Bitter Branches

Pj Harvey

Bitter branches spreading out
There's none more bitter than the wood
Into the wide world it grows
Twisting under soldiers' feet
Standing in line and the damp earth underneath
Holding up their rifles high
Holding their young wives who wave goodbye
Hold up the clear glass to look and see
Soldiers standing and the roots twist underneath
Their young wives with white hands wave goodbye
Their arms as bitter branches spreading into the world
Wave goodbye, wave goodbye
Wave goodbye, wave goodbye
Wave goodbye, wave goodbye
Wave goodbye, wave goodbye

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