Manic Street Preachers, Bright Eyes (Art Garfunk

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