

Bag Lady

Manic Street Preachers

Flea bitten bag lady, once you looked fine
You had a family, you loved just like mine
Second hand clothin' and knots in your hair
Tonight you might die but would anyone care
Sweet little lady, your soul is worth gold
Don't believe all the lies, you've been told
I have a friend, a friend indeed, yeah
Comes to the rescue your damsels in need
Friend and father repair their souls
Make them feel wanted
Make them feel whole, yeah
Friend and father repair their souls
Make them feel wanted
Make them feel whole
Young daddy's daughter with child on the way
Made a mistake but that's okay, yeah
Life is the most precious gift of them all
Just cry on my shoulder and I'll give a call, yeah
Friend and father repair their souls
Make them feel wanted
Make them feel whole, yeah
Friend and father repair their souls
Make them feel wanted
Make them feel whole
Friend and father repair their souls
Make them feel wanted
Make them feel whole, yeah
Friend and father repair their souls
Make them feel wanted
Make them feel whole
Friend and father repair their souls
Make them feel wanted
Make them, make them feel whole
Repair their souls
Repair, repair their souls

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