

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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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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