Manic Street Preachers "Autumn Song"

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Wear your eyes as dark as night Paint your face with what you like Wear your love like it is made of hate Born to destroy and born to create

Now baby, what've you done to your hair? Is it just the same time of year When you think that you don't really care? Now baby, what have you done to your hair? Done to your hair, done to your hair, hair

So when you hear this autumn song Clear your heads and get ready to run So when you hear this autumn song Remember the best times are yet to come

Now baby, what've you done to your hair? Is it just the same time of year When you think that you don't really care? Now baby, what have you done to your hair?

Wear your eyes as dark as night
Paint your face with what you like
Wear your love like it is made of hate
Born to destroy and born to create, born to create
Born to create, born to create

So when you hear this autumn song Clear your heads and get ready to run So when you hear this autumn song Remember the best times are yet to come

So wear your hair in bunches And your jacket loose So when you hear this autumn song Clear your heads and get ready to run

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