

## She's Rare

Paul Kelly

Some men climb mountains just to test their soul  
Other men dig down in the ground looking for buried gold  
Some men go diving and never come up for air  
I'm a climber, I'm a miner, I'm a diver for her  
Because she's rare

Down at the track they're all standing in line  
Out on the oval it's just three-quarter time  
Inside the ring all you hear is a dull roar  
I'm a gambler, I'm a player, I'm a fighter for her  
Because she's rare, she's rare

There's a man with a gun on the lake before daylight  
Another man dressed in black creeping round your door last night  
And a man with a rod sitting on the end of the pier  
I'm a hunter, I'm a thief, I'm a fisherman for her  
Because she's rare, she's rare

Outside in the alley I can hear the deal go down  
Over in the park another bottle's going round  
Somebody's in trouble 'cause they can't cough up their share  
I'm hanging out, I'm thirsty, I'm raging for her  
Because she's rare, she's rare, so rare