

Manic Street Preachers

"Bag Lady"

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"Bag Lady"

I am not dead
I demand I know my rights
I know my rights
You cover illness with flowers
And flowers die
And flowers die

Waking I feel
I follow mirrors that
Make sense to me
Make sense to me
Never let yourself out, I did
It ruined me
It ruined me

To be morally good
Are we ready to love?
A devil pretending to be a god
Love's written on paper, and paper burns
Eternity is not sunrise

Waking I feel
I follow mirrors that
Make sense to me,
Make sense to me
Never let your self out, I did
It ruined me
It ruined me

To be morally good
Are we ready to love?
A devil pretending to be a god
Love's written on paper and paper burns
Eternity is not a sunrise

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