

Socialist Serenade

Manic Street Preachers

What's the point in an education
When you have to pay for the privilege
This side of the truth where no sun shines
They don't count the cripples and the blind

I was thinking everybody had a chance
Like a dream stretched way too far
All this time such a debt to the city
I don't know who's the real enemy

This is the socialist serenade
Yes I have money but I hate champagne
This is the socialist serenade
I can't see the past anywhere

Some greater benefit for the people
Ha ha ha ha we all believed in you
Is it about the politics of celebrity
Or endless days in the sun of Tuscany

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Change your name to new
Forget the fucking Labour