

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 daysDefenseless as the pages you burn

A baby drowning under a profit curve

Money bruises the skin at birthI 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 McMurphyNa, na, no more pills and no more drugsThis country pisses debris

Like ugly people made pretty

Underneath cheap make-up

Deformed, disguised mind decayBuy, consume, get more credit

Learn to serve a life sentence here

Style yourself in sterilityI 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 McMurphyNa, na, no more pills and no more drugs

Songwriters

Richey Edwards;James Bradfield;Richey Edwards;Nick Jones;Nick Jones;Sean Moore;Sean Moore;James BradfieldPublished by

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