

Manic Street Preachers "Last Exit On Yesterday"

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Dance to the valentine anthems that kill
Valium veins and eyes that sink
Lying down I want, want a brainwash trip
Don't wanna wake next to your stretched skin

You're screaming so much
That I feel sorry to breathe
I wanna feel cold
And I wanna bleed your disease

Hold your head up and pray for the sun
But rain just keeps pouring on and on
Loveless, aloneness, life that just impails
As backs break thorns dig deeper in

Baby, can't have her little bit of love
'Cos it's wrapped up inside her lover's gut
Lazy fat executive seller
Sway to the sound of another dead lover

So dull and tired of his pretty face
Makes the truth seem easy but you've lost
Laugh at the TV empty cell of life
Mundane exile it's not of your choice

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