

Manic Street Preachers, Royal Correspondent

You've been this way since school
Dysfunctional, translucent
Royalty on your wall
So desperately mundane

They're inbred baby just like you
But you'd love the chance to eat their food
Even though it has been chewed

Royal correspondent
Sad and lonely
Royal correspondent
Kills her daily

Dream of the Daily Mail
It is the Holy Grail
And then the BBC
Your life would be complete

Build a fountain, wash away the poor
Just as long as your motives are pure
Hold on tight or you just might lose her

Royal correspondent
Wears their Sunday best
Royal correspondent
Smarter than the rest

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