

PJ Harvey, The Wheel

A revolving wheel of metal chairs
Hung on chains, squealing
Four little children flying out
A blind man with arrogance

Hey little children don't disappear
(I heard it was twenty eight thousand)
Lost upon a revolving wheel
(I heard it was twenty eight thousand)

Now you see them, now you don't
Children vanish 'hind vehicle
Now you see them, now you don't
Faces, limbs, a bouncing skull

Hey little children don't disappear
(I heard it was twenty eight thousand)
All that's left after a year
(I heard it was twenty eight thousand)
A faded face, the trace of an ear
(I heard it was twenty eight thousand)

A tableau of the missing
Tied to the government building
Eight thousand sun-bleached photographs
Faded with the roses

Hey little children don't disappear
(I heard it was twenty eight thousand)
Lost upon a revolving wheel
(I heard it was twenty eight thousand)
All that's left after a year
(I heard it was twenty eight thousand)
(I heard it was twenty eight thousand)

I watch them fade out /10x
I don't want to watch them fade out
/5x