

R.P. McMurphy (Live At Club Citta 92)

Manic Street Preachers

Straight jacket, your own beauty
Because it's just a breakdown away
From the gutter to the jewel
A symbol sold in investment days
Defenseless as the pages you burn
A baby drowning under a profit curve
Money bruises the skin at birth
I just wanna lie down in my bed
Make myself different from the rest
Use a thought to put myself to sleep
Collapsing in the fields where it feels free
Where it feels free R P McMurphy
Na, na, no more pills and no more drugs
This country pisses debris
Like ugly people made pretty
Underneath cheap make-up
Deformed, disguised mind decay
Buy, consume, get more credit
Learn to serve a life sentence here
Style yourself in sterility
I just wanna lie down in my bed
Make myself different from the rest
Use a thought to put myself to sleep
Collapsing in the fields where it feels free
Where it feels free R P McMurphy
Na, na, no more pills and no more drugs

Songwriters

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