

Manic Street Preachers, Autumn song

Wear your eyes as dark as night
Paint your face with what you like
Wear your love like it is made of hate
Born to destroy and born to create
Now baby, what've you done to your hair?
Is it just the same time of year
When you think that you don't really care?
Now baby, what have you done?
Done to your hair, done to your hair, done to your hair, done to your hair, hair!
So when you hear this autumn song
Clear your heads and get ready to run
So when you hear this autumn song
Remember the best times are yet to come
Now baby, what've you done to your hair?
Is it just the same time of year
When you think that you don't really care?
Now baby, what have you done to your hair?
Wear your eyes as dark as night
Paint your face with what you like
Wear your love like it is made of hate
Born to destroy: born to create, born to create, born to create, born to create
So when you hear this autumn song
Clear your heads and get ready to run
So when you hear this autumn song
Remember the best times are yet to come
And wear your hair in bunches
And your jacket loose
So when you hear this autumn song
Clear your heads and get ready to run
So when you hear this autumn song
Clear your heads and get ready to run
So when you hear this autumn song
Remember the best times are yet to come