

## 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