## **Patrick Bateman**

## **Manic Street Preachers**

Hes a real cool guy and he's a hero of mine Travis, rhinehart rolled into one cute son Less than zero a grotesque nightmare Subtly disturbing like normal behaviour

I understand nothing and I cannot speak
Id walk in the park but the trees are diseased
No sweetheart and I am too confused
I only love my watch and my snake skin shoes

I feel so small in the supermarket queue People seem to laugh at my choice of food My personality is held together with sellotape A loose fit just like a numb junkies hate

I pretty my face with all this cream and stuff Ugliness inside much harder to cover up I lack the thought to care about politics Just do what I like aint that democratic

Genesis, huey lewis, filofax, cd5
A backdrop to discuss over expensive wine
Didn't even know when or why I should stop
I feel so stupid like a joke that belongs

I guess all psychos are made out of money I cannot be saved as liberals keep telling me I don't wanna be understood I just wanna kill Out of blandness I am your everyday thrill

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We are babies crippled in christ
Patrick bateman
Therefore I must be god
I must, I must be god

I touched your lips but now I just paint Surface reflection all I desired babe I am melancholy, flower cutting through stone I am a crime everybody has at home

Papers hate me but they need my behaviour The dignity amongst hollywood trivia Escape is so cheap of alcohol and whores Mines the sanity of exclusive gun laws

Art critics say pornos easily obscene Late show retards dice clay is true poetry They've never tried living underneath the water That's real end of the century nausea

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We are babies crippled in christ
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Therefore I must be god
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We are babies crippled in christ
Patrick bateman
I fucked God up the ass
I fucked God up the ass

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