

## Freakin' Out

Graham Coxon

Nothing to see, nothing to hear  
Nothing to be, nothing to fear  
Nothing to prove, nothing to say  
Nothing to loose, nothing to gain

Nothing to feel, nothing to hate  
Nothing is real, it's all too late  
What do you do when nothing's wrong?  
Ain't got a clue, ain't got no sub

Yeah I'm foaming at the mouth  
Yeah I'm mad without a doubt  
'Cause I'm really freaking out  
And I'm going out of my mind  
TV got me going blind  
And I'm really freaking out

Hey man, you think you got it made  
Provin' you stink on your fender bass  
Got on your aviators shades  
Yeah man your looking really ace

So what the hell you doing here?  
Filling the space between my ears  
Why don't you all disappear?  
The price on your friends is way too dear

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And I'm going out of my mind  
TV got me going blind  
'Cause I'm really freaking out

Nothing to see, nothing to hear  
Nothing to be, nothing to fear  
Nothing to prove, nothing to say  
Lala lala lala la lay

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