

PJ Harvey, Victory

i stumble in and in you fit me with those angel wings
send me gold set me high set it up i'm in the sky
'til the storm is gone
and the temperature's high
and delight is dining
at my table

'til i think ha ha ha how lucky we are
angel at my table
god in my car
get it to sea
take a ship
i'd christen her 'victory' and she'd make it

victory
c'mon boys let's push it hard
bump down push your motor car
c'mon boys you've done us proud
you can sweat, dig, i'll mop it right off your brow

victory
'til the storm is gone
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