

Written on the Forehead

PJ Harvey

People throwing dinars at the belly dancers
In a sad circus by a trench of burning oil

People throw belongings, a life-time's earnings
Amongst the scattered rubbish and suitcases on the sidewalk

Take palms and orange and tangerine trees
With eyes that're crying for everything
(Let it burn! Let it burn, burn, burn...)

So I talked to an old man by the generator
He was standing on the gravel by the fetid river
He turned to me and answered, "Baby, see."
Said, "War is here in our beloved city."

So I jumped in at the riverhead and tried to swim away
Through tons of sewage; they had written on their foreheads
Take palms and orange and tangerine trees
And eyes that're crying for everything

Let it burn, let it burn!
Let it burn, let it burn!
Let it burn, let it burn!
Let it burn, let it burn!