

# 1985

## Manic Street Preachers

In 1985, I placed a bet and lied  
Losing all that I had  
At least with all my heart intact  
In 1985, Orwell was proved right  
Torvill and Dean's bolero  
Redundant as a sad Welsh chapel  
In 1985, in 1985  
So God is dead, like Nietzsche said  
Superstition is all we have left  
Circle the wagons, we're under attack  
We've realized, there's no going back  
We've realized, there's no going back  
In 1985, the Civil War failed, why?  
Kept hidden like scars of birth  
Nature unable to soften the words  
In 1985, my words they came alive  
friends were made for life  
Morrissey and Marr gave me choice  
In 1985, in 1985  
So God is dead, like Nietzsche said  
"Only 16 years of age", he said  
See all the tears for the walking dead  
We've realized, there's no going back  
We've realized, there's no going back  
In 1985, I placed a bet and lied  
Losing all that I had

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