

# The View from Stow Hill

## Manic Street Preachers

How did this town get so old  
The air I breathe  
Feels so heavy and so cold  
Always caught in between  
The capital and the 'other' country  
Always caught in between  
The river and the valley You can still see the bullet holes  
You can still sense a little hope  
Crushed dreams  
And the martyrs too  
Silent--ghostly--still so confused Look up to the skies  
Avoid the casual litter  
Running from the pitiful nihilism  
The misguided tweets  
The sad facebooking  
Cheapness surrounds me  
But I'm not looking Look up to the skies  
Avoid the casual litter  
Running from the pitiful nihilism  
The misguided tweets  
The sad facebooking  
Cheapness surrounds me  
But I'm not looking

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