

Die In The Summertime

Manic Street Preachers

Scratch my leg with a rusty nail
 Sadly it heals
Color my hair but the dye grows out
 I can't seem to stay a fixed ideal
 Childhood pictures redeem
 Clean and so serene
 See myself without ruining lines
Whole days throwing sticks into streams
 I have crawled so far sideways
 I recognize dim traces of creation
 I wanna die, die in the summertime
 I wanna die
The hole in my life even stains the soil
 My heart shrinks to barely a pulse
A tiny animal curled into a quarter circle
If you really care wash the feet of a beggar
 I have crawled so far sideways
 I recognize dim traces of creation
 I wanna die, die in the summertime
 I wanna die
 I have crawled so far sideways
 I recognize dim traces of creation
 I wanna die, die in the summertime
 I wanna die

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