

# Prangin' Out

## Streets

I get back from touring  
Suddenly it doesn't seem like  
Much fun to be off my face

At a quarter to eleven am You're prangin' out, I see through you  
(I feel awful)

This voice's talkin' to me  
This ain't even funny

(The irons been on in my house for four fucking weeks)  
I see through you

I'm about to do something stupid I dare say why my manager got Lary and smacked me

These headaches are gettin' unbearably nasty

Staring at the crackwork, lookin' scary with me brandy

The rock 'n roll cliche walked in and then smacked me Carelessly rackin' out prangs just to handle the fear

I do a line but then panic and feel a bit prang'd

So I glug Marlon from the bottle to ease of the panic

Then when it starts wearing off, I just feel a bit sad Snort more tour support and then have a drink

The bruise on the side of my head is madly banging

The only reason I started this was the deal me a laughin'

The only reason I started this was the deal me a laughin' You're prangin' out, I see through you

These voices talkin' to me

This ain't even funny, I see through you

I'm about to do something stupid The girl in my bed is kinda distant right now

I know she's thinkin' she's a bit frightened somehow

I don't think she realized what I'd invited her back to my house

I don't want anyone to see me like this right now I sorts thoughts rollin' back in my eyes

I've been a poor sports, thoughts dance in my mind

A banging headache dancin' prang'd by their side

Dancin' with the pictures from the past of my life I don't remember any of what I just thought at all

The conclusion prior to when I forgot it all

Panicking a bit, gettin' frightened to fuck all

So nursing my bruise I drink right from the bottle I don't want anyone, I know to see me like this

My fibs and single became lies and lists

She's gonna sell-tell, no doubt, fuck it

I'm not going to start drinkin', no, I can't for now You're prangin' out, I see through you

These voices talkin' to me

This ain't even funny, I see through you

I'm about to do something stupid My laptop must have slpped down and gone to sleep

Before the prangers pain must've dawned on me

Around the time I was sketchin' tryin' to con some sleep

And the new day on me was nearly dawning in here I must have flaked while I puttied, way to loads more  
'Cuz I'd staked on bookings waited to tell the score  
Why do I break my rules not to wager any more?

I flaked on the bookings and majorly totaled on the score I've got a simple problem but my mind's spinning out  
I remembered the website between the wine and the stout  
The rush of fear made me forget how fucked I'd been

This time I'm drying my eyes and a fuckin' nose bleed Turnin' the phone off when my promo bloke phones me  
Evaded for it getting nasty when my manager when he only beat me  
I threw his wallet out the window as it had grown heated

He said, "Sort your life out" as he punched me onto my feet You're prangin' out, I see through you  
These voices talkin' to me

This ain't even funny, I see through you

I'm about to do something stupid You're prangin' out, I see through you  
These voices talkin' to me

This ain't even funny, I see through you

I'm about to do something stupid Right now logic states, I need to be not contemplating suicide  
(I see through you)

'Cause rational thought, it would seem that I need to be Not doing stuff that makes death seem like an easier  
option

(I see through you)

I need a totally Trojan plan right now  
(I see through you)

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