Kala

Marika

Do you recognize me
here on this sleeper train
and do you feel the painGrowing into the night, Mary
and i can feel the taste
of your birthday cake
remember how it was
to hold you into my arms, Mary.It wasnt there
the summer lights aroundi wasnt there
his hand upon my knees
And were gone
across the sunny streetsAnd were gone
the day you died, Mary
and we go faster now
together throught the fields
here on this sleeper train
and i can touch your face, Mary.The precious things weve done
hidden under my skin
i let you sleep a while
i leet you sleep
a while, Mary.It was there
the summer lights around
i was there
his hand upon my knees
and were gone
across the sunny streets.And were gone
the day you died, Mary

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