

Polly Jean Harvey

"The Wind"

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Catherine liked high places
High up, high up on the hills
A place for making noises
Like whales
Noises like the whales

Here she built a chapel
With her image
Her image on the wall
A place where she could rest and rest
And a place where she could wash
And listen to the wind blowing

And listen to the wind blow
And listen to the wind
And listen to the wind blow

She dreamt of children's voices
And torture on the wheel
Patron saint of nothing
A woman of the hills
She once was a lady
Of pleasure and high born
A lady of the city
But now she sits and moans

And listens to the wind blow
Listen to the wind blow

I see her in a chapel
High up on the hill
She must be so lonely
Oh mother can't we give
A husband to our catherine
A handsome one, a deal
A rich one for the lady
Someone to listen with

And listen to the wind blow
And listen to the wind blow
And listen to the wind blow
And listen to the wind blow

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