

Manic Street Preachers, Yes

You can buy her, you can buy her
This one's here, this one's here, this one's here and this one's here
Ev'rything's for sale

For sale? dumb cunt's same dumb questions
Oh virgins? listen, all virgins are liars honey
And I don't know what I'm scared of or what I even enjoy
Dulling, get money, but nothing turns out like you want it to

And in these plagued streets of pity you can buy anything
For \$200 anyone can conceive a God on video
He's a boy, you want a girl so tear off his cock
Tie his hair in bunches, fuck him, call him Rita if you want

I eat and I dress and I wash and I still can say thank you
Puking - shaking - sinking I still stand for old ladies
Can't shout, can't scream, hurt myself to get pain out

I 'T' them, 24:7, all year long
Purgatory's circle, drowning here, someone will always say yes
Funny place for the social, for the insects to start caring
Just an ambulance at the bottom of a cliff

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Power produces desire, the weak have none
There's no lust in this coma even for a fifty
Solitude, solitude, the 11th commandment

The only certain thing that is left about me
There is no part of my body that has not been used
Pity or pain, to show displeasure's shame
Everyone I've loved or hated always seems to leave

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Don't hurt, just obey, lie down, do as they say
May as well be heaven this hell, smells the same
These sunless afternoons I can't find myself

Two dollars you rub her tits
Three dollars you rub her ass
Five dollars you can play with her pussy
or you can lick her tits
Choice is yours