

Manic Street Preachers, Patrick Bateman

He's a real cool guy and he's a hero of mine
Travis, Rhinehart rolled into one cute son
Less than zero a grotesque nightmare
Subtly disturbing like normal behaviour

I understand nothing and I cannot speak
I'd walk in the park but the trees are diseased
No sweetheart and I am too confused
I only love my watch and my snake skin shoes

I feel so small in the supermarket queue
People seem to laugh at my choice of food
My personality is held together with sellotape
A loose fit just like a numb junkies hate

I pretty my face with all this cream and stuff
Ugliness inside much harder to cover up
I lack the thought to care about politics
Just do what I like ain't that democratic

Genesis, Huey Lewis, Filofax, CD5
A backdrop to discuss over expensive wine
Didn't even know when or why I should stop
I feel so stupid like a joke that belongs

I guess all psychos are made out of money
I cannot be saved as liberals keep telling me
I don't wanna be understood I just wanna kill
Out of blandness I am your everyday thrill

Patrick Bateman
We are babies crippled in Christ
Patrick Bateman
Therefore I must be God
I must, I must be God

I touched your lips but now I just paint
Surface reflection all I desired babe
I am melancholy, flower cutting through stone
I am a crime everybody has at home

Papers hate me but they need my behaviour
The dignity amongst Hollywood trivia
Escape is so cheap of alcohol and whores
Mines the sanity of exclusive gun laws

Art critics say porno's easily obscene
Late Show retards Dice Clay is true poetry
They've never tried living underneath the water
That's real end of the century nausea

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Therefore I must be God
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We are babies crippled in Christ
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I fucked God up the ass
I fucked God up the ass

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