

# PJ Harvey, The Wind

Catherine liked high places  
High up, high up on the hills  
A place for making noises  
Like whales  
Noises like the whales

Here she built a chapel  
With her image  
Her image on the wall  
A place where she could rest and rest  
And a place where she could wash  
And listen to the wind blowing

And listen to the wind blow  
And listen to the wind  
And listen to the wind blow

She dreamt of children's voices  
And torture on the wheel  
Patron Saint of nothing  
A woman of the hills  
She once was a lady  
Of pleasure and high born  
A lady of the city  
But now she sits and moans

And listens to the wind blow  
Listen to the wind blow

I see her in a chapel  
High up on the hill  
She must be so lonely  
Oh Mother can't we give  
A husband to our catherine  
A handsom one, a deal  
A rich one for the lady  
Someone to listen with

And listen to the wind blow  
And listen to the wind blow  
And listen to the wind blow  
And listen to the wind blow