

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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