

A Song for the Sadness

Manic Street Preachers

Memories are all we leave
Fragments of lost melancholy
Traces of a generation gone
Tiny pieces of broken glass

Sh-sh-sh-shining like golden glitter
Looking up at the dying stars
Unloved by all who pass this way
I never really got a chance to say

Like islands in the stream
That get washed away
One more time in
The ghetto you see
I convinced myself
That I don't walk the line
I've never deserted
By luck or by design

A song for the sadness
To clear away the madness
A song for the sadness
A song for the sadness

He made me with a true kindness
That I still feel runs through my flesh
Out of us time made such a mess
I can't ignore and I must confess

Like islands in the stream
That get washed away
One more time in
The ghetto you see
I convinced myself
That I have walked a line
I've never deserted
By lack or by design

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