

# 4st 7Lb

## Manic Street Preachers

Days since I last pissed cheeks sunken and despaired  
So gorgeous sunk to six stone, lose my only remaining home  
See my third rib appear a week later all my flesh disappear  
Stretching taut, cling film on bone, I'm getting better  
Karen says, I've reached my target weight  
Kate and Emma and Kristin know it's fake  
Problem is diet's not a big enough word  
I wanna be so skinny that I rot from view  
I want to walk in the snow  
And not leave a footprint  
I want to walk in the snow  
And not soil its purity  
Stomach collapsed at five lift up my skirt my sex is gone  
Naked and lovely and 5ft, 2 may I bud and never flower  
My vision's getting blurred but I can see my ribs and I feel fine  
My hands are trembling stalks and I can feel my breasts are sinking  
Mother tries to choke me with roast beef  
And sits savoring her sole ryvitta  
€"That's the way you're built?", my father said  
But I can change, my cocoon shedding  
I want to walk in the snow  
And not leave a footprint  
I want to walk in the snow  
And not soil its purity  
Kate and Kristin and Kit Kat  
All things I like looking at  
Too weak to fuss, too weak to die  
Choice is skeletal in everybody's life  
I choose, my choice, I starve to frenzy  
Hunger soon passes and sickness soon tires  
Legs bend, stockinged I am Twiggy  
And I don't mind the horror that surrounds me  
Self worth scatters, self esteems a bore  
I long since moved to a higher plateau  
This discipline's so rare so please applaud  
Just look at the fat scum who pamper me so  
Yeah, 4st.7lb, an epilogue of youth  
Such beautiful dignity in self abuse  
I've finally come to understand life  
Through staring blankly at my navel  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>