

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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