

Manic Street Preachers

"La Tristesse Durera"

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Life has been unfaithful
And it all promised so so much
I am a relic, I am just a petrified cry
Wheeled out once a year, a cenotaph souvenir
The applause nails down my silence

La tristesse durera
Scream to a sigh, to a sigh

I see liberals
I am just a fashion accessory
People send postcards
And they all hope I'm feeling well
I retreat into self-pity, it's so easy
Where they patronize my misery

La tristesse durera
Scream to a sigh, to a sigh

I sold my medal, it paid a bill
It sells at market stalls
Parades Milan catwalks
The sadness will never go
Will never go away
Baby, it's here to stay

La tristesse durera
Scream to a sigh, to a sigh

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