

## Boxes & Lists

Manic Street Preachers

Boxes and lists  
Chained to my skin  
Burned like a fossil  
Incapable of escape

Boxes and lists  
Shifted under our beds  
Twisting in my head  
Like a Nazi war film

And like pretty girls  
Oblivion exists  
Boxes filled with lists  
We will never cross  
Boxes and lists  
We'll dig their graves  
Like unwanted memories  
Always drag me down

A final list of things  
To form into a wish  
A box of rain to end my days  
Lying for you to share the blame  
Trouble cascade in, misfits

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