

Autumn Term

PJ Harvey

Aish trees gave their keys
Yet none will set me free

The woody nightshade drooped her beads
An' bade, come feed on these

Look behind yourself, red-eyed
'Gainst the wilder-mist to what you'll find

I ascend three steps to hell
The school bus heaves up the hill

The sloey spears on Witches Mead
Cussed, cussed, come and lean on these!

Look behind yourself, red-eyed
'Gainst the wilder-mist to what you'll find
Look behind yourself, red-eyed
'Gainst the wilder-mist to what you'll find