

Bjork, Heirloom

I have a recurrent dream
Everytime I loose my voice
I swallow little glowing lights
My mother and son baked for me

And during the night
They do a trapeze walk
Until they're in the sky
Right above my bed

While I'm asleep
My mother and son pour into me
Warm glowing oil
Into my wide open throat

I have a recurrent dream
Everytime I feel a hoarseness
I swallow warm glowing lights
My mother and son baked for me, oh

They make me feel so much better
They make me feel better

We have a recurrent dream
Everytime we loose our voices
We dream swallow little lights
Our mother and son bake for us

During the night
They do a little trapeze walk
Until they're in the sky
Right above our heads
While we're asleep
My mother and son pour into us
Pour into us
Warm glowing oil
Into our wide open throats

I have a recurrent dream

They make me feel better
They make me feel better