

Manic Street Preachers, Sorrow 16

Cut your hair in front of businessmen
Kill yourself and censor health
Destroy words and ignore their truth
Wanna die and have never worked

I feel like falling, I feel like falling
I feel like falling, I feel like falling
I feel like falling, I feel like falling

I can't feel no need to care
Narcotic of ambition poisoned my air
Wearing hate like they wear money
Sucking down vodka, spitting out Perrier, uh-huh

I feel like falling, I feel like falling
I feel like falling, I feel like falling
I feel like falling, I feel like falling
In hate

Oh the road is beautiful
You live stoned in obedience
Your vanity kills people
Paint your ego in blood

Oh the road is beautiful

The wall is a reason for you to believe
There is too many numbers for us to sleep
The wall is a reason for you to believe
Because there are too many numbers, numbers, numbers...

Oh the road is beautiful
You live stoned in obedience
Your vanity kills people
Paint your ego in blood
Oh the road is
BEAUTIFUL
BEAUTIFUL
Beautiful