

Nostalgic Pushead

Manic Street Preachers

One, two, three, four
Five, six, seven, eight I am the raping sunglass gaze
Of sweating man and escort agencies
60's Alienation the anthem of care
Now a knife constantly slashing eyelids Slavery to the beat
Slavery to the chord
Slavery to the pleasure
Slavery to the God Slavery to the beat
Slavery to the chord
Slavery to the pleasure
Slavery to the God They dig the new scene and their parties
Where Stonehenge is worshiped and drugs a deity
Vicarious thrills rerun their youth
We follow, we have no voice, the dead Radio nostalgia is radio death
I wanna cover diamonds on my wife
Hard rock nostalgia the Stones on CD
Tranquilized icons for the sweet paralyzed Slavery to the beat
Slavery to the chord
Slavery to the pleasure
Slavery to the God Slavery to the beat
Slavery to the chord
Slavery to the pleasure
Slavery to the God So cool, the new sound of the decade
Thinks it's so fresh not a post Elvis still
All taste is nothing old pictures blow dried
Rebellion, it always sells at a profit I am a face of fashion in Soho Square
My tie is Paul Smith or Gaultier
My cheeks blood red as my favorite port
But, hey, cocaine keeps cholesterol at bay Slavery to the beat
Slavery to the chord
Slavery to the pleasure
Slavery to the God Slavery to the beat
Slavery to the chord
Slavery to the pleasure
Slavery to the God, some God

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