

Teenage 20/20

Manic Street Preachers

I wanna wake to a shot parade of wealth
And take a spray can to my useless vote
I don't like your city dresden dance
Im drowning in a manufactured ego-fuck

Were dead end dolls and nothings moving
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Speeding so lonely into wall after wall
Teenage 20/20 beat the in-call
Sick to the stomach of our fingertip scrawl
All your rebellion corporation owned

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