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 trackTold 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 yearsAnd 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 goneThe 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 lightWhen 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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