

# 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  
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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You've been replaced by charity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

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