

# Manic Street Preachers, Nostalgic Pushead

One two three four five six seven eight

I am the raping sunglass gaze  
Of sweating man and escort agencies  
60's Alienation the anthem of care  
Now a knife constantly slashing eyelids

Slavery to the beat  
Slavery to the chord  
Slavery to the pleasure  
Slavery to the God  
Slavery to the beat  
Slavery to the chord  
Slavery to the pleasure  
Slavery to the God

They dig the new scene and their parties  
Where stonehenge is worshipped and drugs a deity  
Vicarious thrills re-run their youth  
We follow we have no voice the dead  
Radio nostalgia is radio death  
I wanna cover diamonds on my wife  
Hardrock nostalgia the Stones on CD  
Tranquilised icons for the sweet paralysed

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So cool the new sound of the decade  
Thinks it's so fresh not a post Elvis still  
All taste is nothing old pictures blowdried  
Rebellion it always sells at a profit  
I am a face of fashion in Soho Square  
My tie is Paul Smith or Gaultier  
My cheeks blood red as my favourite port  
But hey cocaine keeps cholesterol at bay

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Some god