Polly Jean Harvey "Goodnight"

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Here I am
Prairieland
Got it all, got
Gun in hand
Here I sleep
Dungarees
They're all my husband
Put on me

We have the stars We have the trees We have everything We need to feed

I'll make babes You'll make chairs We'll sell them at The county fair We'll walk on We'll walk tall We'll dance once a week The union hall

We'll have the stars We'll have the trees We'll have everything We need to feed

Here I am
Prairieland
I got it all, got
Gun in hand
I'll sweep the porch
I dust his room
We'll sleep together
On our chair at noon

We have the stars We have the trees We have everything We need to feed We have the stars
We have the trees
We have everything
We need to feed

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