

PJ Harvey, White Chalk

White chalk hills are all I've known
White chalk hills will rot my bones
White chalk sticking to my shoes
White chalk playing as a child with you

White chalk sands against time
White chalk cutting down the sea at night
I walk families by the surf
On a path cut 1500 years ago

And I know
These chalk hills will rot my bones

Dorset's cliffs meet at the sea
Where I walked our unborn child in me
White chalk poor scattered land

Scatched my palms
There's blood on my hands