

Symphony Of Tourette

Manic Street Preachers

"Stutter, stutter", says the little boy
I wanna blow a hole in my head
I swear what this world wants to hear
Trapped in what we know as truth syndrome
Stutter, stutter, silence, no friend
"Children can be cruel", she said
So I smashed her in the fucking head
Sorry dear that's the nature of Tourette
Stutter, stutter nothing else but me
I twitch and turn while underneath
My contemporaries are so in control
"Fuck you, fuck you", I grunt and groan
Stutter, stutter can't keep it no more
"Children can be cruel", she said
So I smashed her in the fucking head
Sorry dear that's the nature of Tourette
Stutter, stutter, are your eyes closed?
You know a hole through which you can fall
But I can't even be bothered to hang on
When you're this numb, [Incomprehensible]
I just opened my eyes

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