

Alela Diane, Sister Self

That pole isn't growing in my black solid sky
Solid sky
And pirate ships pulled these shoulders back
But in morning slumber I gripped the slender palm of my hand
And I felt the soft of my flesh
And I stared into my sister self

And we was running, running, running
We was climbing, we was fighting
We was breathing fast
Praying please

We were singing
We were dancing
We were clapping
Singing, dancing, clapping

We were returning to the hills
Bringing buckets drawn from the wells
Returning to the hills
Bringing buckets drawn from the wells

But I've got to hold my own hand
I've got to hold my own hand
And this is my skin I feel
And these are the teeth that I clench
And the hazel of my sight
Plus the colors she wears is mine
O that color she's wearing is mine

And we was running, running, running
We was climbing, we was fighting
We was breathing fast
Praying please

We were singing
We were dancing
We were clapping
Singing, dancing, clapping

We were returning to the hills
Bringing buckets drawn from the wells
We were returning to the hills
Bringing buckets drawn from the wells