

Alison Moyet, My Right A.R.M.

Don't be afraid of the dark my love
What would old Hobbs do with this pure heart
Where shadows inch like rising damp
Their seaweed fingers will us all to be wakeful
What a night for naming stars and parking cars
Sink into our cloud of down and sleep with me
Angel, angel - hold your head up high
In no way let God's kingdom pass you by
There's an open door and the lights are on
And all the goings on, the shouting mouths are gone
Thought why should I care anyway
I'll see your sweet face everyday
And that's everything
A prayer that I may never find you there
Folded up in an empty room
Too tired to laugh at a vaulting moon
Angel, angel - hold your head up high
In no way let God's kingdom pass you by