

Liz Durrett

"In The Eaves"

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How they try to, mothers don't forget
All those words them daughters said
No they thread, they thread, they thread
Now they hang there, wait there in the eaves
With a grip so tight it leaves
With a grip so tight it leaves

Blacker than the blackest blue these arms
These arms have ever seen
These arms have ever...

Now resigned to, children don't regret
All those things your words have said
No they fed, they fed, they fed
Now we stand on pillars made of these
Though we sway impossibly
Though we sway impossibly

Catch them as catch can is all we do
So don't fear our slightest move
So don't fear our slightest...

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