

# Manic Street Preachers, We Are All Bourgeois Now

There's something wrong somewhere here,  
So through unclean streets,  
I made my way.  
With holes in my shoes and my children asleep at my feet.  
I paid my way.

In every town on the way,  
The people looked grey, the buildings looked healthy,  
But one day I met a man,  
With money to spare,  
He said he will tell me how it is.

The state he began has been propping up people too long.  
For far too long.  
We all got lazy and couldn't be bothered to make our way through the world.

But we are all bourgeois now,  
Once there was class war,  
But not any longer because baby we are all bourgeois now,  
So go out and make your way in the world.  
We're free to choose.

We're all free to choose x2  
We're free to choose.

In booming Britain, we all work together to raise ourselves in the world.  
Each of us know someone who has done well for themselves.  
So well for themselves.  
"Thank you" I said as I left,  
I'll be on my way,  
I see how it is,  
We are all bourgeois now and somehow I'll raise myself through the world.  
I'm free to choose.

We're all free to choose x2  
I'm free to choose.  
We're all bourgeois now x2  
We're bourgeois now.