

# Manic Street Preachers, Bright Eyes (Art Garfunkel)

Is it a kind of dream  
Floating down on the river  
Following the river of death down stream  
Oh is it a dream?

There's a fog on the horizon  
A strange glow in the sky  
And nobody knows where you can go  
Or what does it mean  
Oh, oh is it a dream

Bright eyes  
Burning like fire  
Bright eyes  
How can you close and fail  
How can the eyes that burned so brightly  
Suddenly turn so pale?  
Bright eyes

Is it a kind of shadow  
Reaching over the hill  
Wandering over the hills unseen  
Or is it a dream

There's a high wind in the trees  
A cold sound in the air  
And nobody knows where you can go  
And where do you start  
Oh oh, into the dark

Bright eyes  
Burning like fire  
Bright eyes  
How can you close and fail  
How can the eyes that burned so brightly  
Suddenly grow so pale  
Bright eyes