

PJ Harvey, The Last Living Rose

Goddam' Europeans!
Take me back to beautiful England
And the grey, damp filthiness of ages
And battered books
And fog rolling down behind the mountains
On the graveyards, and dead sea-captains

Let me walk through the stinking alleys
To the music of drunken beatings
Past the Thames River, glistening like gold
Hastily sold for nothing
Nothing!

Let me watch night fall on the river
The moon rise up and turn to silver
The sky move
The ocean shimmer
The hedge shake
The last living rose quiver