

# Red Right Hand

PJ Harvey

Take a little walk to the edge of town  
Go across the tracks  
Where the viaduct looms  
Like a bird of doom  
As it shifts and cracks  
Where secrets lie in the border fires  
In the humming wires  
Hey man, you know  
You're never coming back  
Past the square, past the bridge  
Past the mills, past the stacks  
On a gathering storm comes  
A tall handsome man  
In a dusty black coat with  
A red right hand

He'll wrap you in his arms  
Tell you that you've been a good boy  
He'll rekindle all the dreams  
It took you a lifetime to destroy  
He'll reach deep into the hole  
Heal your shrinking soul  
But there won't be a single thing that you can do  
He's a god, he's a man  
He's a ghost, he's a guru  
They're whispering his name  
Through this disappearing land  
But hidden in his coat  
Is a red right hand

You don't have no money?  
He'll get you some  
You don't have no car?  
He'll get you one  
You don't have no self-respect  
You feel like an insect  
Well don't you worry buddy  
Cause here he comes  
Through the ghettos and the barrio  
And the Bowery and the slum  
A shadow is cast wherever he stands  
Stacks of green paper in his  
Red right hand

You'll see him in your nightmares  
You'll see him in your dreams  
He'll appear out of nowhere but  
He ain't what he seems  
You'll see him in your head  
On the TV screen  
And hey buddy, I'm warning  
You to turn it off  
He's a ghost, he's a god  
He's a man, he's a guru  
You're one microscopic cog  
In his catastrophic plan  
Designed and directed by

His red right hand