

## 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