

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