

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