

Die in the Summertime

Manic Street Preachers

Scratch my leg with a rusty nail, sadly it heals
Colour my hair but the dye grows out
I can't seem to stay a fixed ideal Childhood pictures redeem, clean and so serene
See myself without ruining lines
Whole days throwing sticks into streams I have crawled so far sideways
I recognise dim traces of creation
I want to die, die in the summertime, I want to die The hole in my life even stains the soil
My heart shrinks to barely a pulse
A tiny animal curled into a quarter circle
If you really care wash the feet of a beggar I have crawled so far sideways
I recognise dim traces of creation
I want to die, die in the summertime, I want to die I have crawled so far sideways
I recognise dim traces of creation
I want to die, die in the summertime, I want to die

Songwriters

BRADFIELD/EDWARDS/JONES/MOORE Published by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>