

# The Wind

Pj Harvey

Catherine liked high places  
High up on the hills  
A place for making noises  
Noises like the whales  
Here she built a chapel  
With her image on the wall  
A place where she could rest and  
A place where she could wash  
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  
I see her in her chapel  
High up on a hill  
She must be so lonely  
Oh mother, can't we give  
A husband to our Catherine?  
A handsome one, a dear  
A rich one for the lady  
Someone to listen with

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