

Postcards from a Young Man

Manic Street Preachers

I don't believe the absolutes anymore
I'm quite prepared to admit I was wrong
This life it sucks your principles away
You have to fight against it every single day
These are the postcards from a young man
They may never be written or posted again
These are the postcards from a young man
They may never be written or posted again
It is like so many other things
As distant as your former sins
So sad and lonely and so derelict
As the optimism that we once shared
These are the postcards from a young man
They may never be written or posted again
These are the postcards from a young man
They may never be written or posted again
I'll send you postcards every single day
Just to prove I still exist
This world will not impose its will
I will not give up and I will not give in
And I will not give up and I will not give in
These are the postcards from a young man
They may never be written or posted again
These are the postcards from a young man
They may never be written or posted again
I won't betray your confidence
I won't pretend my way was lost
This world will not impose its will
I will not give up and I will not give in
This world will not impose its will
I will not give up and I will not give in

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