

Fatherhood

Babybird

There's glass melting around my head, like skin that's
rippled but clear.
I can breathe but walking's dead hard.
Dark clouds are beginning to steer me towards fatherhood,
me towards fatherhood.
I hope my son will not scream if he wants ice cream.
I hope all little girls will be safe when he starts to
dream about fatherhood, about fatherhood.

I don't want him when I've given up.
I want to drink from the same glass.
I hope you won't catch anything or regard me as something
from his past, from his past, from his past, from his
glorious past.

Fatherhood, fatherhood.