

## Rung By The Tide

Alison Moyet

Slip me into a simmering sea  
Let salt water suck on me  
Far out from an august shore

No reach of arm may sway my hips  
Nor mute my song with fingertips  
Gone I shout as best I please  
And no-one comes at all

From vespers to the matins call  
This stillness suits me best of all  
No more to thunder in your hall  
Or sing your brothers in

Salute me sentry hollyhock  
Exploding dandelion clock  
In wisps of mist on crumpled rock  
An ending to begin