

## Fatherhood

Babybird

There's glass melting around my head, like skin that's  
rippled but clear.  
I can breathe but walking's dead hard.  
Dark clouds are beginning to steer me towards fatherhood,  
me towards fatherhood.  
I hope my son will not scream if he wants ice cream.  
I hope all little girls will be safe when he starts to  
dream about fatherhood, about fatherhood.

I don't want him when I've given up.  
I want to drink from the same glass.  
I hope you won't catch anything or regard me as something  
from his past, from his past, from his past, from his  
glorious past.

Fatherhood, fatherhood.