

This Sullen Welsh Heart

Manic Street Preachers

I don't want my children to grow up like me
It's just so destroying, it's a mocking disease
A wasting disease

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Some times I wake up with love still alive
I just want to go to sleep, but I can't, I close my eyes
I can't, I close my eyes

I can't fight this war any more
Time to surrender, time to move on
So line up the firing squads, kiss goodbye to what you want
Go with the flow, go home
You can keep on struggling when you're alone
When you're alone
This sullen Welsh heart
It won't leave, it won't give up
The hating half of me
Has won the battle easily

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Has won the battle easily
The battle easily

The act of creation saves us from despair
A phrase that keeps repeating in my head
In my head

It's not enough to succeed others must fail
My unhappy mantra I wish I could escape
I wish I could escape

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