

# Dreams In The Hollow

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Why do we  
want to be  
ballerinas when we grow up  
when we grow up  
little boys dream the night away  
with fighting fires  
when we grow up  
torlege releve rondejambe  
and found and up  
found and up  
firemen slide on down the pole and sound  
the siren  
everybody up

all is well in my sorrow  
isn't she a beauty  
burning hall  
ash and shadow  
here comes the hero

little eyes  
small but wide  
young but wiser  
all looking up  
all looking up  
for your hat  
and your axe  
and your yellow jacket  
daddy get up  
ash to ash dust to dust  
none could muster  
daddy get up  
daddy get up  
they see what you couldn't do  
when consumed by fire

days glow  
sleep in the hollow  
dreams in the hollow  
pesky old crow  
heather and thistle  
no prints to follow  
hope that they follow  
hope's all they know

all is well in my sorrow  
isn't she a beauty  
burning hall  
ash and shadow  
here comes the hero

oh i tried to put it out  
but the big tree was falling  
and now i find him reaching out  
but the big tree it fell

cross the sea

her dancing broken dream  
so i'm lacing up  
i'm lacing up  
for musing starts  
in broken hearts  
the most courageous beauty  
so i'm lacing up  
mother's milk  
ragged silk  
chalk's in the hall tree  
tattered toe shoes  
broken toes  
releve turn and pray  
for mother's broken dancer

days glow..  
all is well..