

La Tristesse Durera (Scream to a Sigh)

Manic Street Preachers

Life has been unfaithful
And it all promised so so much
I am a relic
I am just a petrified cry
Wheeled out once a year, a cenotaph souvenir
The applause nails down my silenceLa tristesse durera
Scream to a sigh, to a sigh
La tristesse durera
Scream to a sigh, to a sighI see liberals
I am just a fashion accessory
People send postcards
And they all hope I'm feeling well
I retreat into self-pity, it's so easy
Where they patronize my miseryLa tristesse durera
Scream to a sigh, to a sigh
La tristesse durera
Scream to a sigh, to a sighLa tristesse durera
Scream to a sigh, to a sigh
La tristesse durera
Scream to a sigh, to a sighI sold my medal, it paid a bill
It sells at market stalls
Parades Milan catwalks
Oh, the sadness will never go
Will never go away
Baby it's here to stayLa tristesse durera
Scream to a sigh, to a sigh

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