

**P J Harvey****"The Colour Of The Earth"**

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Louis was my dearest friend  
Fighting in the Anzac trench.  
Louis ran forward from the line,  
And I never saw him again.

Later in the dark  
I thought I heard Louis' voice  
Calling for his Mother, then me,  
But I couldn't get to him.

He's still up there on that hill.  
20 years on that hill.  
Nothing more than a pile of bones,  
But I think of him still

If I was asked I'd tell  
The colour of the earth that day;  
It was dull and brownny-red,  
"the colour of blood" I'd say.

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