

Post Ryan

Gilla Band

Hanging up on the floor again
Overdosing chewing gum
Shouting dents via braille
Crushing the back home of a snail
And even's sweet and sour's odd
Clutching and go, touching cloth
Receding barbers going bald
But I just sit there and I just nod
And just nod and just nod and just nod

I'm in between
Breakdowns, constantly
In recovery

Hanging up on the floor again
Ignore the five-second rule
Twins are just double Yous
A kerfuffle with the psycho muscle
Psycho muscle, psycho muscle, psycho muscle

I'm in between
Breakdowns, constantly
In recovery
I'm in recovery

I'm just the same prick
I'm just the same prick
I'm just the same prick
I'm just the same prick

Took it all for granted
Gonna end up homeless
I hid behind the surreal
I'm a bit too much
How you getting on?
Better, better
Better, better
Good. How's yourself?
Look it up

But I couldn't sing for shit
So I shout about crisps
And I never take risks
I have a rusty tongue, clumsy lungs
And they call me safety thumbs
The safest of all fun
And I said I lived in a tent
In my back garden
To anyone who'd listen
In a tent for attention
For attention

And I've never been an asset
Least they're kind of laughing
At something that I said
I'm not God, I'm a slob
With a fist full of salt

I'm better, better bitter
Cause I never understand them
When they use big words
All I do is sit there and just nod
And just nod and just nod and just nod and just nod and just nod and just nod
And at some stage I liked it
Borderline loved it
Now I can't get out of bed
Oh no, not again
Basically I get

Inevitable depression when I do nothing
Inevitable depression when I do nothing