

# 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