

from despair to where (live in Japan)

Manic Street Preachers

I write this alone on my bed
I've poisoned every room in my house
The place is quiet and so alone
Pretend there's something worth waiting for.
There's nothing nice in my head
The adult world took it all away
Wake up with the same spit in my mouth
Cannot tell if it's real or not. I try to walk in a straight line
An imitation of dignity
From despair to where
From despair to where Outside opened mouthed cows
Pass each other as if their drugged
Down pale corridors of routine
Where life falls unatoned
The weak kick like straw
Till the world means less and less
Words are never enough
Just cheap tarnished glitter I try to walk in a straight line
An imitation of dignity
From despair to where
From despair to where

Songwriters

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