Manic Street Preachers, Black Dog On My Should

There's a black dog on my shoulder again Licking my neck and saying she's my friend Solitude the one thing that I really miss Guess my life is a compromise

There's a black dog on my shoulder again I'm playing with it but it's gone to my head Like Carlito's way there are no exit signs

Freeze me there until I am numb My mouth is so dry My eyes are shut tight There's a black dog a coming tonight Black dog's a coming tonight

My dilemma but not my choice Winston Churchill can you hear my voice Melodrama there in my kitchen sink Double vision the way it is

Am I coming home to you again Or am I stupid just by design Does it matter if you really ever know

This black dog is out of control My mouth is so dry My eyes are shut tight There's a black dog a coming tonight Black dog's a coming tonight

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