

Streets, The "Prangin' Out"

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I get back from tour and suddenly
it doesn't seem like much fun to be off my face
At quarter to 11am

You're prangin out,
I see through you (I feel awful)
This voice is talking to me,
This aint even funny
(The irons been on in my house has been in for 4
fucking weeks)
I see through you,
I'm about to do something stupid

I daren't say what my manager got lairy and smacked
me,
these headaches are getting
Unbearably nasty.
Staring at the crackwork looking scary with my brandy,
the rock and roll cliché
Walks in and then smacked me.
Carelessly wreckin' out prang just to handle the fear,
I do a line but then panic
Cos I feel a bit prangy.
So I glug marlon from the bottle to ease off the pain,
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 to still be here
laughing,
the only reason I started
This was to still be here laughing.

You're pranging out,
I see through you,
This voice is talking to me,
This aint even funny
I see through you,
I'm about to do something stupid.

The girl in my bed was kinda distant right now,
I know she's thinking she's a bit
Frightened somehow,
I don't think she realised what I'd invited her back to my
house.
I don't want anyone to see me like this right now,
All sorts of thoughts rolling back in my eyes,
I've been a poor sport thoughts dance in my mind,
A banging headache, dancing prang by their side,
Dancing 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, getting frightened of 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 in single became lies in lists,
She's gonna sell/tell no doubt,
Fuck it I'm not gonna stop drinking though, I cant for
now.

You're pranging out,
I see through you,
This voice is talking to me,
This aint even funny.
I see you through you,
I'm about to do something stupid.

My laptop must have slipped down and gone to sleep,
Before the prang this pain was to dawn on me,
Around the time I was sketching trying to con some
sleep,
And the new day on me was nearly dawning in here,
I must have flaked while I inputted, waging loads more.
Cos I staked on bookings, way to tow the score.
Why do I break my rules not to wager anymore?
I'd flaked on the bookings and majorly totalled on the
score,
I've got a simple problem, but my minds spinning out,
I remembered the website between the wine and the
stout,
My rush of fear made me forget how fucked I had
been,
This time I'm drying my eyes and a fucking nose bleed,
Turning my phone off when my promo guy phones me,
The day before getting nasty with my manager when
he only bit me,
I threw his wallet out of the window as it was growing
heated,
He said 'Sort your life out' as he punched me over to
my feet.

You're pranging out,
I see through you,
This voice is talking to me,
This aint even funny
I see you through you,
I'm about to do something stupid.

Right now logic states I need to be not contemplating
suicide,
Cos with rational thought it would seem that
I need to be not doing the stuff that makes
Death seem like an easier option,
I need a totally trojan plan right now.

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