

John Parish & Polly Jean Harvey

"Urn With Dead Flowers In A Drained Pool"

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I need your lie
Darling love lies
And if you gave it to me
I'd hold it in the palm of my hand
Like a good luck charm, or a vice
And i'd reach up like a child to receive it

There is no more said
There is no more real
I got sun on my back
I remember you

Take me inside
Your warm love lie
And if he took me
I'd hold him up to the light

Like a god, or a good luck charm, or a vice
And i'd open up like a child to believe it

There is no more said
There is no more real
Got sun on my back
And I remember you

No
There is no more said
There's, there is no more real
I got sun on my back
And I remember you

And still you can't give your peace to me

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