

4st 7lb

Manic Street Preachers

Date: Wed, 11 Mar 1998 20:11:18 +0000

From: Starla Iha

Subject: 4st7lb TAB MSP

Album: The Holy Bible

This (if you hadn't already guessed) is a song Richey wrote about anorexia. It sounds really good on acoustic, but then again that's what it was written for.

Bye-bye!

Rosie :)

The riff below is repeated quite often throughout the song. Listen to the record to find the exact times when the chords start.

```
e-----|
B-----|
D-----|
G-----3-3-----3-3-----2-2-----2-2-----|
A-----1-1-----1-1-----1-0-----1-1-----1-1-----1-0-----|
E-3-3-----3-3-----3-----3-3-----3-3-----3-----|
```

I think that the chords for the chorus are C- 032010
and D- XX0232

Hope this helps!!

Lyrics

verse

=====

Days since I last pissed
cheeks sunkend 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 Kristin know it s fake
problem is diet s not a big enough word

Chorus

=====

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

Verse

=====

stomach collapsed at five
lift up my skirt my sex is gone
naked and lovely at 5st.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 trys to choke me with roast beef
and sits savouring her sole ryvitta
that s the way you re built my father said
but I can change, my cocoon shedding

chorus

=====

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

Verse

=====

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-esteem s 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
yeh 4st.7, an epilogue of youth
such beautiful dignity in self-abuse
I ve finally come to understand life
through staring blankly at my navel.