

Running Out Of Fantasy

Manic Street Preachers

My eco-system is based on hatred
My DNA remains untested
I hate the tyranny of the Sun
It always rises, always comes down

I'm running out of fantasy

I don't expect your sympathy
I'm old, I'm strange I'm confidential
Has my fantasy run out of delusion
Has my fantasy reached its logical conclusion?

I'm running out of fantasy

The dying fall of my sentences
The magic of lost consequences
The seduction of a fading power
In a hotel room in the middle of nowhere

I'm running out of fantasy

I don't expect your sympathy
I'm old, I'm strange I'm confidential
Has my fantasy run out of delusion?
Has my fantasy reached its logical conclusion?

I'm running out of fantasy

I'm revealing myself in layers
Exposing a core to the inner eye
Drawn deep into some distant episodes
I don't know whether to laugh or cry

Running out of fantasy

The obsession with change has bled my dry
My fantasy forever locked inside
The obsession with change has bled my dry

The obsession with change has bled my dry

My fantasy forever locked inside
The obsession with change has bled my dry

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