

# 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