

# Sister

An Pierlé

I haven't got the brains  
To say wise things  
To tell true things  
When you laugh

I haven't got the strength  
To tell you straight things  
'Cause they are different  
For everyone

Message blows at the sun

Grace  
I've got a pretty face  
Which automatically implies I'm dumb  
Wise Japanese Master says  
No time for Roo Di Ments  
He's in my head  
And I just can't get him out

All is said  
And done

Sister is calling  
In my head where she sleeps  
Longing for desire  
She's afraid  
It's never to keep  
Sister is moving me

I haven't got the guts  
To preach you blue things  
To talk about true things  
I don't know  
'Cause I'm a chicken in the worst  
Sense of the word  
About these harsh things  
Wanna be a friend to everyone

Message blows at the sun

I haven't got the sense`  
To say sound things  
Nor profound things  
I'm not strong  
'Cause I am far too afraid to  
Be taken wrongly  
Though I really say  
Nothing at all

All is said  
I'm done