

Royal Correspondent

Manic Street Preachers

You've been this way since school
Dysfunctional, translucent
Royalty on your wall
So desperately mundane
They're inbred, baby, just like you
But you'd love the chance to eat their food
Even though it has been chewed
Royal correspondent
Sad and lonely
Royal correspondent
Kills her daily
Dream of the Daily Mail
It is the Holy Grail
Then the BBC
Your life would be complete
Build a fountain, wash away the poor

Just as long as your motives are pure
Hold on tight or you just might lose her
Royal correspondent
Wears their Sunday best
Royal correspondent
Smarter than the rest
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