

Manic Street Preachers "Interiors"

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Who sees the interiors like young Willem once did?
Your beautiful triangle of distortion
Now you seem to forget it so much
Who sees the interiors like young Willem once did?

Say you can remember, say, where is the tomorrow?
Say, where you are coming from?
Say, what you have left us?

Are we too tired to try and understand
That nothing is nothing, on that we depend?
Take my hand together and we will cry
It really makes no difference
To what you see inside, to what you see inside

Who sees the interiors like young Willem once did?
A beautiful landscape of your nation
Another era is not forthcoming
Who sees the interiors like young Willem once did?

Say you can remember, say, where is the tomorrow?
Say, where you are coming from?
Say, what you have?

Are we too tired to try and understand
That nothing is nothing on that we depend?
Take my hand together and we will cry
It really makes no difference
To what you see inside, to what you see inside

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