

# Fortunately Gone

The Breeders

wait for you in heaven  
On this perfect string of love  
And drink your soup of magpies in a  
Pottery bowl that looks  
As I am now, brown, round and warm

Chime on a rain wet  
An ankle, toes or two  
Sweetly as it drops upon your head  
Just like it did today

Fortunately gone  
I wait for you

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