

Manic Street Preachers, 4st7lb

Days since I last pissed
Cheeks sunken and despaired
So gorgeous sunk to six stone
Lose my only remaining home
See my third rib appear
A week later all my flesh disappears
Stretching taut, cling-film on bone
I'm getting better
Karen says I've reached my target weight
Kate and Emma and Kristin know it's fake
Problem is diet's not a big enough word
I wanna be so skinny that I rot from view
I want to walk in the snow
And not leave a footprint
I want to walk in the snow
And not soil its purity
Stomach collapsed at five
Lift up my skirt my sex is gone
Naked and lovely and 5 stone 2
May I bud and never flower
My vision's getting blurred
But I can see my ribs and I feel fine
My hands are trembling stalks
And I can feel my breasts are sinking
Mother tries to choke me with roast beef
And sits savouring her sole Ryvitta
That's the way you're built my father said
But I can change my cocoon shedding
I want to walk in the snow
And not leave a footprint
I want to walk in the snow
And not soil its purity
Kate and Kristin and Kit Kat
All things I like looking at
Too weak to fuss, too weak to die
Choice is skeletal in everybody's life
I choose my choice, I starve to frenzy
Hunger soon passes and sickness soon tires
Legs bend, stockinged I am Twiggy
And I don't mind the horror that surrounds me
Self-worth scatters, self-esteem's a bore
I long since moved to a higher plateau
This discipline's so rare so please applaud
Just look at the fat scum who pamper me so
Yeah 4 stone 7, an epilogue of youth
Such beautiful dignity in self-abuse
I've finally come to understand life
Through staring blankly at my navel