

Manic Street Preachers, Another Invented Disease

Drugs come out of boredom babe
U.N. exports it everyday
Their armies feed the ghetto lame
Government approve it just the same

Daylight bores the sunshine out of me
I need to feel alone amongst the weeds
Daylight bores the sunshine out of me
I need to feel (I need to feel)
I need to feel (I need to feel)

We need and we will always need
Another invented disease
We need and we are taught to need
Another invented disease

Left alone in corporate slums
Where germs are free not amex fun
Healthy bodies in empty minds
Only exists in advert time

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Sunk deep in my TV
Maybe sucked the soul from within me

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