

# Farrah "Terry"

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We've been to a pub now we're in a club, my friend  
Terry's at the bar.  
I've taken a pill, I'm feeling unchilled, it's not going well  
so far.  
The music's too loud, I'm lost in the crowd, I've got  
demons in my beer.  
Terry, I'm having a bad one.  
Terry, I'm having a bad one.  
Terry.  
Terry's OK, he's coming my way.  
He's shouting brilliant in my ear.  
I can't find the words, they all seem absurd and I start  
to get the fear.  
I try to explain then I lose it again, Terry's hugging  
everyone.  
Terry, I'm having a bad one.

Terry, it's really full on.  
Terry, I'm having a bad one.  
Terry.  
A shoal of people swim towards me  
I think I'm lost for all eternity  
I drift in psychedelic slow mo, I let my ego go.  
Terry, I'm having a big one, oh won't you help me Terry  
I was dying, I was crying now I'm flying and I'm lying on  
the ceiling  
What a feeling, I'm still reeling.  
Me and Terry are having such a good one.  
Terry.  
So strange it was the best night of my life.

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