

Autumn Song

Manic Street Preachers

Wear your eyes as dark as night
Paint your face with what you like
Wear your love like it is made of hate
Born to destroy and born to create Now baby, what've you done to your hair?
Is it just the same time of year
When you think that you don't really care?
Now baby, what have you done to your hair?
Done to your hair, done to your hair
Done to your hair, done to your hair, hair So when you hear this autumn song
Clear your heads and get ready to run
So when you hear this autumn song
Remember the best times are yet to come Now baby, what've you done to your hair?
Is it just the same time of year
When you think that you don't really care?
Now baby, what have you done to your hair? Wear your eyes as dark as night
Paint your face with what you like
Wear your love like it is made of hate
Born to destroy and born to create, born to create
Born to create, born to create, born to create So when you hear this autumn song
Clear your heads and get ready to run
So when you hear this autumn song
Remember the best times are yet to come So wear your hair in bunches
And your jacket loose
So when you hear this autumn song
Clear your heads and get ready to run So when you hear this autumn song
Clear your heads and get ready to run
So when you hear this autumn song
Remember the best times are yet to come

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