

## Donkeys

Manic Street Preachers

Put some lipstick on  
At least your lies will be pretty  
A shadow on my face  
And us donkeys wake up weary

Sweating and sickly  
Donkeys don't allow their tears  
No emotion never feel  
And drown themselves in whatever

Find some meaning  
Donkeys weight cracking a spire

Sweetness bent double  
Whole days making polite  
Never moving out of turn  
Or ever trying to be natural

Those with silence inside  
Eyes bare piss holes in the snow  
Drained and burnt yellow  
And sunk in self-pity

Jerusalem saw off  
Donkeys are only left with lies  
Are only left with lies