

# Hanging In The Wire

[Pj Harvey](#)

Walker sees the mist rise  
Over no man's land  
He sees in front of him  
A smashed up waste ground  
There are no fields or trees  
No blades of grass  
Just unhurried ghosts are there  
Hanging in the wire  
Walker's in the wire  
Limbs point upwards  
There are no birds singing  
The white cliffs of Dover  
There are no trees to sing from  
Walker cannot hear the wind  
Far off symphony  
To hear the guns beginning  
Walker's in the mist  
Rising over no man's land  
In the battered waste ground  
Hear the guns firing

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