Strip It Down

Manic Street Preachers

Aint no fun at the government hall Slicked back injustice sits nicely next to smiles Paranoia at the heels of too much greed Obedience an art form while the sad bleed

Success and love dictate while skin touches fashion Consumerism beauty for cheap appeal I dont wanna dance for people to watch Smother my life in interest accounts

Outside life brings down genocide And consumer self-hate leads to designer bullshit Hate is art and we steal cars Decaying flowers in the playground of the rich

You can launch sweetly and say nice things
But I aint ever on the way up
My only way is down on disease that tries to suffocate
The pure ideals that turn to hate