

Manic Street Preachers, Strip It Down

Ain't no fun at the government hall
Sucked back injustice sits nicely next to smiles
Paranoia at the heels of too much greed
Obedience an art form while the sad bleed

Success and love dictate while skin touches fashion
Consumerism beauty for cheap appeal
I don't wanna dance for people to watch
Smother my life in interest accounts

Outside life brings down genocide
And consumer self-hate leads to designer bullshit
Hate is art and we steal cars
Decaying flowers in the playground of the rich

You can launch sweetly and say nice things
But I ain't ever on the way up
My only way is down on disease that tries to suffocate
The pure ideals that turn to hate