

## **Manchester Orchestra**

### **"Pride"**

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Finally I felt the calming breeze  
Stepping out to watch the final scene  
After all, it's you, my pride, and me  
I can't speak, whatever I can speak

Now I found the way to meet the means  
Fake a face to make the kingdom clean  
After all, it's me and the king and the beast  
Whatever, whatever I can't speak a thing

How can I explain my wounded feet?  
We cut them off in second market scenes  
You cut me off before I start to sing  
But I can cry as long as money's seen

You see me  
See me, me, me

Sound, I'm a dead neck  
What a habit, so I'll dig it up and bury it in ground  
What a broke head, I think I'm dying  
I need another one to incubate

The sound, what a broke head  
What a habit, I need another and another one  
The ground, what a dead head  
I think I'm dying, I think I'm dying for another one

The sound, what a broke neck  
What a lion, I need another and another one  
The sound, what a cheap trick  
What a habit, what a habit when I needed you

The sound, what a dead neck  
What a lion, I need another and another one  
The sound, what a cheap trick  
What a habit, I think I'm dying for

The sound, what a dead neck  
What a habit, I think I'll dig it up and bury it in ground  
What a broke head, I think I'm dying  
I think I'm dying

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