

# Anita Lipnicka & John Porter, Black Hand

His black hand  
On my white belly  
And I cant even pronounce his name  
The saxophone  
Keeps on playing  
Origami birds fly above my head  
Im 15  
And I miss home  
But only happy letters get across the sea  
If not your eyes  
That saw it all  
I could easily pretend it was just a dream  
Dear Anna,  
Its good you dont keep in touch,  
How would we talk about it now?