

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?