PJ Harvey, My Beautiful Leah

Did you see her walking ?
Did she come around here, sir ?
Black hair, brown eyes
My beautiful leah

She was always so needing
Said "I have no-one"
Even as I held her
She went out looking for someone
Looking for someone

She only had nightmares
And her sadness never lifted
And slowly over the years
Her lovely face twisted

Did she come around here, Sir?
I swear you would remember
Black hair, brown eyes
Late september
October, November, December

It never leaves my mind
The last words she said
If I don't find it this time
Then I'm better off dead