

# Manic Street Preachers, Strip It Down

Ain't no fun at the government hall  
Sucked 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 don't 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 ain't ever on the way up  
My only way is down on disease that tries to suffocate  
The pure ideals that turn to hate