

Queen Of My Heart

New Model Army

To the Queen of my Heart, from the King of Nowhere
I have watched you arming, and how you wave your sword in the air;
always fighting the shadows as they move behind you,
and the beating wings that hover around you . . .
To the queen of my heart, from the king of nowhere
It's a shallow sky that holds us in; you can reach right out
and touch the edge with just one outstretched hand and feel
the dark come closing in.
And there's nowhere far enough away from here;
the ringing ears and the closing air, and the cities and deserts
all beat the same;
the radio waves crackle and phase, the satellites spinning slowly round.
The radar towers search and call
to the Queen of my Heart, from the King of Nowhere . . .
This is the great world calling to the last crusader;
In the rush of the lifeblood coming out of the sunrise . . .
And you're the Queen of my Heart . . . and I'm the King of Nowhere.