Blood
A Wolf At The Door