

Masking Tape

Manic Street Preachers

Black out the whites of all your eyes
Give me the wide spaces that I need inside
I've been a rake recollection and then frame it with loss
Happy alone again with all my photographs

The masking tape that holds our life together
For six months of the year
The masking tape transparent forever
Forever, most of the year
For all the months of the year

Happy black days, now here's the summer
Deadly time left alone with no other
Shivering and hunched, that's me in the corner
Someone calls my name but I don't bother

The masking tape that holds our life together
For six months of the year
The masking tape transparent forever
Forever, most of the year
For all the months of the year

Happy black days, here's the summer [here's the summer]
Happy black days, here's the summer [here's the summer]
Happy black days, here's the summer [here's the summer]
Happy black days, here's the summer [here's the summer]
Happy black days, here's the summer [here's the summer]
Happy black days, here's the summer [here's the summer]

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