

Manic Street Preachers, Prologue To History

Were we the Kinnock factor
Am I talking private sector
Do I think I'm Shaun William Ryder
Or my former friend whose now undercover
He's gone and I'm no deserter
Perhaps I'm hard all the same

Today a poet who can't play guitar
Tomorrow Steve Ovetz has injured his calf
Next year the world's greatest politician
Yesterday the boy who once had a mission

I don't want to be
A prologue to history
A prologue to histor...

So I water my plants with Evian
A brand new Dyson that is decadent
Read my papers and the business section
Checkout the tizzas and the pensions
Call my friends and they're alright
So I pray for the safety of the night

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Remember ethnic cleansing in the highlands
No one says a thing in the middle of En-ger-land
I'm bruised fruit but still taste so nice
But if you look at me you better look twice
I'm talking rubbish to cover up the cracks
An empty vessel who can't make contact

Today a poet who can't play guitar
Tomorrow Phil Bennett's playing outside half
Next year the world's greatest politician
Yesterday the boy who once had a mission

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