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 groundThere are no fields or trees
No blades of grass
Just unhurried ghosts are there
Hanging in the wireWalker's in the wire
Limbs point upwards
There are no birds singing
The white cliffs of DoverThere are no trees to sing from
Walker cannot hear the wind
Far off symphony
To hear the guns beginningWalker's in the mist
Rising over no man's land
In the battered waste ground
Hear the guns firing

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