

# PJ Harvey, The Desperate Kingdom of Love

Oh love, you were a sickly child  
And how the wind knocked you down  
Put on your spurs, swagger around  
In the desperate kingdom of love  
Holy water cannot help you now  
Your mysterious eyes cannot help you  
Selling your reason will not bring you through  
The desperate kingdom of love  
There's another who looks from behind your eyes  
I learn from you how to hide  
From the desperate kingdom of love  
At the end of this burning world  
You'll stand proud, face upheld  
And I'll follow you, into Heaven or Hell  
And I'll become, as a girl  
In the desperate kingdom of love