

LIZ PHAIR, Alice Springs

See the sun rise so loud
This whole town gets drowned out
Sky-writing with the sweep of a flashlight
I'm driving over that way
Some pot of gold, it's just a carpeting store on opening day
See the moon rise so slow and shallow
It burns halos in my eyes
It's harder to swallow
It's harder to breathe
So many opals, nobody here knows what to believe
They've got me underground