

# Masking Tape

Manic Street Preachers

Black out the whites of all your eyes  
Give me the wide spaces that I need inside  
I've been a rake recollection and then frame it with loss  
Happy alone again with all my photographs

The masking tape that holds our life together  
For six months of the year  
The masking tape transparent forever  
Forever, most of the year  
For all the months of the year

Happy black days, now here's the summer  
Deadly time left alone with no other  
Shivering and hunched, that's me in the corner  
Someone calls my name but I don't bother

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For six months of the year  
The masking tape transparent forever  
Forever, most of the year  
For all the months of the year

Happy black days, here's the summer [here's the summer]  
Happy black days, here's the summer [here's the summer]  
Happy black days, here's the summer [here's the summer]  
Happy black days, here's the summer [here's the summer]  
Happy black days, here's the summer [here's the summer]  
Happy black days, here's the summer [here's the summer]

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