

PJ Harvey, The Desperate Kingdom of Love

Oh love, you were a sickly child
And how the wind knocked you down
Put on your spurs, swagger around
In the desperate kingdom of love
Holy water cannot help you now
Your mysterious eyes cannot help you
Selling your reason will not bring you through
The desperate kingdom of love
There's another who looks from behind your eyes
I learn from you how to hide
From the desperate kingdom of love
At the end of this burning world
You'll stand proud, face upheld
And I'll follow you, into Heaven or Hell
And I'll become, as a girl
In the desperate kingdom of love