

Manic Street Preachers, Mr. Carbohydrate

They call me Mr. Carbohydrate
It's the only thing I can digest
Xenophobia or general disinterest
I must catch up with all this stuff

They call me a boring fuckhead
They say I might as well work in a bank
I tell them I wish I was, they tell me that I'm sick in the head
They say that I'm sick in the head

They call me Mr. Carbohydrate
They call me Mr. Inadequate
They call me Mr. Paranoia
They call me Mr. Hypochondria

Have you heard of Matthew Maynard
He's my favourite cricketer
I would rather watch him play than pick up my guitar
Than play with my guitar

People tell me I should get out more
But the TV is my best friend
Cynicism is the only thing that keeps me sane
The only thing that keeps me sane

They call me Mr. Carbohydrate
They call me Mr. Inadequate
They call me Mr. Paranoia
They call me Mr. Hypochondria

Sometimes I just stay in bed
And think about the day
When I can retire, forgetting everything
I'll forget everything
Forget everything
Forever but not today
When I cannot, cannot say
No more yesterdays
No more yesterdays