

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 sat against time
White chalk cutting down the sea line
I know Mary's 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)
Scratch my palms
There's blood on my hands