Polly Jean Harvey "Um 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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