

# Manic Street Preachers, From Despair To Where

I write this alone on my bed  
I've poisoned every room in the house  
The place is quiet and so alone  
Pretend there's something worth waiting for

There's nothing nice in my head  
The adult world took it all away  
I wake up with same spit in my mouth  
I cannot tell if it is real or not

I try and walk in a straight line  
An imitation of dignity  
From despair to where  
From despair to where

Outside open mouthed crowds  
Pass each other as if they're drugged  
Down pale corridors of routine  
Where life falls unatoned

The weak kick like straw  
Till the world means less and less  
Words are never enough  
Just cheap tarnished glitter

I try and walk in a straight line  
An imitation of dignity  
From despair to where  
From despair to where

A cripple walks in a straight line  
An imitation of dignity  
From despair to where  
From despair to where