

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