

Methadone Pretty

Manic Street Preachers

I am nothing and should be everything
You're methadone pretty, surrender in pity
Intentional destruction germ
Eats your thoughts and makes you happy They wanna piece of your skin
Pump it safer than, than a suicide Methadone pretty
Methadone pretty Heart beats like a refugee machine
Pretty hostage mass, licensed to obey
Xerox days to acceptance
Decline accelerates into prejudice They wanna piece of your skin
Pump it safer than, than a suicide Methadone pretty
Methadone pretty I accuse history, I accuse
I accuse history, I accuse
I accuse history
I accuse history, I accuse
I accuse history, I accuse
I don't need your history Wreckage inside all that's real
Another bought product, no reality
Passive consumers with patrolled desires
Mindless countdown to retirement They wanna piece of your skin
Pump it safer than, than a suicide
Gonna stay a terminal young thing
And never gonna be methadone pretty Methadone pretty
Methadone pretty
Methadone

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