

# Kala

## Bill Laswell

Do you recognize me  
here on this sleeper train  
and do you feel the pain Growing 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 around i wasnt there  
his hand upon my knees  
And were gone  
across the sunny streets And were gone  
the day you died, Mary  
and we go faster now  
together through 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 let 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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