

Manic Street Preachers, Emily

Emily, Emily your gift to me
Emily, a modern sense of beauty
Emily, as precious as your memory:
A simple word called liberty

The relics, the ghosts, all down so many roads
The relics, the ghosts, all down so many roads

Emily, so pity poor Emily
You've been replaced by charity

It's what you forget, what you forget that kills you
It's what you remember, what you remember that makes you
We used to have answers, now we have only questions
But now have no direction

The relics, the ghosts, all down so many roads
The relics, the ghosts, all down so many roads

Emily, so pity poor Emily
You've been replaced by charity

It's what you forget, what you forget that kills you
It's what you remember, what you remember that makes you
We used to have answers, now we have only questions
But now have no direction