

## 4st 7lb

## Manic Street Preachers

Days since I last pissed  
Cheeks sunken and despaired  
So gorgeous sunk to six stone  
Lose my only remaining home  
See my third rib appear  
A week later all my flesh disappear  
Stretching taut, cling-film on bone  
Im getting better  
Karen says Ive reached my target weight  
Kate and emma and kristin know it's fake  
Problem is diets not a big enough word  
I wanna be so skinny that I rot from view  
I want to walk in the snow  
And not leave a footprint  
I want to walk in the snow  
And not soil it's purity  
Stomach collapsed at five  
Lift up my skirt my sex is gone  
Naked and lovely and 5st. 2  
May I bud and never flower  
My visions getting blurred  
But I can see my ribs and I feel fine  
My hands are trembling stalks  
And I can feel my breasts are sinking  
Mother trys to choke me with roast beef  
And sits savouring her sole ryvitta  
That's the way you're built my father said  
But I can change, my cocoon shedding  
I want to walk in the snow  
And not leave a footprint  
I want to walk in the snow  
And not soil it's purity  
Kate and kristin and kit kat  
All things I like looking at  
Too weak to fuss, too weak to die  
Choice is skeletal in everybodys life  
I choose, my choice, I starve to frenzy  
Hunger soon passes and sickness soon tires  
Legs bend, stockinged I am twiggy  
And I don't mind the horror that surrounds me  
Self-worth scatters, self-esteem a bore  
I long since moved to a higher plateau  
This disciplines so rare so please applaud  
Just look at the fat scum who pamper me so  
Yeh 4st. 7, an epilogue of youth  
Such beautiful dignity in self-abuse  
Ive finally come to understand life  
Through staring blankly at my navel.