

Manic Street Preachers, Close My Eyes

I close my eyes and then I count to ten
Shake some hands and then I feel ashamed
I'm in control but I am out of time
I lost the need for any desire
Any desire

I had ambition but it slipped away
In holy goodness it is here to stay
It's not about us anymore
It's not about us, 'bout us anymore

I close my eyes and then I count to ten
I open them up and I shut them again
Look at the crowd and then forget my part
Back to memory and then back to the start
Back to the start

Back to some familiar song
Back to reality, back to fuck all
It's not about us anymore
It's not about us, 'bout us anymore

Close my eyes and then I count to ten
Sign some papers and then they are my friends
Attempt to make a bed, my skin aches
Not even massage can make my body straight
My body straight

Count to ten and pretend I'm home
Just a job I get well paid for
It's not about us anymore
It's not about us, 'bout us anymore

I close my eyes
I close my eyes

I close my eyes
I close my eyes