Heirloom

Steady Hands

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

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