The Wind

PJ Harvey

Catherine liked high places
High up on the hills
A place for making noises
Noises like the whalesHere 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 blowShe dreamt of children's voices
And torture on the wheel
Patron-saint of nothing
A woman of the hillsShe 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 blowI 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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