

## It's Not a Prop

Heatmiser

I'll be shutting down soon  
Didn't mean to be so let down  
I don't know why he left the room  
Couldn't keep his attention  
I'll be switching off soon  
It's never going to happen  
Feel like I've been put in my place  
A secret admirer for life  
The drink in my hand ain't no prop  
It's what's left of my collapsing night  
Who do I lean my ladder against  
To get over my embarrassment  
I want him without regret  
I want it written in cement  
Such a sucker for attention  
To wipe the dust off my still life  
The drink in my hand ain't no prop  
It's what's left of my collapsing night  
I'm not moving  
I can't calm down  
I won't say anything  
I won't remember any names  
I'm not moving  
I can't calm down  
I won't remember anything

I'm just going back to bed  
Prosecute myself all night  
I'm my own biggest threat  
Said nothing wrong but I can't get it right