

Manic Street Preachers, La Tristesse Durera

Life has been unfaithful
And it all promised so so much
I am a relic
I am just a petrified cry
Wheeled out once a year, a cenotaph souvenir
The applause nails down my silence
La tristesse durera
Scream to a sigh, to a sigh
La tristesse durera
Scream to sigh, to a sigh
I see liberals
I am just a fashion accessory
People send postcards
And they all hope I'm feeling well
I retreat into self-pity, it's so easy
Where they patronise my misery
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I sold my medal
It paid a bill
It sells at market stalls
Parades Milan catwalks
The sadness will never go
Will never go away
Baby it's here to stay
La tristesse durera
Scream to a sigh, to a sigh