

# Close My Eyes

## Manic Street Preachers

I close my eyes and then I count to ten  
Shake some hands and then I feel ashamed  
I'm in control but I am out of time  
I've lost the need for any desire, any desire  
I had a vision but it slipped away  
Inherit goodness, it is here to stay  
It's not about us anymore  
It's not about us, 'bout us anymore  
I close my eyes and then I count to ten  
I open them up and I shut them again  
Look at the crowd and then forget my parts  
Back to memory and then back to the start, back to the start  
I'm back to the stuff that made us all  
Back to reality, back to fuck all  
  
It's not about us anymore  
It's not about us, 'bout us anymore  
Close my eyes and then I count to ten  
Sign some papers and then they are my friends  
Attempt to make up and my skin aches  
Not even massage can make my body straight, my body straight  
Count to ten and then pretend I'm home  
Just a job I get well paid for  
It's not about us anymore  
It's not about us, 'bout us anymore  
I close my eyes, I close my eyes  
I close my eyes, I close my eyes

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