

## R.P. McMurphy

Manic Street Preachers

Three, four  
Straight jacket your own beauty  
Because it is just a breakdown away  
From the gutter to the jewel  
A symbol sold in investment days  
Defenceless as the pages you burn  
A baby drowning under a profit cure  
Money bruises the skin at birth  
I just wanna lie down in my bed  
Make myself different from the rest  
Use a thought to put myself to sleep  
Collapsing in the fields where it feels free  
Where it feels free

R.P. McMurphy

Na na na na na na na na  
Na na na na na na na na  
Na na na na na na na na  
No more pills and no more drugs  
Na na na na na na na na  
Na na na na na na na na  
Na na na na na na na na  
No more pills and no more drugs oh  
This country pisses debris  
Like ugly people made pretty  
Underneath cheap make up  
Deformed, disguised mind decay  
Buy, consume get more credit  
Learn to serve a life sentence here  
Style yourself in sterility  
I just wanna lie down in my bed  
Make myself different from the rest  
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