

## She Is Far

Peter Doherty

Blues and greys and greens across the river  
We went into winter London parks, my darling  
Monuments for blood spilt in foreign lands  
It's on our hands, it's all across our faces

Photographs in paper bags  
And she is far  
She's getting so much further every day

Well, youth was no excuse but I'll excuse you still  
For every single dirty magazine, my darling  
Monuments on Margate Sands staples across your hands  
And all across your face

Photographs in paper bags  
And she is far  
And she is getting further every day

And every river underneath the city flows with tears  
And there's a new garden flooding every day

Photographs in paper bags  
And she is far  
And she is getting further every day