

# Dreams That Sorrow Owns

*by* Jerry Ratch

Maybe tomorrow someone dreams  
And maybe someone moans  
But beware the steam inside the dome  
It's just dreams that sorrow owns

If it resonates, say so  
Ho in a raccoon coat  
Slow bum ahead  
If it resonates, say so, say so

And her man, yo  
He sure can play piano  
With those giant lobster hands  
If it resonates, say so

When words were first born  
You know, they were like  
Pure prayer, but now  
They're just dreams that sorrow owns

