

# Freakin' Out

Graham Coxon

Nothing to see, nothing to hear  
Nothing to be, nothing to fear  
Nothing to prove, nothing to say  
Nothing to loose, nothing to gain Nothing to feel, nothing to hate  
Nothing is real, it's all too late  
What do you do, when nothing's wrong?  
Ain't got a clue, ain't got no song You're foaming at the mouth  
You're mad without a doubt  
Cause I'm really freakin' out  
I'm going out of my mind  
TV's got me going blind  
And I'm really freakin' out Hey man you think you got it made  
Cool beard you stick on your phantom face  
Got on your aviator's shades  
Yeah man, your looking really ace So what the hell you doing here?  
Filling the space between my ears  
Why don't you all just disappear  
Plus all your friends just way to dear You're foaming at the mouth  
You're mad without a doubt  
Cause I'm really freakin' out  
I'm going out of my mind  
TV's got me going blind  
And I'm really freakin' out Nothing to see, nothing to hear  
Nothing to be, nothing to fear  
Nothing to prove, nothing to say  
La la la la, la la la lie You're foaming at the mouth  
You're mad without a doubt  
Cause I'm really freakin' out  
I'm going out of my mind  
TV's got me going blind  
And I'm really freakin' out

Songwriters

COXON, GRAHAM Published by

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