

# PJ Harvey, Urn With Dead Flowers In A Drained Pool

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