Heatmiser, It's Not A Prop

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