

Manic Street Preachers, So dead

Learn to sleep through misery
Never gonna wake feeling free
No one fucks as good as Marilyn
Plastic surgery sure cures your sins
You need a fix I'm your prostitute
Repression says depravity's cute
I'll feed you lines to make you smile
You're so easy to dehumanise
It's not that I can't find worth in anything
It's just that I can't find worth in enough
It's not that I can't find worth in anything
In your love
Pay for it
Pay for it
Degrade your senses till you hate me
Begging to be cool through nicotine
Decadence costs but she must be clean
Build up walls so you can't feel
When you get high 'It's so unreal'
Days fade in and I need the night
I've seen your dumb face all of my life
Eyes close down, I don't wanna see
Broken communion of the twentieth century
It's not that I can't find worth in anything
It's just that I can't find worth in enough
It's not that I can't find worth in anything
In your love
Pay for it
Pay for it
You're gonna pay for my intelligence
Pay for it
Pay for it
Cos I'm a slut and you just suck
Pay for it
Pay for it
Degrade your senses till you hate me
Pay for it
Pay for it
We promote all sickness and disease
You're gonna pay for my intelligence
Cos I'm a slut and you just suck
You're so dead
You're so dead