

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..