Naked Cousin

PJ Harvey

My naked cousin
I see him running
All over headland
Scared as a chic-chickenHis naked skin fries
Fries in the sun, oh my
My naked cousin can cook
Till he's good, good and doneI hate his smell
And I hate his company
But most of all I hate
That he looks just, just like meSkin always melting, fries in the sun
He can cook, cook his brains out
Till they're good and good and
Good and doneHe's running
He's running
He's running
He's runningHe run from burning bushes
He run from bank of senate
He run from every thing
That upsets his master planAnd and if he flips
And I am as good as done
My, my naked cousin, I know
He'll just keep, keep a-runningHe's running
He's running
He's running
He's runningRunning naked through the trees
Scared the shit right out of me
Bought my ticket, take my ride
Take me to the sunny sideRunning naked through the trees
Scared the shit right out of me
Bought my ticket, take my ride
Begging all to please, please, pleasePlease, please, please
Please, please, please
Please, please, please

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