

# Manic Street Preachers, Imperial Bodybags

Imperial bodybags, coming home in dribs and drabs  
Life is numbers, with doggy tags  
Filled with holes and coming back  
So come on up the sky?  
can't make out this line very well  
Never had a chance to wave goodbye  
Thrown away and unhappy  
Driven by hypocrisy

Nothing's finished it just fades away  
Like a lover who has lost her faith  
Nothing's finished it just fades away  
Fades away

Imperial bodybags, Prom Queen disposable  
Children wrapped in home-made flags  
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And here we love the kids  
We're still human like everyone else  
I have no idea what this line is at all  
Stuck in school  
Always willing to stick by the rules

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Like a lover who has lost her faith  
Nothing's finished it just fades away  
Fades away  
Fades away

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