

Kamikaze



## **KAMIKAZE**

Carolyn Malachi

*GOLD*

Sleep, Leonidas. Sleep.  
I left a note under your pillow.  
Seleep, Leonidas. Sleep.

Dear Sir:  
In the afterglow of yes and no  
I bask  
Beautiful in maybe  
In other words, baby  
You win  
Me  
You are good for my pen  
I let you make me make making you happy my finest work  
How dare you pursue me so hotly  
The unmitigated gall  
All in all, I like how you dig me  
It is balls to the wall  
Shovel in my soil  
Planning without fear of foil  
Or plastic  
You see right through my spastic, so  
Come here, lover Fantastic.  
Catch me.  
I'm falling like a crass, fast ball of  
Pride and Prejudice  
Questioning everything about the game but never your coaching  
Cause you hold me tighter than hot dogs at the World Series  
God me loose with my preguntas like  
Papi, can I be your favorite rookie  
Would you like milk with these cookies  
Um, book me  
I mean, get at me while while the getting is good  
Can you feel me in your hood, brotha  
I'm just trying to be your Go Go  
(Put me in your pocket)

That rhythm you venture to when your white collar runs red with Blues  
Dear Sir:  
I might love you  
Yeah... I might could  
Kamikaze  
Somehow I keep flying into love  
Man, it kills me  
Somehow I keep flying  
Dear Sir:  
Your kisses sooth me like music  
Like E major seven to E nine  
Sixty times  
Backwards  
Say my  
Say my  
Say my...  
Claim to fame is GPS-ing your frontal lobe to your subconscious where we lay  
Languid in the unknown,  
Bereft of fear  
And our precious clothes

Dear Sir:  
Come close  
So I can whisper in your ear and tell you things you never heard before  
You are fresher than Adam's first breath  
I'm kicking my best rib game to you  
So what's good, homie?  
Sleep, Leonidas. Sleep.  
I left a note under your pillow.  
Seleep, Leonidas. Sleep.  
Dream about me.  
I hope you dream about me -  
and in the morning, you won't see me.  
I had to go, but I hope you sweet dream about me, baby.  
I know you'll miss the way I play in your hair  
Rolling over and seeing me there  
But  
I had to leave, baby.

*Lyrics (melody and words) written and performed by Carolyn Malachi for Carolyn Malachi Legacy Brands (ASCAP). Music by Matthew Lewis (ASCAP), James McKinney Noom Wen Publishing (ASCAP), and Thomas Morris (BMI). Drums by Brian “Spyda” Wheatley. Bass by Kevin Powe Jr. Keys by James McKinney. Recorded at The Art Institute of Washington, Rosslyn, VA. Engineered by Forrest Hall, Steven Harris, Brett Borat and Adriana Mendez . Haiku written and performed by Yoko K. for SevenMu Music (BMI), Produced by Carolyn Malachi. Additional production, recording, and engineering by James McKinney for Infinite Icon Productions, Greenbelt, MD*

