

Mother

Red House Painters

The way the street looked dim and polluted
So have felt when I walked upon the way
The air seemed gray fog diluted
So do I feel when I'm breathed upon Ominous head spoke, you ain't so good
Poorly the sow joked, trashed and words muttered I want to be mothered
I want you to give attention to my belly button
Mother, I want to have
Body pins stuck in my ears And drown away the endless days
Ridding soon the troubled ways Embedded down with a warm frown
In a wrong and impure dream
Anchored down with a mermaid
In sound halcyon sea, lure me in her salt Liquid canyon far beneath, my mother savior
With her goddess touch brushes hands through my hair

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