

# Small Black Flowers That Grow In The Sky

## Manic Street Preachers

You have your very own number  
They dress your cage in its nature  
Once you roared now you just grunt lame  
Pace around pathetic pound games want to get out won't miss you sensoround  
To carry your own dead to swing your tyre tricks  
want to get out in here you're bred dead quick  
For the outside  
The small black flowers that grow in the sky They drag sticks along your walls  
Harvest your ovaries dead mothers crawl  
Here comes warden, Christ, temple, elders  
Environment not yours you see through it all want to get out won't miss you sensoround  
Carry your own dead to swing your tyre tricks  
want to get out in here you're bred dead quick  
For the outside  
The small black flowers that grow in the sky

Songwriters

BRADFIELD/EDWARDS/JONES/MOORE Published by

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