

# 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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To clean away the badness  
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