

## **Christian Kjellvander "Polish Daughter"**

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She was a sinner like all other guardians  
For of her daughter she was proud  
Went to the market on the third Sunday again  
And there she vanished in the crowd  
Oh it wasn't long ago you suckled to her breast  
And how your eyes exploded as you took your first  
Breath  
Now the lading days return and the want beckons the  
Yearn  
To rise above the nest and to lay your head to rest  
Forlorn but for the best  
Immigrants come and emigrants go  
Tell me why is it like that?  
Emigrant at heart and an immigrant in mind  
Ones emaciation an others fat  
Oh it wasn't long ago you suckled to her breast  
And how your eyes exploded as you took your first  
breath

Now the lading days return and the want beckons the  
Yearn  
To rise above the nest and to lay your head to rest  
Forlorn but for the best  
Crying emigrant at heart and an immigrant in mind  
Touching all the trees to see if there was one with bark  
Like mine  
In denial we worried that this was never meant  
And on trial in the wake of all the prayers we never sent  
And it wasn't long ago you suckled to it's breast  
And now your eyes implode as you take your last  
breathe  
Now that lading days return the want gives into yearn  
Returning to your nest you lay your head to rest  
Forworn but for the best

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