

# 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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