Radiohead

The King of Limbs

Deluxe Edition

Piano Vocal Guitar

Faber Music
1. Open your mouth wide,
I'm moving out of orbit,

56

a universal sigh,
turning in somersaults,

64
and while the ocean blooms,
a giant turtle's eyes,
it's what keeps a jellyfish float by.
So why does this still hurt?  

(It's what keeps me alive.)

Don't blow your mind with why.
Morning Mr. Magpie

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

\[ J = 144 \]

\[ C7 \]

\[ C6 \] \( \text{Repeat x4} \) \[ C7 \] \[ F/C \]

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

\[ \text{Bb} \]

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

\( \text{cont. sim.} \)

\[ C7 \] \[ C6 \]

\[ \text{You got some nerve} \]
\[ \text{You stole it off} \]
\[ \text{coming} \]
\[ \text{give it} \]

\( \text{secco} \)

\[ C7 \] \[ C6 \]

\[ \text{here, back,} \]

\( \text{here, back,} \)

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you got some nerve coming
you stole it give it

1.

here.

2.

back

Good

morn-ing Mister Mag-pie,
how are we to day?

Now you've stolen all my magic

and took my memory

- o - r y.
You know... you should... but you don't.
Little By Little

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

\[ \text{\( \frac{1}{4} \)} = 116 \]

Tune guitar: \(6 = D\) (lowest string)

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1. Don’t turn nasty now, the dusts of hell, a pillar of salt;
2. The glue won’t hold, the thread un-pulls un-curling with love.

the last one out of the box, the one who broke the seal.

(tile by little, by hook or by crook, I’m such a tease and you’re such a flirt, once
you been round, you been round enough, maybe.

little by little, by hook or by crook, never in earnest, never get judged, I'm

no idiot, I should look... oh...
Little by little, by hook or by crook,
never in earnest, never

cresc.

er get judged,
I'm no idiot, I should look

or by crook,
I'm such a tease and you're such a flirt.
Feral

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

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You're

pp

You're...

pp  mp  p

I'm not

pp

mp

yours

It's all fine, it's all fine,

pp  mp

pp  mp
all fine. Please don't


You're not mine.

It's all...

(Repeat x4) pp

(cont. sim.)
Lotus Flower

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

\( \text{\(\text{\(\text{\(J = 126\)}\)}}\)

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

\(\text{with pedal}\)

\(\text{Dm7}\)

\(\text{Dsus4}\)

\(\text{Csus2}\)

\(\text{Csus4\#11}\)

\(\text{Gsus4}\)

\(\text{Doct}\)

\(\text{Dsus4}\)

\(\text{Gm/C}\)

\(\text{Gm/B}\)

\(\text{Gm/D}\)

\(\text{Gm/B}\)

\(\text{Gm/D}\)

\(\text{Dm7}\)

\(\text{Dsus4}\)

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I will shrink myself into your pocket, invisible,

I will shrink and I will disappear,
I will slip into a

do what you want,

G

Dm7
groove and cut me off. and cut me off.

There's an empty space inside my heart where the weeds take root so now I set you free.

There's an
empty space inside my heart where the weeds take root, so now I set you free.

Slowly we unfurl as lotus flowers, all I want is the moon upon a stick, just to see what.
is just to see what if I can’t kick the habit,

just to feed your fast ballooning head. ‘Listen to your heart.’
We will shrink and then be quiet as mice, and while the cat is away do what we want, do what we want.

There's an empty space inside my heart, where the weeds take root so now I set you
free, I set you free.

All __________ __________

I want is the moon upon a stick, just to see what

_____ __________ __________
if, just to see what is, oh, the
bird that's flown into my room

Slowly we unfurl as lotus flowers, and
all I want is the moon upon a stick, I dance around the
pit, the darkness is beneath, I can't kick your habit,

just to feed your fast-balloon-ing head.' 'Listen to your heart.'
Codex
Words and Music by Thom Yorke, Jonathan Greenwood, Colin Greenwood, Edward O’Brien and Philip Selway

\[ J = 60 \]

\[ \text{C} \quad \text{Bbadd}\quad \text{Dm} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{Bbadd}\quad \text{Dm} \quad \text{Repeat x3} \]

\[ \text{pp} \]

\[ \text{C} \quad \text{Bbadd}\quad \text{Dm} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{Gm} \quad \text{Am} \quad \text{Bb} \]

1. Slight of hand, jump off the end.
   (2.) dragon flies, fantasised.

\[ \text{Am7} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{Bbadd}\quad \text{C} \quad \text{Bbadd}\quad \text{Dm} \quad \text{I.} \]

   into a clear lake, no one around.
   no one gets hurt, done nothing wrong.

2. Just

\[ \text{Dm} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{Bbadd}\quad \text{Dm} \quad \text{mp} \quad \text{play 1st time only} \]

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Slide your hand, jump off the end.

The waters clear, and innocent.
in your arms,  
in your arms,  
Gather up the plan  
Now I think I've had  
ti-ful  

Am7sus2  Am7  D5  D  Dsus4  Am7sus2  Dsus4  Am7  D5  D  Dsus4  Am7sus2  Am7  D5  D  Dsus4  Am7sus2  Am7  D5  D  Dsus4  Am7sus2  Am7
in your arms,
into your arms, (B. Vox 2')

in your arms, into your arms,

me, don't hurt

in your arms, into your arms,

me, don't hurt
in your arms, into your arms
me, don’t hurt

1.

Am7

me, Bm/F♯

I been told to give up the ghost

1.

don’t hurt me,
Separator

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

\[ \text{\textit{Repeat x3}} \]

\[ \text{\textit{\textsuperscript{1}}}} \]

It’s like I’ve fallen out of bed from a long and vivid dream,

\[ \text{\textit{\textsuperscript{2}}}} \]

the sweetest flowered fruits were hanging from the trees,
falling off a giant bird that's been carrying me.

It's like I've fallen out of bed from a long and vivid dream. Just exactly as I remember, every word, every gesture, I've my
heart in my mouth.

Like I've fallen out of bed from a long and vivid dream.

Finally I'm free of all the weight I've been carrying.
And as that woman blows her cover in the eye of the beholder, I'm a fish now out of water.
Falling off a giant bird that's been carrying me,

(Wake me up, wake me up, up, up, up, up, up...)

I fell up, up, up, up, up, up, up, up, up, up, up...

open, I fell under, at the
tip of

lost your num-
er,

I wan-

na slip

o-

ver

and get back un-

der.

And if you think this is o-

ver then you’re wrong.
If you think this is over then you're wrong.

(Wake me up, will you wake me up?)

Like I've fallen out of bed from a long and vivid dream.

(Wake me up, wake me up, up, up, up.)

(Wake me up...)

Finally I'm free of all the weight I've been carrying.