

# Emily

## Manic Street Preachers

Emily, Emily, you're gift to me  
Emily, a modern sense of beauty  
Emily, as precious as your memory

A simple word called libertyThe relics, the ghosts, all down so many roads

The relics, the ghosts, all down so many roads

Emily, so pity poor Emily

You've been replaced by charityIt's what you forget, what you forget that kills you

It's what you remember, what you remember that makes you

We used to have answers, now we have only questions

But now have no directionThe relics, the ghosts, all down so many roads

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