

Manic Street Preachers, Methadone Pretty

I am nothing and should be everything
You're methadone pretty, surrender in pity
Intentional destruction germ
Eats your thoughts and make you happy

They wanna piece of your skin
Pump it safer than, than a suicide
Methadone pretty
Methadone pretty

Heart beats like a refuge machine
Pretty hostage mass, licensed to obey
Xerox days to acceptance
Decline accelerates into prejudice

They wanna piece of your skin
Pump it safer than, than a suicide
Methadone pretty
Methadone pretty

I accuse history, I accuse
I accuse history, I accuse
I accuse history
I accuse history, I accuse
I accuse history, I accuse
I don't need your history

Wreckage inside all that's real
Another bought product, no reality
Passive consumers with patrolled desires
Mindless countdown to retirement

They wanna piece of your skin
Pump it safer than, than a suicide
Gonna stay a terminal young thing
An' never gonna be methadone pretty

Methadone pretty
Methadone pretty
Methadone pretty
Methadone pretty