

Radiohead: *Kid A* and The Post-Modern Life

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“I’m not living, I’m just killing time.” In an existential punch to the stomach, Thom Yorke sets the tone for Radiohead’s album *Kid A*. While the lyric comes from a B-side not featured on the main album, the line communicates the mood of *Kid A* perfectly. Terry Eagleton may agree with this view of life as he states, “Life is a matter of flamboyantly filling in the void which is itself” (Eagleton, 41, 2007).

Kid A, released in October of 2000, was initially met with skepticism from critics who lamented Radiohead’s turn from the guitar-driven, anthemic “Brit-Rock” of previous albums *Pablo Honey*, *The Bends*, and *OK Computer*, to the largely computer composed machinations of *Kid A*. By no means an easy first listen, *Kid A* has gone on to claim plaudits from many important music publications. *Rolling Stone*, Pitchfork Media and *The Times of London* ranked *Kid A* as the greatest album of the decade.

Kid A exists as a commentary on the postmodern state of human life. Emotional distance due to the proliferation of technology, loss of identity and floating through life provide the themes that drive *Kid A* to the heights heralded by music critics and fans alike. Nestled in between the Y2K hysteria and the events of September 11, 2001, the album provides a snapshot of a time (perhaps a time still present) in which the world that we live in is not the world that we think we know. Combined with the terrifying notion of not knowing one’s true self, *Kid A* provides a cathartic light in the fog for those looking for direction. *Kid A* reminds us that, not all who wander are lost.

A concept album about a certain state of being, the album itself consists of ten songs touching on significant elements of the postmodern identity: environmentalism, identity, politics, and relationships among others. Looking back, it seems like a relic, what with iTunes and the

dwindling attention span. Fasten the mind back to October 2000: The hyper-technology age is in its birth pangs. The encroachment has begun and (as we know now) shows no signs of stopping. Instead of adjusting technology to the human life, humans must adjust to the technological life. Adam Koehler comments insightfully, “*Kid A*, as shocking as it was, seemed like a logical step: use the technology that alienates us, crawl into it, and turn it into something else from the inside” (Koehler, p. 197, 2009). Other critics communicate it in this way: “*Kid A* sounds like a clouded brain trying to recall an alien abduction. It’s the sound of a band, and its leader, losing faith in themselves, destroying themselves, and subsequently rebuilding a perfect entity” (DiCrescenzo, 2000).”

These ideas are what make *Kid A* such a watermark in art during this past decade. While *Kid A* may describe the problems with the postmodern state, the conclusion reached in the final track and touched on in others is entirely appropriate and comforting to those of us “killing time.”

Everything in its Right Place

The album starts with the song entitled “Everything in its Right Place.” Beginning with a looped voice of lead singer Thom Yorke singing (speaking?) “Kid A, Kid A,” with background voices of mangled speech. An ondes martenot provides the spooky, propulsive electronic tempo to Yorke’s haunted vocals.

The line and title of the song suggests a desire for order. Who doesn’t want “everything in its right place?” Life would be much easier to deal with. Unfortunately, life throws everything into disarray, far from its right place. Humans must simply deal with it.

More importantly, the song represents an effective analysis of the language used in the techno-post modern society. The song fuses chopped, looped vocals (the first major record to use it and whether they realize it or not, an influence on the “Chopped and Screwed” strain of Deep South Hip-hop patented by Paul Wall and Mike Jones) into something that resembles a tune, although unlike anything anyone has ever heard before. As a commentary on modern language, it provides insight into the modern world. Many times, things are unintelligible. Yorke sings “What, what is that you tried to say?” In many instances this is what we say to each other. “What did you say?” “I don’t *understand*.” The cacophony of voices heard in the song represents a sentiment found in postmodern philosophies. This life is unintelligible, we have no way to explain to others what we are going through. While we hope and wish for everything to be in its right place, for things to be black and white (“Two colours in my head”), this life is inexplicable.

This represents a problem for society. If life is unintelligible how can any moral judgment be passed on something that cannot be understood? Judgment requires an understanding of the pros and cons and an explicit explanation of the issue at hand. Instead we are left with what life gives us and fittingly, life gives us lemons. When Yorke sings, “Yesterday I woke up sucking a lemon,” it corresponds to the feeling of postmodern life. Sometimes when we wake up, it is like sucking a lemon. It sucks.

Kid A

Title track *Kid A* builds on earlier themes. A glockenspiel-like tune opens the space-landing sequence as if it were nursery rhyme to the entrance of the new child churned out by the

postmodern era. Kid A might be a metaphorical person in this instance. As the ominous beat builds and the computer-filtered voice sings again, Yorke conveys more analysis for our ears.

In this song, Yorke sings of the things, “Standing in the shadows at the end of my bed.” Whatever they are, figures, people, shapes, they are scary. As a child, Kid A is seemingly undergoes a conditioning to the horrors of this world. In the formative years of childhood, most can remember their first nightmare and the effect it had on them. They ran to their parents’ bedroom looking for consolation. However, Kid A, fresh out of his state of nature, has the nightmare but instead he has no one to comfort him, to tell him it’s alright. Instead what he’s left with is “heads on sticks” and “ventriloquists,” forgeries of the real thing. Kid A visualizes the nightmare but there is no one there to tell him that the shadows are not real. Plato’s Cave Allegory can be seen as a representation of this thought. True reality lies somewhere else.

As life stories have shown, our childhood has a significant influence on how we grow up. Kid A is no different. Unable to realize that the shadows are figments of the mind, Kid A sees them as reality. Naturally, he grows up and becomes a politician. His power commands the lowest of the low and the next generation, the future Kid A’s. Yorke’s voice disconnectedly sings, “The rats and children follow me out of town/The rats and children follow me out of their homes/Come on Kids.” Corrupt Kid A manages to wrestle control of the “rats” and the “children.” Harkening back to the tale of the pied piper, Yorke manages to illustrate a Nietzschean view of the meaning of life. Julian Young explains this view in his book *The Death of God and the Meaning of Life*, “Life is the will to power – not just here and now but in all places throughout all eternity. Power is the only game in town, and will always remain so. There is no hope of ever overcoming the will to power. Hence the choice is a stark one: to

affirm the will to power, to join in the game of power, or else to reject life as such” (Young, 103, 2003). Kid A has gained power and “affirms” this “will”: the rats and the children follow him.

The National Anthem

“The National Anthem” opens with and sustains one of the best bass lines in rock history. Simultaneously sounding like the scariest horror movie ever seen and an *Italian Job* car chase scene, the pounding, repetitive bass line again elucidates postmodern techno-life in a way words perhaps cannot: concurrently horrifying and fast.

The bass line is merely the spiritual undercurrent to the more important elements of the song. Beyond the fact that this would be an awesome National Anthem (if New York City needs one, I suggest this song), the other musical parts also provide important commentary. If the driving rhythm section were not enough, a incoherent jazz band accompanies through the second half of the song. What starts off as a somewhat cohesive song structure picks up velocity and rolls down a hill falling into multiple, coinciding free jazz solos. The listener is left with an anarchic, disparate noise. A noise that on one level represents something uncomfortable and nearly unlistenable, but on another is entirely beautiful and reassuring. Here seems to be a key part of the album. While the postmodern is terrible in many ways, beauty still resides in it. This world may be chaotic, in fact we can be reasonably sure it is. But as Young likes to note by way of Plato, this life may be ‘heaven-sent madness’ (Young, 12, 2009), and in that sense something to be appreciated.

In addition, the lyrics of “The National Anthem” also provide a glimpse into the postmodern condition. Yorke sings “Everyone, Everyone around here, Everyone is so near.” When we normally say “You aren’t from around here,” what we mean to convey is a sort of

foreign attitude or alien is among us, someone who is from somewhere else far away. When Yorke says, “Everyone around here,” he does not mean around him in the near vicinity. What he really means is everyone connected at some sort of superficial level. “I’m from around there,” meaning not exactly there but somewhat near to *there*. So when Yorke says “Everyone around here, Everyone is so...near,” what he means to say is that the distances that once separated us have disappeared. We are so *near* to what we were once *around*. The internet has linked far off places. Americans can communicate to China and India via video link, creating a nearness but at the same time still hundreds of thousands of miles away. This produces a sort of connection without real connection. While we can see the faces of those who may be affected by our decisions, we still “have got the fear.” This is the fear of alien cultures and those from “not around here.” Where new connections are intended to be formed, this new technology has produced a different kind of emotional detachment.

The track inevitably builds up to Yorke’s desperate screams of “It’s holding on!” almost like a play-by-play commentator high above the earth (“And look at the earth, it’s holding on for dear life down there!”). The world that was created by whoever it was that gave us this situation is barely “holding on.” Nuclear war is a flick of a button away. Many times, it feels as if the world is falling apart at the seams, but yet it still manages to hold on, to avert total apocalypse. For Yorke, he seems to take a modified hope from this. The world always seems like its one major event from fading away but somehow, humans find a way to keep holding on.

How to Disappear Completely

Tracks four and five represent an introspective breathing point to the album. “How to Disappear Completely” provides a ballad to one’s own condition. Instead of looking outward, Yorke looks inward at how the postmodern has shaped his own life.

Acoustic guitars and swelling strings provide the background to a song that captures the feeling and emotion of the condition. Yorke sings to his outer-body self, “That there, That’s not me.” He seems to be almost eulogizing himself (In a little while, I’ll be gone). He can’t believe what he’s seeing, “I’m not here, This isn’t happening.” In a way, Yorke sings what Jean-Paul Sartre would have sung, if Sartre had a melodic falsetto and a backing band filled with genius musicians. Yorke, speaks for himself and others and in a way agrees with Sartre. Sartre said that the combination of identity and autonomy are an ‘impossible synthesis’ (Young, 2003). Yorke seems to have the same problem, along with many of us. We reach existential crises with our identities, trying to figure out where our identity lies. Does it lie in our own essence or is it defined by others? We deny we have any crisis at all (“This isn’t happening”) but at the same refuse to like who we see in the mirror (“That’s not me”). Instead of figuring it out, we want to disappear completely. We can’t so what we settle for is a sort of floating through life without direction (“I float down the Liffey”).

Treefingers

Again, this track is a momentary break in the postmodern thinking. Like a companion to “How to Disappear Completely,” “Treefingers” is a break from the bedlam. Guitar effects are layered over the ondes martenot to present an environment ripe for thinking. It sounds like nothingness. No definite tune is present. No lyrics accompany it but it acts as a sort of interlude for the album and for the philosophy.

Optimistic

Angular guitars and Thom Yorke's brooding falsetto begin the track "Optimistic" backed by another driving drum rhythm. The environment is entirely post apocalyptic, "Flies are buzzing round my head, Vultures circling the dead." Pardon the sarcasm, but sounds like fun place. However, the song undertakes a wholly promising tone.

Before the optimism, Radiohead must give us the reality. Yorke's lyrics touch on political themes. He comments, "The big fish eat the little ones." Easily, this is an observation of the capitalist structure the postmodern world seems to be governed by. Beyond the obvious critiques of capitalism (the allusion to Orwell's *Animal Farm*), these lyrics comment on some of the philosophical underpinnings of capitalism. For capitalism to succeed, it must be imposed upon the world order. Rarely do people rise up and decide capitalism is the best way to do things. This hits again on a Will to Power ethos prevalent in many attitudes today.

Yorke also deplores the individualism inherent in today's culture. As the "big fish eat the little ones," Yorke could care less. "Not my problem, give me some," is his reply. Someone's getting screwed? Oh well, might as well benefit from it and not worry about whoever it was. But on the inside he says, "I'd really like to help you, man." There is some type of humanity inside of him. Whether or not it's enough to cause him to act is another issue. This song and "The National Anthem" demonstrate the problems of everything being so near. While they be near, it still does not capture our attention, to help. For example, the Haiti earthquake brought to America's attention the terrible poverty in a country 700 miles from the United States. Haiti had always been poor, not just after the earthquake, yet many did not realize or act to help alleviate those problems. "I'd really like to help you, Haiti," but not until something really bad happens.

With the ugliness out of the way, Yorke builds us back up. Contrary to the popular saying, “The best you can is just not good enough,” he says the opposite. “The best you can *is* good enough.” How many times is that heard? We can tell our boss, I tried the best I could and we would probably get fired. Trying your best is no longer enough in the post modern world. Yorke disagrees and finds that that doing your best is what matters, not the outcome. Through this sentiment is illustrated a life affirming process. Rather than a results oriented outlook on life, real meaning is gained through the journey. The song is in itself optimistic. As Yorke sings, “You can try the best you can, You can try the best you can,” the bass line walks up the musical scale sounding completely hopeful ending at its final high note and the encouraging, “The best you can is good enough.”

“Optimistic” is the only song on *Kid A* that relies on mostly organic instrumentation. The guitars are without much distortion or looping. The drums are live and Yorke’s voice is clear from any computerized filter. Paired with the lyric, “Dinosaurs roam the earth,” this song shows an affinity for simpler times, perhaps a yearning for a pre-modern era devoid of the technology represented and used in other songs from *Kid A*.

To close, Yorke presents the listener with some more True World philosophy. He sings that we are, “Nervous messed up marionettes, Floating around on a prison ship.” Plato again comes back into play, as does Christian theology and Schopenhauer. Eagleton recounts Schopenhauer’s conception of the will, “The Will must fool us into supposing that our lives indeed have meaning; and it does so by evolving in us a clumsy mechanism of self-deception known as consciousness, which permits us the illusion of having ends and values of our own. It dupes us into believe that its own appetites are ours too. In this sense, all consciousness in Schopenhauer’s eyes is false consciousness” (Eagleton, 48, 2007). Schopenhauer would see this

“floating around on a prison ship” as an illustration of our false consciousness. However, Yorke does not seem to intend this. While we might be merely puppets controlled by something else, there is something to look forward to, something to be optimistic about. As the song reaches its climax, cymbals crash and the whole thing comes together in a liberating sense, while fading out with a sort of stripped down piano jig. This world is simply a prison ship, suggesting perhaps that there might be something else after it, a heaven or a true world in a Platonic sense.

In Limbo

“In Limbo” begins with a tip toeing guitar riff that does not really fit the rest of the melody until it slowly blends into the rest of the music. This song provides more insight into the “lost” feeling developed by postmodern life.

To begin with, Yorke sings, “Lundy, Fastnet, Irish Sea.” This is the prototypical beginning of the Shipping News provided by the BBC World Service to sailors and ships around the British Isles. Lundy, Fastnet is a block of sea which receives its own weather forecasts and conditions each morning over the radio. In the latter part of the song we hear the line then a scream of “Come in!” like what the radio operators say to ships lost at sea. In Yorke’s hands, the standard Shipping News report serves as a metaphor for being lost. Lost in the world, lost out at sea, floating along again. He says as much. “I’m lost at sea, Don’t bother me , I’ve lost my way.” Yeah I’m lost, but I don’t want to be found either. Language also receives vivid description. Yorke moans, “I got a message I can’t read, Another message I can’t read.” It’s as if he is saying, “Oh no, not again.” As in “Everything in its Right Place”, where Yorke sings “What, what is that you tried to say?” he tries to decipher the communication of the world he lives in. Seemingly awash in information, news, and knowledge, we still do not know what to

make of it. We may be able to read it, what the words say, but we still can't read for understanding.

Finally, Yorke states, "You're living in a fantasy world," three times before adding, "This beautiful world." While it may seem as if he is saying the world is really beautiful, this idea would not fit well with the rest of the *Kid A*'s sentiment. His real meaning can be found in the way, "This beautiful world," is delivered. Instead of the clarity of "You're living in a fantasy world," the final line is delivered mangled and affected as if he were uncomfortable calling this world beautiful. Further, after the delivery, the guitar falls sharply away and onto a noise that sounds like a piano closing, punctuating the terrible feeling of calling this world beautiful. Yorke again underscores his True World philosophies. In this instance, he pairs himself with Kantian philosophy. Kant finds that the world is not reality itself but merely an 'appearance' of it (Young, 2003). Yorke seems fairly explicit about this as well.

Idioteque

Whereas "Optimistic" represents a certain organic nature, "Idioteque" is the complete opposite. Almost entirely computer composed, "Idioteque" portrays a definite tension characteristic of postmodern life. The drum machine beat and whirrs and beeps, along with Yorke's town crier yelps create an end of the world sentiment. Yorke makes numerous political statements throughout the same as well as the obligatory postmodern remarks.

Being the engaged celebrity that he is, Yorke mentions global warming in this song. He sings, "Ice age coming, Ice age coming" and "We are not scaremongering, this is really happening." He rejects the skeptics and adopts an alarmist stance. He takes it upon himself to

warn the world of the impending environmental consequences of the life lived by postmodernists.

In addition, Yorke sings of a particular dichotomy that postmodern life presents us with. Yorke cries like a kid being torn away from his television set, “I have seen too much, I haven’t seen enough.” This illustrates the trade off postmodern life. While we seemingly do not want to see everything, all the nasty bits, we are simultaneously fascinated by the suffering. We cannot take our eyes off of it. We want to see more. We “laugh until our head comes off,” so to speak. We love it yet it slowly kills us. He also sings, “Here I’m allowed, Everything all of the time.” This is the society he lives in. One in which everything is permissible, all of the time. With the permissibility of everything, we arrive at the pinnacle of pleasure. We can pursue every pleasure possible. But ultimately that pleasure does not sustain us. Again, “we laugh until our head comes off.” While the pleasure is temporary, we miss the happiness because the pleasure killed us.

While the album and this song in particular represent a postmodern state, Yorke finds that morality indeed remains. Some have said that the Death of God would entail the end of morality. If we have seen the Death of God (metaphorically speaking), then we still held on to a semblance of morality according to Yorke. Yorke wails, “Women and children first,” harkening back to an era in which the first passengers off the sinking ship were the women and children. This was the morality of the day and for Yorke at least, moral standards still remain. In the hyper-individualized world, individuals have chosen morality.

Morning Bell

“Idioteque” fades into the steady drumming and electronic haunting of the ondes martenot of “Morning Bell.” On the surface, “Morning Bell” is a song about divorce. “You can keep the furniture,” and the Solomonic wisdom of “Cut the kids in half,” point to this theme. However, deeper meaning resides.

First, Yorke asks to, “Light another candle and, Release me.” In Shakespeare’s *Macbeth*, Macbeth contemplates suicide dramatically stating, “Out, out, brief candle!” Yorke does the opposite, he celebrates life, asking in fact to extend another one. While the postmodern condition is fairly dark and uncomfortable, it does not call for suicide, which is encouraging for those of us that live in it.

Hegel’s master-slave dialectic also comes into play during “In Limbo.” Yorke sings, “Everybody wants to be a slave,” while at the same time, “Everybody wants to be a friend.” Postmodern society still craves recognition from friends. In a sense, we are slaves to the friendship. We crave it so much we are willing to do anything for it. Some people consider themselves in relationships that are simply a master-slave structure. It by no measure can be called a reciprocal friendship. This is what Yorke seems to communicate, the only way to break that relationship is through a divorce and all the ugliness that follows (“Clothes are on the lawn with the furniture”).

Finally, Yorke finds that this postmodern state may be bad, but the world and life does not end. We must keep going, not floating but “Walking, walking, walking.”

Motion Picture Soundtrack

“Motion Picture Soundtrack” rounds out the album and its heavenly structure represents a musical and lyrical conception of heaven. Harps, horns and a background choir make up a song that seems to recall ascension to heaven.

Yorke sings of all the pleasures he’s experienced, “Cheap sex and soft films,” while still conveying a certain emptiness with that life. He wants to “get back where I belong.” He’s done with the “Red wine and sleeping pills” and instead embraces a Sartre-like outlook of identity. Young notes that Sartre believes that, “I have the inalienable power to choose to become a different kind of person, to choose for myself a new essence” (Young, p. 132, 2003). This is what Yorke is doing; redefining himself as he prepares for the next life.

And in this song, Yorke lays out his true world credentials bare. In previous songs, Yorke hits on these ideas but in “Motion Picture Soundtrack,” he gets to the heart of his belief and feelings on the postmodern state. While the idea of heaven seems a little bit out there (“I think you’re crazy, maybe”), especially for the postmodernist, he seems to embrace it finally. He states hopefully, “I will see you in the next life.”

The Meaning of Life

While Radiohead does not give a true meaning of life moment during *Kid A*, the feelings expressed provide comfort to those of us seemingly adrift in this postmodern world. It might be my own True World background that skews my view, but it does seem as if Yorke is a True World adherent in the lines of Plato and Immanuel Kant. He seems to have one foot in the True World and one foot in the Death of God, postmodern world. He is his own sort of Kantian figure, trying to salvage a certain narrative while still managing an existence that seems meaningful. It is in this that Yorke does his greatest work. Instead of providing all the answers

to the listener, he delivers a commentary that is depressing yet at the same emancipating us from the shackles of the postmodern world. We can experience all these crappy feelings of identity loss and unintelligibility but we must realize that it's a fantasy world. And we'll see each other in the next life.

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Appendix A

Song Lyrics from greenplastic.com.

Everything in its Right Place

Kid A, Kid A

Kid A, Kid A

Everything

Everything

Everything

Everything in its right place

In its right place

In its right place

In its right place

Yesterday I woke up sucking a lemon

Everything

Everything

Everything

Everything in its right place

In its right place

In its right place

Right place

There are two colours in my head

There are two colours in my head

What, what is that you tried to say?

What, what was that you tried to say?

Tried to say

Tried to say

Tried to say

Tried to say

Everything in its right place... (to end)

Kid A

I slip away
I slipped on a little white lie

We've got heads on sticks
You've got ventriloquists
We've got heads on sticks
You've got ventriloquists

Standing in the shadows at the end of my bed
Standing in the shadows at the end of my bed
Standing in the shadows at the end of my bed
Standing in the shadows at the end of my bed

The rats and children follow me out of town
The rats and children follow me out of their homes
Come on Kids

The National Anthem

Everyone
Everyone around here
Everyone is so near
It's holding on
It's holding on

Everyone
Everyone is so near
Everyone has got the fear
It's holding on
It's holding on

It's holding on
It's holding on
It's holding on

How to Disappear Completely

That there
That's not me
I go
Where I please
I walk through walls

I float down the Liffey
I'm not here
This isn't happening
I'm not here
I'm not here

In a little while
I'll be gone
The moment's already passed
Yeah it's gone
And I'm not here
This isn't happening
I'm not here
I'm not here

Strobe lights and blown speakers
Fireworks and hurricanes
I'm not here
This isn't happening
I'm not here
I'm not here

Treefingers

*instrumental

Optimistic

Flies are buzzing round my head
Vultures circling the dead
Picking up every last crumb
The big fish eat the little ones
The big fish eat the little ones
Not my problem, give me some

You can try the best you can
If you try the best you can
The best you can is good enough
If you try the best you can
If you try the best you can
The best you can is good enough

This one's optimistic
This one went to market
This one just came out of the swamp
This one dropped a payload
Fodder for the animals
Living on animal farm

If you try the best you can
If you try the best you can
The best you can is good enough
If you try the best you can
If you try the best you can
The best you can is good enough

I'd really like to help you, man
I'd really like to help you, man
Nervous messed up marionettes
Floating around on a prison ship

If you try the best you can
If you try the best you can
The best you can is good enough
If you can try the best you can
If you try the best you can
Dinosaurs roaming the Earth
Dinosaurs roaming the Earth
Dinosaurs roaming the Earth

In Limbo

Lundy, Fastnet, Irish Sea
I got a message I can't read
Another message I can't read

Being the first in the Irish Sea
I got a message I can't read
Another message I can't read

I'm on your side
Nowhere to hide
Trapdoors that open

I spiral down

You're living in a fantasy world
You're living in a fantasy world

I'm lost at sea
Don't bother me
I've lost my way
I've lost my way

You're living in a fantasy world
You're living in a fantasy world
You're living in a fantasy world
This beautiful world

Lundy, Fastnet, Irish Sea
I got a message I can't read
Another message I can't read

Idioteque

Who's in a bunker?
Who's in a bunker?
Women and children first
And the children first
And the children
I'll laugh until my head comes off
I'll swallow till I burst
Until I burst
Until I

Who's in a bunker?
Who's in a bunker?
I have seen too much
I haven't seen enough
You haven't seen it
I'll laugh until my head comes off
Women and children first
And children first
And children

Here I'm allowed
Everything all of the time
Here I'm allowed
Everything all of the time

Ice age coming
Ice age coming
Let me hear both sides
Let me hear both sides
Let me hear both
Ice age coming
Ice age coming
Throw it on the fire
Throw it on the fire
Throw it on the

We're not scaremongering
This is really happening
Happening
We're not scaremongering
This is really happening
Happening
Mobiles skwrking
Mobiles chirping
Take the money run
Take the money run
Take the money

Here I'm allowed
Everything all of the time
Here I'm allowed
Everything all of the time

Here I'm allowed
Everything all of the time
Here I'm allowed
Everything all of the time

The first of the children

Morning Bell

The morning bell
The morning bell
Light another candle and
Release me
Release me

You can keep the furniture
A bump on the head
Howling down the chimney
Release me
Release me
Please
Release me
Release me

Where'd you park the car
Where'd you park the car
Clothes are on the lawn with the furniture
Now I might as well
I might as well

Sleepy jack the fire drill
Round and round and round

Cut the kids in half
Cut the kids in half
Cut the kids in half

I wanted to tell you but you never listened
You never understand
I wanted to tell you but you never listened
You never understand
Cos I'm walking walking walking...

The lights are on but nobody's home
Everybody wants to be a
The lights are on but nobody's home
Everybody wants to be a slave
Walking walking walking...

The lights are on but nobody's at home
Everybody wants to be a
Everyone wants to be a friend
Nobody wants to be a slave
Walking walking walking...

Motion Picture Soundtrack

Red wine and sleeping pills
Help me get back to your arms
Cheap sex and sad films
Help me get back 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 crazy, maybe
I think you're crazy, maybe

I will see you in the next life

Appendix B

This is some artwork that accompanied the release of *Kid A* and is also helpful in communicating the feelings of the album: <http://home.student.uu.se/heh1133/kidart.htm>.