

Last Exit On Yesterday

Manic Street Preachers

Dance to the valentine, anthems that kill
Valium veins and eyes that sink
Lying down I want, want a brainwash trip
Dont wanna wake next to your stretched skin

Youre screaming so much that I feel sorry to breathe
I wanna feel cold and I wanna bleed your disease

Hold your head up and pray for the sun
But rain just keeps pouring on and on
Loveless, aloneless, life that just impails
As backs break thorns dig deeper in

Baby cant have her little bit of love
Cos its wrapped up inside her lovers gut
Lazy fat executive seller
Sway to the sound of another dead lover

So dull and tired, of his pretty face
Makes the truth seem easy but youve lost
Laugh at the t.v. empty cell of life
Mundane exile its not of your choice