Fortunately Gone

The Breeders

I wait for you in heaven
On this perfect string of love
And drink your soup of magpies in a
Pottery bowl that looks
As I am now, brown, round and warm

Chime on a rain wet
An ankle, toes or two
Sweetly as it drops upon your head
Just like it did today

Fortunately gone
I wait for you

Chime on a rain wet
An ankle, toes or two
Sweetly as it drops upon your head
Just like it did today

Fortunately gone
I wait for you

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