

Nostalgic Pushead

Manic Street Preachers

One two three four five six seven eight

I am the raping sunglass gaze
Of sweating man and escort agencies
60's Alienation the anthem of care
Now a knife constantly slashing eyelids

Slavery to the beat
Slavery to the chord
Slavery to the pleasure
Slavery to the God
Slavery to the beat
Slavery to the chord
Slavery to the pleasure
Slavery to the God

They dig the new scene and their parties
Where stonehenge is worshipped and drugs a deity
Vicarious thrills re-run their youth
We follow we have no voice the dead
Radio nostalgia is radio death
I wanna cover diamonds on my wife
Hardrock nostalgia the Stones on CD
Tranquilised icons for the sweet paralysed

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So cool the new sound of the decade
Thinks it's so fresh not a post Elvis still
All taste is nothing old pictures blowdried
Rebellion it always sells at a profit
I am a face of fashion in Soho Square
My tie is Paul Smith or Gaultier
My cheeks blood red as my favourite port
But hey cocaine keeps cholesterol at bay

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Some god