

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