

Manic Street Preachers, This Is Yesterday

Do not listen to a word I say
Just listen to what I can keep silent
The only way to gain approval
Is by exploiting the very thing that cheapens me

And I stare at the sky
And it leaves me blind
I close my eyes
And this is yesterday

Someone somewhere soon will take care of you
I repent, I'm sorry, everything is falling apart
Houses as ruins and gardens as weeds
Why do anything when you can forget everything

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