## **Fortunately Gone**

## **The Breeders**

wait for you in heaven On this perfect string of love And drink your soup of magpies in a Pottery bowl that looks As I am now, brown, round and warm

Chime on a rain wet An ankle, toes or two Sweetly as it drops upon your head Just like it did today

Fortunately gone I wait for you

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Fortunately gone I wait for you