

Manic Street Preachers, The Convalescent

My bedroom wall recalls what's in my head
A collage constructed and constantly fed
Goya mixes Picasso but it's hardly Spain
Look through the window, pissing down with rain

Lovely labradors outnumber musicians
Bonnie and Clyde have made their good intentions
Pity poor Payne Stewart in a death bubble
But what a swing and so much bottle

So I convalesce and I ease the stress
Cos DNA means does not accept
So I convalesce and I ease the stress
Cos DNA means does not accept

Kleenex kitchen towels and teletext TV
My favourite inventions of the twentieth century
Haile Gebrselassie looks so sweet and young
Eyes quickly shift to Jack Kevorkian

Uneven and tidal all with exit policies
Followed by anti-ballistic migraines
And Brian Warner has a tasty little ass
Scared of cash machines and the Mardi Gras

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Alberto Juanterino unique in his field
These are the things that, that make you feel
Klaus Kinski with love off Werner Herzog
Scream until the war is over
Scream until the war is over

Srebrenica cousin of Treblinka
Scream until the war is over
War is over
And Dante's Inferno slides into dismorphia
So scream until the war is over

So I convalesce and I ease the stress
Cos DNA means does not accept
So I rehabilitate and get my body straight
Cos nothing fits like it used to fit