

The Geraldine Fibbers, The Dwarf Song

They lay me down in a boat like a swan.
The fairies serve me tea in a buttercup - and I'm gone...
We float in her. Her wings are clipped.
But she swims so good, our fine swan ship - and I dip into her eyes...

I found a reason to live today.
My clumsy hands are full of grace.
I make them dance in the strangest place - they fall down.
The trees bow their sleepy heads.
Their flowers drip into my bed - and I touch them to my cheek...