

# Die In The Summertime

Manic Street Preachers

Scratch my leg with a rusty nail, sadly it heals  
Colour my hair but the dye grows out  
I can't seem to stay a fixed ideal

Childhood pictures redeem, clean and so serene  
See myself without ruining lines  
Whole days throwing sticks into streams

I have crawled so far sideways  
I recognise dim traces of creation  
I wanna die, die in the summertime, I wanna die

The hole in my life even stains the soil  
My heart shrinks to barely a pulse  
A tiny animal curled into a quarter circle  
If you really care wash the feet of a beggar

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