Dollar Dollar

PJ Harvey

The boy stares through the glass
He's saying dollar dollar
Three lines of traffic past
We're trapped inside our carHis voice says dollar dollar
I turn to you to ask
For something we could offer
Three lines of traffic past
We pull away so fastAll my words get swallowed
In the rear view glass
A face pock-marked and hollow
He's saying dollar dollar
I can't look through or past
A face saying dollar dollar
A face pock-marked and hollow
Staring from the glass

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