

Imperial Bodybags

Manic Street Preachers

Imperial bodybags, coming home in dribs and drabs
Life is numbers, with doggy tags
Filled with holes and coming back
So come on up the sky?
Can't make out this line very well
Never had a chance to wave goodbye
Thrown away and unhappy
Driven by hypocrisy

Nothing's finished it just fades away
Like a lover who has lost her faith
Nothing's finished it just fades away
Fades away

Imperial bodybags, Prom Queen disposable
Children wrapped in home-made flags
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And here we love the kids
We're still human like everyone else
I have no idea what this line is at all
Stuck in school
Always willing to stick by the rules

Nothing's finished it just fades away
Like a lover who has lost her faith
Nothing's finished it just fades away
Fades away
Fades away

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