

Manic Street Preachers, My Guernica

I'm small and I'm tired
I'm blurred to bits and wired
I'm nothing in this universe
Nothing but pieces of dust

Appearing in more repeats
The mirror man has seen defeat
Hide away, be old and grey
Alfred J. Prufrock would be proud of me

Keep it together - hold it together
Keep it together - together

Little someone in my own little Guernica
Sleep so heavy that it's out of the question
Little someone in my own little Guernica
Wake up and pour myself another ice-breaker

Going now so happy and so loose
Making bigger holes in my stomach
Losing losing split down the middle
With no end and no beginning

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Hello