

## Other

Alison Moyet

I don't know precisely which day  
Coloured me Other  
Per chance it may have been a slow bleed

So I cut out whichever shape I need  
I don't sue for rescue  
I'm as free as I have ever been

Don't want another rock  
To hang about my neck  
You see bejewelled  
I see bedecked  
In dead stars

And nothing  
Touching me  
Nothing touching me

I am glad for open windows  
I call for birds that do not come  
You beacon dead eyed welcome

Bones bleach off the city  
And when I'm done, I'm done, I'm done  
Keep eternal for your worry

I don't want to look upon another word  
This heart so lightly thrown  
I say "disarm"  
I hear "disown"  
It sounds familiar

And nothing  
Touching me  
Nothing touching me

I don't want another rock  
To hang about my neck  
You see bejewelled  
I see bedecked  
In dead stars

I don't want to look upon another word  
This deal so lightly spent  
And what says "here"  
Means "came and went"  
It sounds familiar

Nothing's touching me  
Nothing's touching me