

A Design For Life

Manic Street Preachers

Libraries gave us power
Then work came and made us free
What price now for a shallow piece of dignity

I wish I had a bottle
Right here in my dirty face to wear the scars
To show from where I came

We don't talk about love we only want to get drunk
We are not allowed to spend
And we are told that this is the end

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I wish I had a bottle
Right here in my pretty face to wear the scars
To show from where I came

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