The Colour Of The Earth

Pj Harvey

Louis was my dearest friend
Fighting in the ANZAC trench
Louis ran forward from the line
I never saw him again
Later in the dark
I thought I heard Louis' voice
Calling for his mother, then me
But I couldn't get to him
He's still up on that hill
Twenty years on that hill
Nothing more than a pile of bones
But I think of him still
If I was asked I'd tell
The color of the earth that day
It was dull and browny red
The color of blood, I'd say

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