

The Soulmates

Manic Street Preachers

The soulmates
They last the distance
They make promises
They feel like misfits

The soulmates
They need each other
They're faithful warriors
They want for nothing

The graffiti
You left on me
Means every part
Is still bleeding

No souvenirs
No symphonies
No dead feelings

The soulmates
The soulmates
The soulmates

The soulmates
They take their place
They slip away
They remain safe

Oh, the graffiti
You left on me
Means every part
Is still bleeding

Oh, no souvenirs
No symphonies
No dead feelings

The soulmates
Oh, the soulmates
The soulmates...