

PJ Harvey, Kick It To The Ground

(A place called home " ; Single)

Look at what I've found

A flower on his grave

Kick it to the ground

I've got no soul to save

Nature dealt me raw

Planted me with hate

Took my only love

To an early grave

See these eyes of envy

Bitterness it's true

I'm looking through your ashes

Looking right at you

Ten thousand years of loving

Could never set me free

From this web of hate I've woven

This chosen misery

Kick it to the ground X3

Carry scars of sorrow

But I have no regrets

And I will return tomorrow

I'm not finished hating yet

Look at what I've found

A flower on his grave

Kick it to the ground X3