

## **Manic Street Preachers "Yes"**

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You can buy her, you can buy her  
This one's here, this one's here, this one's here and  
this one's here  
Ev'rything's for sale

For sale? dumb cunt's same dumb questions  
Oh virgins? listen, all virgins are liars honey  
And I don't know what I'm scared of or what I even  
enjoy  
Dulling, get money, but nothing turns out like you want  
it to

And in these plagued streets of pity you can buy  
anything  
For \$200 anyone can conceive a God on video  
He's a boy, you want a girl so tear off his cock  
Tie his hair in bunches, fuck him, call him Rita if you  
want

I eat and I dress and I wash and I still can say thank you  
Puking - shaking - sinking I still stand for old ladies  
Can't shout, can't scream, hurt myself to get pain out

I 'T' them, 24:7, all year long  
Purgatory's circle, drowning here, someone will always  
say yes  
Funny place for the social, for the insects to start  
caring  
Just an ambulance at the bottom of a cliff

In these plagued streets of pity you can buy anything  
For \$200 anyone can conceive a God on video  
He's a boy, you want a girl so tear off his cock  
Tie his hair in bunches, fuck him, call him Rita if you  
want, if you want

I eat and I dress and I wash and I can still say thank you  
Puking - shaking - sinking I still stand for old ladies  
Can't shout, can't scream, I hurt myself to get pain out

Power produces desire, the weak have none  
There's no lust in this coma even for a fifty

Solitude, solitude, the 11th commandment

The only certain thing that is left about me  
There is no part of my body that has not been used  
Pity or pain, to show displeasure's shame  
Everyone I've loved or hated always seems to leave

And in these plagued streets of pity you can buy  
anything  
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Tie his hair in bunches, fuck him, call him Rita if you  
want, if you want

Power produces desire, the weak have none  
There's no lust in this coma even for a fifty  
Solitude, solitude, the 11th commandment

Don't hurt, just obey, lie down, do as they say  
May as well be heaven this hell, smells the same  
These sunless afternoons I can't find myself

Two dollars you rub her tits  
Three dollars you rub her ass  
Five dollars you can play with her pussy  
Or you can lick her tits  
Choice is yours

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