

## Close My Eyes

Manic Street Preachers

I close my eyes and then I count to ten  
Shake some hands and then I feel ashamed  
Im in control but I am out of time  
Ive lost the need for any desire  
Any desire

I had a vision but it slipped away  
Inherited goodness, it is here to stay  
Its not about us anymore  
Its not about us, bout us anymore

I close my eyes and then I count to ten  
I open them and then 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

Im back to the stuff that made us all  
Back to reality back to fuck all  
Its not about us anymore  
Its 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 Im home  
Just a job I get well-paid for  
Its not about us anymore  
Its not about us, bout us anymore

I close my eyes  
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