

The Orange Monkey

PJ Harvey

A restlessness took hold my brain
And questions I could not hold back
An orange monkey on a chain
On a bleak uneven track

Told me that to understand
You must travel back time
I took a plane to a foreign land
And said, "I'll write down what I find"

Beneath a mountain's jagged shelves
Cloaked with snow and shadows sheer
Plates tipped up upon themselves
The pain of fifty million years

And mules and goats were running wild
A happy chaos carried on
And old men and the young boys smiled
And worked until the day was gone

The packs of sandy-coloured dogs
Walked streets that looked like building sites
But piles of rocks and dust and smog
Could not block out a different light

When I returned I ran to meet
The monkey, but his face had changed
He stood before me on two feet
The track was now a motorway