

# Ballad Of The Bangkok Novotel

Manic Street Preachers

No scream, no smile,  
No nothing for me  
It's so hot that I can't breathe  
Nine stone two and six foot three  
Rats are crawling on my feet  
Shrivel to nothing for the company  
Lizards and geckos cover me  
Military Police are after me  
But everybody else seems so happy

Mini sized apples filled with disease  
Even the water tastes like tea  
On a diet of Gaviscon  
Look at me I'm fucking gone  
A light watch, my time today  
Madonna's fucking on the car again  
On the phone ten times a day  
Hiding under the table again

Breakfast, my mouth tastes like piss  
Masturbation, there's nothing left  
In a daze, anorexic haze  
Look outside and join the insane  
The bug inside of me won't go  
Egg and chips is all I want  
So hungry I can taste home  
Wake up screaming on all fours

Knocking knock knocking on my door  
My life is a disaster  
Giant ice cubes rolling on the floor  
Someone help me dear God  
Everybody has fake smiles  
I am losing my fucking mind  
I've had enough of being alone  
I'd give anything to save my soul

I think that I have seen the Devil  
Satan smiles at me in the mirror  
Revolution in the Golden Palace  
Four sickly boys are losing resistance  
So much porn and alcohol  
I'm so numb to my hormones  
But my liberty is winning  
Five years later I'm still shaking