

## Streets "Prangin Out"

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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 cliché 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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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

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This ain't even funny, I see through you  
I'm about to do something stupid

My laptop must have slipped 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

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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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