

Manic Street Preachers, Interiors

Who sees the interiors like young willem once did
Your beautiful triangle of distortion
Now you seem to forget it so much
Who sees the interiors like young willem once did

Say you can remember say where is the tomorrow
Say where you are coming from
Say what you have left us

Are we too tired to try and understand
That nothing is nothing on that we depend
Take my hand together and we will cry
It really makes no difference
To what you see inside to what you see inside

Who sees the interiors like young willem once did

A beautiful landscape of your nation
Another era is not forthcoming
Who sees the interiors
Like young willem once did

Say you can remember say where is the tomorrow
Say where you are coming from say what you have

Are we too tired to try and understand
That nothing is nothing on that we depend
Take my hand together and we will cry
It really makes no difference to what you see inside

To what you see inside