

Kirsty Hawkshaw, Sertao Blues

Wear your Sunday best
See your shoes are shined ' right
Check the stage is set
For another clean ' fight

And you laugh
And you sing
and pray
You'll be understood
Some other working day.

When the house is lit
When the strangers leave
When the only sound
Is the air you breath

When the morning train
Brings another day
And an old refrain
Slowly fades away

When the tired streets
Are your lonely host
And the only guests
Are the other ghosts

When your mind is still
When your pulse is slow
When your thoughts return
To all you long to know

Who are you?

In a shifting sky
On a sleepless night
In the silent truce
Of a lovers' fight

In a moment freed
In a stolen glance
In forbidden steps
To a secret dance

In a knowing look
From a covered face
In a holy book
In a sacred place

In a final bow
In a virgin kiss
In the dying breath
Of a moments bliss