

# Manic Street Preachers, Gold Against The Soul

Somebody told me to vote conservative  
Tragedy is not known under this dimmest of lights  
Everybody feels sick by the courtesy of dismay  
Was I schooled without direction

Gold against the soul  
Rock n' roll has a conscience  
It supplies convenience  
Gold against  
Against the soul  
Against the soul

Close the pits sanctify Roy Lynk an O.B.E.  
Shareholding a piece of this fucking country  
Fossilize - make Yorkshire into a tourist resort  
And dream of new ways to humble the poor

Gold against the soul  
White liberal hates slavery  
Needs Thai labour to clean his home  
Gold erodes  
Erodes the soul  
Erodes the soul

A 1000 Marlboro death ignored everyday  
And who gives a shit about sexuality

Gold against the soul  
Working class cliches start here  
Either cloth caps of smack victims  
Gold destroyed  
Destroyed the soul  
Destroyed the soul