

Manic Street Preachers, Sepia

A framed adolescence
Steeped in the history of you
Stopped in the summer once for you

Experience is lost on me
I am melancholia eternally
But I still smile so stupidly

For the first time ever
I don't understand my television

And just like the moment
In Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid
I'm perpetually stuck in a sepia film
But bleeding inside I manage to keep it all in
I keep it all in

I've spoken so much rubbish
Done it in no time at all
Feelings are so fatal in the fall

No you never kissed me
Never felt anything for me
Sepia that stain that I remembered

In these unwritten diaries
That can never breathe, never breathe

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