

# PJ Harvey, Catherine

Catherine De Barra, you've murdered my thinking  
I gave you my heart, you left the thing stinking  
I'd break from your spell if it weren't for my drinking  
And the wind bites more bitter with each light of morning  
I envy the road, the ground you tread under,  
I envy the wind, your hair riding over,  
I envy the pillow your head rests and slumbers,  
I envy to murderous envy your lover  
'Til the light shines on me  
I damn to hell every second you breath  
I envy the road, the ground you tread under,  
I envy the wind, your hair riding over,  
I envy the pillow your head rests and slumbers,  
I envy to murderous envy your lover  
'Til the light shines on me  
I damn to hell every second you breath  
Oh my Catherine  
For your eyes smiling  
And your mouth singing  
With time I'd have won you  
With wile I'd have won you  
For your mouth singing