

Manic Street Preachers, If You Tolorate This You

The future teaches you to be alone.
The present to be afraid and cold.
'So if I can shoot rabbits then I can shoot fascists'.

Bullets for your brain today but we'll forgett itall again. Monuments put from pen to paper
turns me into a gutless wonder.

And if you tolorate this then your children
will be next.

And if you tolorate this then your children will be next, will be next, will be next, will
be next.

Gravity keeps my head down or is it maybe shame
at being so young and being vain.

Holes in your head today but I'm a
Pacifist. I've walked La Ramblas but not with real intent.

And if you tolorate this then your children
will be next.

And if you tolorate this then your children will be next, will be next, will be next, will
be next.

'And on the street tonight- an old man plays
with newspaper cuttings of his glory days.

And if you tolorate this then your children will be next.

And if you tolorate this then your children
will be next, will be next ,will be next, will
be next.

AHHHHHH