

# PJ Harvey, The Wind

Catherine liked high places  
High up on the hills  
A place for making noises  
Noises like the whales  
Here she built a chapel with  
Her image on the wall  
A place where she could rest and  
A place where she could wash  
And listen to the wind blow  
She dreamt of children's voices  
And torture on the wheel  
Patron-Saint of nothing  
A woman of the hills  
She once was a lady  
Of pleasure, and high-born  
A lady of the city  
But now she sits and moans  
And listens to the wind blow  
I see her in her chapel  
High up on a hill  
She must be so lonely  
Oh Mother, can't we give  
A husband to our Catherine?  
A handsome one, a dear  
A rich one for the lady  
Someone to listen with