

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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