

## **Red House Painter "Mother"**

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The way the street looked  
Dim and polluted  
So have i felt when i walked upon  
The way the air seemed  
Grey fog diluted  
So do i feel when i'm breathed upon  
Ominous head spoke  
You ain't so good  
Poorly the sow joked  
Trashed and words muttered

I want to be mothered  
I want you to give  
Attention to my belly button  
Mother  
I want to have  
Boddy pins stuck in my ears

And drown away the endless days  
Ridding soon the troubled ways

Embedded down with a warm frown  
In a wrong and impure dream  
Anchored down with a mermaid  
In sound halcyon sea  
Lure me in her salt  
Liquid canyon far beneath  
My mother savior  
With her goddess touch  
Brushes hands through my hair

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