

# Manic Street Preachers, Generation Terrorists

Find your faith in your cocaine  
The only god I need is a brain  
Jam your brain with broken heroes  
Love your masks and adore your chains

Babes on the run with poisoned lips  
Strap your arms round this everlasting kiss  
Drop your culture of consumption  
This is a culture of destruction

Don't wanna see your face  
Don't wanna hear your words  
Why don't you just fuck off

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Don't wanna hear your words  
Why don't you just fuck off

We're a mess of eyeliner and spraypaint  
D.I.Y. destruction on chanel chic

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Your school your dole and your chequebook dreams  
Your clothes your suits and your pension schemes  
Now you say you know how we feel  
But don't fall in love cos we hate you still

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Don't wanna hear your words  
Why don't you just fuck off

Don't wanna see your face  
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Why don't you just fuck off

..., oh yeah  
..., oh yeah  
..., oh yeah  
...