

The Rarest Birds

Alison Moyet

In this town, forget who you are
Remembering who you were meant to be
Find yourself bearing easy
Mercury aside a Lurex sea

Such cloth is this
It's thread for a party dress

The lights are strung like pearls
So offer your throat
And if we hang, then we hang in the stars
Take my hand and come
Be the hostess girl
Skip a grace note on your heel
To whichever hymn you please
For the Rarest Birds are these

Navigate the city walks
By dove-grey gum constellations
There the twins and there the plough
And now I'm at your door

Seeing you through your window
Fixing your hair for grey
Pulling at your face
Trying not to frown like this
And you hold up your party dress

The lights on strings like pearls
Let's take on the night
And if we hang, then we hang in the stars
Hold my hand and come
Be the fairground girl
We can walk the fairground town tonight
Hung up by a breeze
As high as you please
Hiss the kittens away
They'll know something some day
It's only ground that they see
For the Rarest Birds are these
To whichever sky they please