

No Surface All Feeling

Manic Street Preachers

Embarrassed possessed and so uncivilized
Just take a look at the whites of my eyes
See me now and I will apologies
For me, for you, we knew they were lies It makes me angry, ashamed but really alive
It may have worked but at what price
What's the point in always looking back
When all you see is more and more junk It was no surface but all feeling
Maybe at the time, it felt like dreaming Maybe richer, maybe wiser
Seems so easy to not go too far
Beg me to stop hate my face I know
And tell me forever just to go Just one thing before I get to sleep
Nothing here but the stains on my teeth
No, not blood just liquid from you
I only wish it was the truth Feel the guilt of a sinner
Feel the cold of a winter It was no surface but all feeling
Maybe at the time it felt like dreaming

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