

PJ Harvey, Victory

I stumble and I'm in
You fit me with those angel wings
Set me go
Set me high
Set it up, I'm in the sky
The storm is gone
And the temperature's high
And delight is dining
At my table
Till I think, how lucky we are
Angel at my table, God in my car
Get it at sea
Take a ship
I'd christen her victory she'd make it
Victory
Victory
Come on boys, let's push it hard
You broke down, push your motor car
Come on boys, you done us proud
You sweat till you mop it right off your brow
Victory
Victory
Victory
Victory
So the storm is gone
And the temperature is high
And delight is dining
At my table
Till the storm is gone
And the temperature's high
And delight is dining
At my table