

Terry

Farrah

We've been to a pub now we're in a club, my friend Terry's at the bar.
I've taken a pill, I'm feeling unchilled, it's not going well so far.
The music's too loud, I'm lost in the crowd, I've got demons in my beer.
Terry, I'm having a bad one.
Terry, I'm having a bad one.
Terry.
Terry's OK, he's coming my way.
He's shouting brilliant in my ear.
I can't find the words, they all seem absurd and I start to get the fear.
I try to explain then I lose it again, Terry's hugging everyone.
Terry, I'm having a bad one.
Terry, it's really full on.
Terry, I'm having a bad one.
Terry.
A shoal of people swim towards me
I think I'm lost for all eternity
I drift in psychedelic slow mo, I let my ego go.
Terry, I'm having a big one, oh won't you help me Terry
I was dying, I was crying now I'm flying and I'm lying on the ceiling
What a feeling, I'm still reeling.
Me and Terry are having such a good one.
Terry.
So strange it was the best night of my life.