

Manic Street Preachers, It's All Gone

Sleep the only thing to fill these holes
Even if that demon sells its soul
Remember the stories you've been told
I know the beauty that you adored

And it feels
Like it's all gone
The night is black
And the sun has shone

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And the sun has shone

Sleep the drug that helps me forget
The yawning reality of regret
While we still remain with no respect
I laugh at our times with no defence

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