

# 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

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