

# 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.