

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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Wake up and pour myself another ice-breaker
Ice-breaker, ice-breaker, ice-breaker, hello

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