

# PJ Harvey, Sweeter Than Anything

In photographs  
I've seen him laugh  
Man overboard  
Sun on his back  
Summer was here  
I remember it well  
How he stood in the shade  
How we both kissed and fell  
How can this be?  
There's nothing left here  
How can this be?  
There's nothing left here  
So sad our  
So sad our  
So sad our  
So sad our  
Our memory  
Now he talks in his sleep  
Says I've never known peace  
And I don't know him now  
He's a stranger to me  
How can this be?  
There's nothing left here  
How can this be?  
There's nothing left here  
We were  
Never more than a dream  
Brief as  
Summer or spring  
Sweeter than anything