

# The Orange Monkey

[PJ Harvey](#)

A restlessness took hold my brain  
And questions I could not hold back  
An orange monkey on a chain  
On a bleak uneven track Told me that to understand  
You must travel back time  
I took a plane to a foreign land  
And said, "I'll write down what I find" Beneath a mountain's jagged shelves  
Cloaked with snow and shadows sheer  
Plates tipped up upon themselves  
The pain of fifty million years And mules and goats were running wild  
A happy chaos carried on  
And old men and the young boys smiled  
And worked until the day was gone The packs of sandy-coloured dogs  
Walked streets that looked like building sites  
But piles of rocks and dust and smog  
Could not block out a different light When I returned I ran to meet  
The monkey, but his face had changed  
He stood before me on two feet  
The track was now a motorway

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