

Heirloom

My Dad Is Dead

I have a recurrent dream
Every time I lose my voice
I swallow little glowing lights
My mother and son baked for me During the night
They do a trapeze walk
Until they're in the sky
Right above my bed While I'm asleep
My mother and son pour into me
Warm glowing oil
Into my wide open throat I have a recurrent dream
Every time I feel a hoarseness
I swallow warm glowing lights
My mother and son baked for me They make me feel so much better
They make me feel better We have a recurrent dream
Every time we lose our voices
We dream we swallow little lights
Our mother and sons bake for us During the night
They do a little trapeze walk
Until they're in the sky
Right above our heads
Right above our heads While we're asleep
My mother and son pour into us
Warm glowing oil
Into our wide open throats I have a recurrent dream [unverified] They make me feel better
They make me feel better

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