

Our Heart's Hero

"Sleeping In"

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Souls, although where we meet. This
Hose a lazy Morphine.
But I, I?m stretching to see over
Your shoulders and past your priest
And paper cups and paper shoes
Give backs to me, but I see right
through
And I know why you overslept
So gray, gray, slow rain.

I?m happier than you.
And I?m too high to follow through
Home, like the bedpan he needs.
And the hose, that?s not supposed to be
But I, I?m stretching to see over your
Flowers and Time magazines
Now I believe in what you do
The pain will cease
Well I know why you overslept
To be home, to be

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