

Polly Jean Harvey

"Victory"

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I stumble in and in
You fit me with those angel wings
Set me goal
Set me high
Set it up I'm in the sky

The storm is gone
(and the storm is gone)
And the temperature's high
(and the temperature's high)
And delilah is dining
(and delilah is dining)
At my table

Tell any how how how
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

Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry

Come on boys
Let's push it hard
You bump down, push your motor car
Come on boys
You've done us proud
You sweat 'til I'll mop it right off your brow

Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry
Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry

'til the storm is gone
('til the storm is gone)
And the temperature's high
(and the temperature's high)
And delilah is dining
(and delilah is dining)
At my table

'til the storm is gone
('til the storm is gone)
And the temperature's high
(and the temperature's high)
And delilah is dining
(and delilah is dining)
At my table
Hey

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