

The Convalescent

Manic Street Preachers

My bedroom wall recalls what's in my head
A collage constructed and constantly fed
Goya mixes Picasso, but it's hardly Spain
Look through the window, pissing down with rain
Lovely Labradors outnumber musicians
Bonnie and Clyde have made their good intentions
Pity poor Payne Stewart in a death bubble
But what a swing and so much bottle
So I convalesce, and I ease the stress
'Cos DNA means, does not accept
So I convalesce, and I ease the stress
'Cos DNA means, does not accept
Kleenex kitchen towels and teletext TV
My favorite inventions of the twentieth century
Halie Gebrselassie looks so sweet and young
Eyes quickly shift to Jack Kevorkian
Uneven and tidal all with exit policies
Followed by anti-ballistic migraines
And Brian Warner has a tasty little ass
Scared of cash machines and the Mardi Gras
So I convalesce, and I ease the stress
'Cos DNA means, does not accept
So I convalesce, and I ease the stress
'Cos DNA means, does not accept
Alberto Juanterino, unique in his field
These are the things that, that make you feel
Klaus Kinski with love off Werner Herzog
Scream until the war is over
Scream until the war is over
Srebrenica cousin of Treblinka
Scream until the war is over, war is over
And Dante's Inferno slides into dis morphia
So scream until the war is over
So I convalesce, and I ease the stress
'Cos DNA means, does not accept
So I rehabilitate, and get my body straight
'Cos nothing fits like it used to fit

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