

Manic Street Preachers, No Surface All Feeling

Embarrassed possessed and so uncivilised
Just take a look at the whites of my eyes
See me now and I will apologise
For me for you we knew they were lies

It makes me angry ashamed but really alive
It may have worked but at what price
What's the point in always looking back
When all you see is more and more junk

It was no surface but all feeling
Maybe at the time it felt like dreaming

Maybe richer maybe wiser
Seems so easy to not go too far
Beg me to stop hate my face I know
They tell me forever just to go

Just one thing before I get to sleep
Nothing here but the stains on my teeth
No not blood just liquid from you
I only wish it was the truth

Feel the guilt of a sinner
Feel the cold of a winter
It was no surface but all feeling
Maybe at the time it felt like dreaming