

Boxes & Lists

Manic Street Preachers

Boxes and lists
Chained to my skin
Burned like a fossile
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

And like pretty girls
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Boxes filled with lists
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