

Manic Street Preachers, 1985

In 1985, I placed a bet and lied,
losing all that I had,
at least with all my heart intact.

In 1985, Orwell was proved right,
Torville and Dean's bolero,
redundant as a sad welsh chapel.
In 1985, in 1985.

So God is dead, like Nietzsche said,
superstition is all we have left.
Circle the wagons, we're under attack,
we've realised there's no going back,
we've realised there's no going back.

In 1985, the Civil War failed why?,
kept hidden like scars of birth,
nature unable to soften the words.

In 1985, my words they came alive,
friends were made for life,
Morrissey and Marr gave me choice.
In 1985, in 1985.

So God is dead, like Nietzsche said,
only 16 years of age, he said.
See all the tears, for the walking dead,
we've realised there's no going back,
we've realised there's no going back.

In 1985, I placed a bet and lied,
losing all that I had.