

PJ Harvey, Naked Cousin

My naked cousin
I see him running
All over headland
Scared as his shit as he's running
His naked skin fries
Fries in the sun, oh my
My naked cousin can cook till he's good
Good and done
I hate his smell and I hate his company
But, but most of all I hate that he looks just just like me
His naked skin fries
Fries in the sun my my
But my naked cousin can cook till he's
Good and done
He's running...
He run from burning bushes
He run from bank of senate
He run from everything that upsets his master plan
And if he flips
And I am as good as done
My, my naked cousin
He'll just keep keep a'running
He's running...
Running naked through the trees
Scared the shit right out of me
Bought my ticket, take my ride
Take me to the sunny side
Running naked through the trees
Scared the shit right out of me
Bought my ticket, take my ride
Begging all to please, please, please
Please...
He's running...