

Yourselves

Manic Street Preachers

You're ritual everyday
A mild shower soak in aftershave
Best clothes do your best
Look in the mirror, go on
Belittle yourself, yourself, yourself
Belittle yourself, yourself, yourself
You go on day after day, oh
Dreaming on a lie
That you keep locked inside
Of yourself, yourself, yourself
Of yourself, yourself, yourself
Can you sleep tonight?
Cast aside for some pouting young pup
Sink into a slurred veneer
Alcoholic haze so now
Least you can like yourself, yourself
Least you can like yourself, yourself
You go on day after day
Reservoirs of guilt
That your fixed grin always hides
And yourself, yourself, yourself
Of yourself, yourself, yourself
And yourself, yourself, yourself
Of yourself, yourself, yourself
You look at ad's all day
Everyone is perfect and you're so lame
Free scent burns your skin
But no smell can really cover sin
Too many teenage holes to fill
Too many teenage holes to fill
You go on day after day, oh
Speak to your despised
Blanking your loved ones
And yourself, yourself, yourself
And yourself, yourself, yourself
And yourself, self

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