

# 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