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