

# Manic Street Preachers, I'm Not Working

Petryfied for the millionth time  
Slowly my soul evaporates  
No parachutes no dismal clouds  
Just this fucking space

I know what's coming  
I'm not working  
I know what's coming  
I'm not working

Sweating out intelligence  
Like I don't know what it is  
Clinging to the microwaves  
And singing with the soundwaves

I know what's coming  
I'm not working  
I know what's coming  
I'm not working

Delerium on helium  
I am my own experience

I know what's coming  
I'm not working  
I know what's coming  
I'm not working

I'm not working  
I'm not working  
I'm not working