

Manic Street Preachers, Just Can't Be Happy

Standing in your _ of a dress,
With your shoulders bare to the wind,
And your hazel hair tumbles down and covers your face,
You are _ , but I know.

Just can't be happy without you
Just can't be happy without you
Just can't be happy without you
Just can't be happy without you

I see the torment in your eyes,
I see the stones crushed in your mind,
I understand but I can't accept,
That you are heaven-sent, but I know.

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