

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