

# Other

## Alison Moyet

I don't know precisely which day  
Coloured me other  
Perchance 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 bejeweled  
I see bedecked in dead stars  
And nothing touching me  
I am glad for open windows  
I call the birds that do not come  
You Beak and Dead-Eyed, welcome  
Bones bleach of 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 hard so lightly thrown  
I say disarm, I hear disown, It sounds familiar  
I don't want another rock to hang about my neck  
You see bejeweled  
I see bedecked in dead stars  
I don't want to look upon another word this dear  
So lightly spent  
And what says here  
Means came and went  
It sounds familiar  
Nothing's touching me

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