

# My Guernica

Manic Street Preachers

I'm small and I'm tired  
I'm blurred to bits and wired  
I'm nothing in this universe  
Nothing but pieces of dust

Appearing in more repeats  
The mirror man has seen defeat  
Hide away, be old and grey  
Alfred J. Prufrock would be proud of me

Keep it together - hold it together  
Keep it together - together

Little someone in my own little Guernica  
Sleep so heavy that it's out of the question  
Little someone in my own little Guernica  
Wake up and pour myself another ice-breaker

Going now so happy and so loose  
Making bigger holes in my stomach  
Losing losing split down the middle  
With no end and no beginning

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Hello