

# Manic Street Preachers, Too Cold Here

Born in burial gowns, recessing slowly  
You soon wish you couldn't see at all  
Tortured in the mind, six voices alone  
Futile gestures, emotionless groans  
Everyone asks what's wrong, but what's right?  
And a cute lie makes everything uptight  
To kill your dream before it's considered  
To live in silence, airless closet, no vision

It's easier to make love to a stranger than to ask a friend to call  
Suspicion knows nothing and is known for not much at all, much at all

Too cold here  
Turn yourself bleeding inside  
Always look for walls to lean beside  
Too cold here  
Turn yourself bleed it's eyes  
Always look for shade to cover your eyes

Self pity yourself is so shallow  
I am so sick in mind and body, heart cold as stone  
Whisky my coral, my piece of mind  
Hello Mr. Samsung you can't clean my soul  
Wake up sighing, mass for the bleeding  
Never share sadness mine no man prays painless  
Coalescing mine are hidden rooms,  
Cannot give anything and never could

Prison it's only four walls but sometimes  
The mind is the smallest prison of all,  
Offering there upon offering  
As a ball with a touch feels  
Through its fall, through its fall.

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Turn yourself bleeding inside  
Always look for walls  
To lean beside  
Too cold here  
Turn yourself bleed it's eyes  
Always look for shade  
To cover your eyes