

# My Guernica

## Manic Street Preachers

I'm small and I'm tired  
I'm blurred to bits and wired  
I'm nothing in this universe  
Nothing but pieces of dust  
Appearing in more repeats  
The mirror man has seen defeat  
    Hide away, be old and gray  
Alfred. J. Prufrock would be proud of me  
    Keep it together, hold it together  
    Keep it together, hold it together  
Little someone in my own little Guernica  
Sleep so heavy that it's out of the question  
Little someone in my own little Guernica  
Wake up and pour myself another ice-breaker  
    Going now so happy and so loose  
    Making bigger holes in my stomach  
    Losing, losing split down the middle  
    With no end and no beginning

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Sleep so heavy that it's out of the question  
Little someone in my own little Guernica  
Wake up and pour myself another ice-breaker  
    Ice-breaker, ice-breaker, ice-breaker, hello