

# Naked Cousin

PJ Harvey

My naked cousin  
I see him running  
All over headland  
Scared as a chic-chicken

His naked skin fries  
Fries in the sun, oh my  
My naked cousin can cook  
Till he's good, good and done

I hate his smell  
And I hate his company  
But most of all I hate  
That he looks just, just like me

Skin always melting, fries in the sun  
He can cook, cook his brains out  
Till they're good and good and  
Good and done

He's running  
He's running  
He's running  
He's running

He run from burning bushes  
He run from bank of senate  
He run from every thing  
That upsets his master plan

And and if he flips  
And I am as good as done  
My, my naked cousin, I know  
He'll just keep, keep a-running

He's running  
He's running  
He's running  
He's running

Running naked through the trees  
Scared the shit right out of me  
Bought my ticket, take my ride  
Take me to the sunny side

Running naked through the trees  
Scared the shit right out of me  
Bought my ticket, take my ride  
Begging all to please, please, please

Please, please, please  
Please, please, please  
Please, please, please