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 gainNothing 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 songYou'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' outHey 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 aceSo 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 dearYou'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' outNothing to see, nothing to hear
Nothing to be, nothing to fear
Nothing to prove, nothing to say
La la la la, la la la lieYou'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
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