

Polly Jean Harvey

"Naked Cousin"

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My naked cousin

I see him running

All over headland

Scared as his shit as he's running

His naked skin fries

Fries in the sun, oh my

My naked cousin can cook till he's good

Good and done

I hate his smell and I hate his company

But, but most of all I hate that he looks just just like me

His naked skin fries

Fries in the sun my my

But my naked cousin can cook till he's

Good and done

He's running...

He run from burning bushes

He run from bank of senate

He run from everything that upsets his master plan

And if he flips

And I am as good as done

My, my naked cousin

He'll just keep keep a'running

He's running...

Running naked through the trees

Scared the shit right out of me

Bought my ticket, take my ride

Take me to the sunny side

Running naked through the trees

Scared the shit right out of me

Bought my ticket, take my ride

Begging all to please, please, please

Please...

He's running...

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