

Between the Clock and the Bed

Manic Street Preachers

I'm well aware of happiness, and what it takes to get to it
But the simple struggle of survival, transforms itself into betrayal
Between the clock and the bed, there's only
space and hell, waiting for the transportation
Between the clock and the bed sheets ? ? my head, colliding with your desparation
Yeah I'm as guilty as the rest,
a man of little consequence
Unable to forgive himself, still building the bypass in my head
Between the clock and the bed, there's only space
and hell, looking for my intervention
Between the clock and the bed sheets ? ? my head, we both felt the implications

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