

# Matt Kowalsky, Summer Trace

Ju&#380; nie ma dzikich pla&#380; na kt&#oacute;rych zbiera&#322;am burszty  
Gdy do Ciebie sz&#322;am a mewy &#oacute;semki kre&#347;li&#322;y  
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Where is the summer trace?

How to hold your embrace  
round my waist?

Why does all that remains  
is a whole in a soul  
and your taste?

I recall nothing else  
but the warmth of the sand  
and your face.

And i dont wanna waste  
single touch, can be lost  
In a haste.

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Coming back to my life

-What did I leave behind?  
missing heart.

What is there in your mind?  
I dont care, what is gone  
wasnt mine.

Is it a piece of art,  
that we all have a role  
and play apart?

Even though it seems hard  
-do you wish that it would  
never start?

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