Prologue To History

Manic Street Preachers

Were we the Kinnock factor
Am I talking private sector
Do I think I'm Shaun William Ryder
Or my former friend whose now undercover
He's gone and I'm no deserter
Perhaps I'm hard all the same
Today a poet who can't play guitar
Tomorrow Steve Ovett has injured his calf
Next year the world's greatest politician
Yesterday the boy who once had a mission
I don't want to be
A prologue to history
A prologue to history
So I water my plants with Avian
A brand new Dyson that is decadent
Read my papers and the business section
Checkout the tessas and the pensions
Call my friends and they're alright
So I pray for the safety of the night
Today a poet who can't play guitar
Tomorrow Steve Ovett has injured his calf

Next year the world's greatest politician
Yesterday the boy who once had a mission
I don't want to be
A prologue to history
A prologue to history
Remember ethnic cleansing in the highlands
No one says a thing in the middle of Engerland
I'm bruised fruit but still taste so nice
But if you look at me you better look twice
I'm talking rubbish to cover up the cracks
An empty vessel who can't make contact
Today a poet who can't play guitar
Tomorrow Phil Bennett's playing outside half
Next year the world's greatest politician
Yesterday the boy who once had a mission
I don't want to be
A prologue to history

A prologue to history
A prologue to history
A prologue

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