

Manic Street Preachers, Black Dog On My Shoulder

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

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

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