

Manic Street Preachers "Hung In A Bad Place"

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I can go where I wanna
Be who I wanna be now
I can sleep under water
And not worry what I'm gonna dream now
yeah the time's come and gone
And I know where I'm from
I can be so
It's hasta ma?ana
You're on your own banana-skin feet now

Yeah I've been
Hung in a bad place
I've no
Sun on my face
I've been
Hung in a bad place for too long

I can say what I wanna
Feel how I wanna feel now
I can squeeze all the hours of juice
To devour with ease now
I can sing to the trees
As I'm not on my knees for free,
Yeah-heh-heh-he-he-he-he (?)
You've been bought and you're stolen
Nature is callin for me
You got me

Yeah i've been
Hung in a bad place
I've no
Sun on my face
I've been
Hung in a bad place for too long

Yeah I've been
Hung in a bad place
I've no
Sun on my face
I've been
Hung in a bad place for too long
For too long, for too long, for too long

For too long, for too long, for too long
For too long, for too loooooooooooooooooong

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