

All We Make Is Entertainment

Manic Street Preachers

I'm no longer preaching to the converted
That congregation has long ago deserted
All we discovered was even more despair
But we learned how to cope we learned how not to care

And the sun will still keep rising
Always deflecting always disguising
Was there ever another place
Did we ever really exist

All we make is entertainment
A sad indictment of what we are good at
We're all part of the grand delusion

We made so much we let it all crumble
To safeguard our rights to make us more "human"
Oh this country is but an empty shell
A clearing house for heaven a clearing house for hell

And the sun will still keep rising
Always deflecting always disguising
Was there ever another place
Did we ever really exist

All we make is entertainment
It's so damn easy and inescapable
We're so post-modern and so post-everything

All we make is entertainment
An end to hope and civilisation
A simple way to seek perfection

The insides of our nation have been exposed
It only confirms what we already know
Pointless jobs just lead to pointless lives
It's breaking up our bones it's breaking up our minds