

# Manic Street Preachers, First Republic

You are so alone in Kensington Palace  
We should be content in these damp terraces  
Thank you for this view from our council estates  
I hope you have really guillotined your own head

I crown myself, myself a king  
And declare a first republic  
We want to play, yes we want to play  
In burnt out palace ruins

You once gave us war, racism and slavery  
Cut out all our tongues and fucked our industry  
Now you've revealed something, you're human after all this  
But let's clap our hands and fuck our dear princess

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