

The Last Living Rose

PJ Harvey

Goddamn Europeans
Take me back to beautiful England
And the gray, damp filthiness
Of ages and battered books
And fog rolling down behind the mountains
On the graveyards and dead sea-captainsLet me walk through the stinking alleys
To the music of drunken beatings
Past the Thames river, glistening like gold
Hastily sold for nothing, nothingLet me watch night fall on the river
The moon rise up and turn to silver
The sky move, the ocean shimmer
The hedge shake, the last living rose quiver

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