

Grandma my sleep is narrow
Bid you bring me some strong drink
Strain out the pulps and set them close outside
For when my belly
For when my little belly speaks

Grandma, there's air beneath my bed
And it whispers
And it whispers when I rest
Bid hem the skirts in salt and vinegar, vinegar
And hover closely
Oh hover closely under head

Grandma, the water is rising
My boundless hair has gotten green
I'll be your swimming forest island
Bid you walk safely, safely over me

Grandma my hands have wandered
And my legs
My little legs are getting weak
Bid lend me your wispy frame
And guard my powers
Guard my precious powers in its cage

Grandma, I've been unruly
In my dreams
And with my speech
Drill little holes into my eyelids
That I might see you
That I might see you when I sleep

Grandma, the water is rising
My boundless hair has gotten green
I'll be your swimming forest island
Bid you walk safely, safely over me