

PJ Harvey, Silence

All those places
Where I recall the memories
that grip me,
and pin me down.

I go to these places
intending to think,
And think of nothing,
But anticipate.

And somehow,
expect you'll find me there,
That, by some miracle,
You'd be aware.

I'd risen this morning
determined to break the spell
my longing not to think

I freed myself from my family
I freed myself from work
I freed myself
Freed myself
And remained alone

And in my thinking
I'd steal you away
though you never wanted me anyway

Silence
Silence
Silence
Silence