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 funny
??? 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'
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The girl in my bed is kinda distant right now,
I know shes thinkin' shes 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
Panicing a bit, gettin' frightened 'n fuck all
So nursing my bruise I drink right from the bottle
I don't want anyone I know to see my 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

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My laptop must have slipped down and gone to sleep
Before the prangers pain must've dawned on me
Stupid idiot!
Around the time I was skethchin' 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 minds 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 got 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

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Right now logic states I need to be not contemplating suicide
'Cause rational thought it would seem that I need not to be doing stuff
That makes death seem like an easier option
I need a totally Trojan plan right now
I see through you

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