

Manic Street Preachers, First Republic

You are so alone in Kensington Palace
We should be content in these damp terraces
Thank you for this view from our council estates
I hope you have really guillotined your own head

I crown myself, myself a king
And declare a first republic
We want to play, yes we want to play
In burnt out palace ruins

You once gave us war, racism and slavery
Cut out all our tongues and fucked our industry
Now you've revealed something, you're human after all this
But let's clap our hands and fuck our dear princess

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