

Manic Street Preachers, Spectators Of Suicide (C

(Music: James Dean Bradfield/Sean Moore; Lyrics: Nicky Wire/Richey James)

So the concept is this, space
We gonna walk on this nation
We gonna walk on this racist power structure
And we gonna take on the whole damn government
"Stick 'em up, motherf**ker,
This is a hold up,
We come for what's ours"
Obedience to the law is free desire
Under curfew from sharp neon barbed wire
Wasting away this country, wearing like a born dead
Free heroin shots for those who will no longer beg
Spectators of suicide
Exploding in society's eye
Spitting glass from our mouths
Dying like yesterday
The only free choice is the refusal to pay
Life reduced to suicidal comforting
Cigarette death, it's suckling
Choked on the same lines that we've all said
Spectators of suicide
Exploding in society's eye
Spitting glass from our mouths
Dying like yesterday
You're gonna shoot us dead with the words we say
You're gonna shoot us dead with the words we say
You're gonna shoot us dead with the words we say
You're gonna shoot us dead with the words we say
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