

Sepia

Manic Street Preachers

A framed adolescence steeped in the history of you,
Stopping 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, Just like a moment in Butch Cassidy and the Sundance
Kid,
I'm perpetually stuck in sepia film,
I'm bleeding inside I manage to keep it all in,
I keep it all in, I've spoken so much rubbish done in no time at all,
Feelings are so fatal in the fall,
No you never kissed me never felt anything for me,
Sepia the stain that I remember,
And these unwritten diaries that can never breathe... never breathe, Just like a moment in Butch Cassidy and the
Sundance Kid,
I'm perpetually stuck in sepia film,
I'm bleeding inside I manage to keep it all in,
I keep it all in,

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