

# 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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