

# 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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