# Cracks In The Canvas

## Pj Harvey

Had do we cope
With the days after a death?
Empty days, nothing left
Not even a funeral
I see shapes falling inside
Paintings
Animals and humans, row upon row
Walking toward something
Waiting for something

I'm looking for an answer,
Me and a million others
Disbelievers
Deserted lovers
Dear God,
You better not let me down this time
Cracks in the canvas
Look like roads
That never end

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