

# 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