

PJ Harvey, Catherine

Catherine De Barra
You've murdered my thinking
Gave you my heart
You left the thing stinking
I'd shake from your spell
If it weren't for my drinking
The wind bites more bitter
With each light of morning

I envy the road
The ground you tread under
I envy the wind
Your hair riding over
I envy the pillow
Your head rests and slumbers
I envy to murderous
Envy your lover

'Til the light shines on me
I damn to hell every second you breath
'Til the light shines on me
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Oh my Catherine
For your eyes smiling
For your mouth singing
With time I'd have won you
With wile I'd have won you

For your eyes smiling
For your mouth singing
With time I'd have won you
Oh my Catherine
With time I'd have won you
With wile I'd have won you