

Daughters

Greg Brown

One is long and one is short,
One is thin and one is stout.
In the morning when they wake,
Only one's breakfast can I make.

One dances and knows
How many squares hopscotch ought to have.
One goes wah, wah, wah, wah, wah,
Wah, wah, wah, wah, ha ha, wah wah.

One won't eat anything much,
I guess she lives on air and sun and noodles.
One's beginnin' to learn that the milk is over there
Inside of that shirt beneath the blue eyes of the woman
I love.

I'm a man who's rich in daughters,
And if by some wild chance I get rich in money,
Like say another two thou a year or even one thou a
year,
I'm gonna look in to havin' some more daughters.

When my daughter who is tall now was not so tall,
One night we were drivin' home in the truck and I was
sad
because I was busted and disgusted,
And she looked out the window and said, "Dad, the moon
is comin' home
With us."
She said, "Dad, the moon is comin' home with us."

And in the morning they magic the house,
The one that can walk, walks in warm and still dreamin'
to give
me a hug or ask why it's so cold or why is there
school,
"Why's it so cold?" or "Why is there school?"
And the one who can't walk or talk yet just lies in bed
and laughs,
She just lies in bed and laughs.