

# Manic Street Preachers, Last Exit On Yesterday

Dance to the valentine, anthems that kill  
Valium veins and eyes that sink  
Lying down I want, want a brainwash trip  
Don't wanna wake next to your stretched skin

You're screaming so much that I feel sorry to breathe  
I wanna feel cold and I wanna bleed your disease

Hold your head up and pray for the sun  
But rain keeps pouring on and on  
Loveless, aloneless, life that just impales  
As backs break thorns dig deeper in

Baby can't have her little bit of love  
Cos it's wrapped up inside her lover's gut  
Lazy fat executive seller  
Sway to the sound of another dead lover

So dull and tired, of his pretty face  
Makes the truth seem easy but you've lost  
Laugh at the TV, empty cell of life  
Mundane exile it's not of your choice