

Mr. Carbohydrate

Manic Street Preachers

They call me Mr. Carbohydrate
It's the only thing I can digest
Then I focus a general disinterest
Must catch up with all this stuff They call me a boring fuckhead
Say I might as well work in a bank
I tell them I wish I was
They tell me that I'm sick in the head
They say that I'm sick in the head They call me Mr. Carbohydrate
They call me Mr. Inadequate
They call me Mr. Paranoia
They call me Mr. Hypochondria Have you heard of Matthew Maynard
He's my favorite cricketer
I would rather watch him play than pick up my guitar
Than pick up my guitar People tell me I should get out more
But the TV is my best friend
Cynicism is the only thing that keeps me sane
Only thing that keeps me sane They call me Mr. Carbohydrate
They call me Mr. Inadequate
They call me Mr. Paranoia
They call me Mr. Hypochondria Sometimes I just give in to it
And think about the day
When I can retire
Forget everything
I'll forgive everything Forget everything
Forever, but not today
When I cannot, cannot see
No more yesterdays
No more yesterdays

Songwriters

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