

I'm Not Working

Manic Street Preachers

Petryfied for the millionth time
Slowly my soul evaporates
No parachutes no dismal clouds
Just this fucking space

I know what's coming
I'm not working
I know what's coming
I'm not working

Sweating out intelligence
Like I don't know what it is
Clinging to the microwaves
And singing with the soundwaves

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I'm not working
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Delerium on helium
I am my own experience

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