

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 night.

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 fell 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.