

Polly Jean Harvey

"Joy"

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Joy was her name
A life un-wed
Thirty years old,
Never danced a step

She would have left these red hills
Far behind if not for her condition
Would have left these red hills
Long ago if not for my condition

Pitiful joy
She looked away
Into a hollow sky
Came face to face

With her own innocence surrounding her
Until it never was a question
Innocence so suffocating
Now she cannot move, no question

No hope for joy
No hope or faith
She wanted to go blind
Wanted hope to stay

"i've been believing in nothing since I was born
It never was a question"
No !

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