

# Manic Street Preachers, Little Baby Nothing (With

No one likes looking at you  
Your lack of ego offends male mentality  
They need your innocence  
To steal vacant love and to destroy  
Your beauty and virginity used like toys

My mind is dead, everybody love's me  
Wants a slice of me  
Hopelessly passive and compatible  
Need to belong, oh the roads are scary  
So hold me in your arms  
I wanna be your only possession

Used, used, used by men  
Used, used, used by men

All they leave behind is money  
Paper made out of broken twisted trees  
Your pretty face offends  
Because it's something real that I can't touch  
Eyes, skin, bone, contour, language as a flower

No god reached me, faded films and loving books  
Black and white TV  
All the world does not exist for me  
And if I'm starving, you can feed me lollipops  
Your diet will crush me  
My life just an old man's memory

Little baby nothing  
Loveless slavery, lips kissing empty  
Dress your life in loathing  
Breaking your mind with Barbie Doll futility

Little baby nothing  
Sexually free, made-up to breakup  
Assassinated beauty  
Moths broken up, quenched at last  
The vermin allowed a thought to pass them by

You are pure, you are snow  
We are the useless sluts that they mould  
Rock 'n' roll is our epiphany  
Culture, alienation, boredom and despair

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