

Manic Street Preachers, Walk Me to the Bridge

Driving slowly to the bridge
With nothing left that we can give
We smile at this ugly world
It never really suited you

Old songs leave long shadows
Makes you shut down all your emotions
Money needs money, and slums need the poor
Curled like an animal lying on the floor
Curled like an animal lying on the floor

So long my fatal friend
I don't need this

The sky's so clear, that different view
I rarely dream unless it's true
Confusion or master plan
Deceived by the rest, you still have to run

The roads never end, the motion starts
Reality gives no romance
Take me to the bridge had another meaning
Singing it loud at the indie disco
Singing it loud at the indie disco

So long my fatal friend
I don't mean this to end
I re-imagine the steps you took
Still blinded by your intellect

Walk me to the bridge
Walk me to the bridge

So long my fatal friend
I don't need this

Walk me to the bridge
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