From Despair To Where

Manic Street Preachers

I write this alone on my bed
I've poisoned every room in the house
The place is quiet and so alone
Pretend there's something worth waiting for
There's nothing nice in my head
The adult world took it all away
Wake up with same spit in my mouth
Cannot tell if it is real or not
I try and walk in a straight line
An imitation of dignity
From despair to where
Outside open mouthed crowds
Pass each other as if they're drugged
Down pale corridors of routine
Where life falls unatoned
The weak kick like straw
Till the world means less and less
Words are never enough
Just cheap tarnished glitter
I try and walk in a straight line
An imitation of dignity
A cripple walks in a straight line
An imitation of dignity

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