

PJ Harvey, Soldier

I imagine a dream
In which I'm a soldier
And I'm walking
On the faces
Of dead women
And everyone I've
Left behind me
It's the year when
The troops entered
The thirty-ninth
Thirty-ninth parallel
Send me home restless
Send me home damaged
And wanting
It's the year when
Some poet said
"We must live, or accept the
Consequences"
I want you to share
Every pinprick of guilt
That I have felt
That I have felt
Send me home restless
Send me home damaged
Send me home disposed
Send me home damaged
And wanting