

# Fever Dream

**Jim Messina**

Some days her shape in the doorway  
Will speak to me  
A bird's wing on the window  
Sometimes I'll hear her when she's sleeping  
Her fever dream  
A language on her face I want your flowers like babies want God's love  
Or maybe as sure as tomorrow will come Some days, like rain on the doorstep  
She'll cover me  
With grace in all she offers  
Sometimes I'd like just to ask her  
What honest words  
She can't afford to say, like I want your flowers like babies want God's love  
Or maybe as sure as tomorrow will come

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