

Dear Stephen

Manic Street Preachers

You're still my bad habit
My dark little secret
My illicit unseen drug
My secret hidden love

Dear, Stephen, please come back to us
I believe in repentance and forgiveness
It's so easy to hate, it takes guts to be kind
To paraphrase one of your heartbreak lines

I'm still ill
I'm cursed to stay
Under your spell for all my days
I'm still a prisoner to you and Larkin
Even as your history darkens

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I've been the boy with the thorn in his side
I want you vivid in your prime

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