

Close My Eyes

Manic Street Preachers

I close my eyes and then I count to ten
Shake some hands and then I feel ashamed
Im in control but I am out of time
Ive lost the need for any desire
Any desire

I had a vision but it slipped away
Inherited goodness, it is here to stay
Its not about us anymore
Its not about us, bout us anymore

I close my eyes and then I count to ten
I open them and then I shut them again
Look at the crowd and then forget my parts
Back to memory and then back to the start
Back to the start

Im back to the stuff that made us all
Back to reality back to fuck all
Its not about us anymore
Its not about us, bout us anymore

Close my eyes and then I count to ten
Sign some papers and then they are my friends
Attempt to make up and my skin aches
Not even massage can make my body straight
My body straight

Count to ten and then pretend Im home
Just a job I get well-paid for
Its not about us anymore
Its not about us, bout us anymore

I close my eyes
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I close my eyes