

# 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