

# Hewlett's Daughter

## Grandaddy

Hewlett's daughter  
Loved her father  
And I think she loved me too  
For a little while Hewlett's daughter  
I forgot her  
Now I'm treating water  
And waste at nights High above the wrecks  
On ice shelves and glaciers  
I spy below the mess  
And measure the pressure  
Where sofas float on roads  
And somebody stole your guns Well Sir, I'm the only one  
To get back your stolen guns  
I should have been your son High above the wrecks  
On ice shelves and dressers  
With 'Crash United' sewn  
On all of my dress shirts  
They fire-felled the roads  
And somebody stole your guns Well Sir, I'm the only one  
To get back your stolen guns  
I should have been your son Yes Sir, I'm the only one  
I should have been your son

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