

Manic Street Preachers, La Tristesse Durera

Lyrics by richy james and nicky wire, music by james dean bradfield and sean moore

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

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

La tristesse durera
Scream to a sigh, to a sigh

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