

Sister Renee

Ed Harcourt

Sister Renee, the jack of all trades
Don't put that hatchet in my back, in my back
Watch myself fade on the bed that was made
Not by nurse Ratchet but by you, yeah by you

Your uniform fits the charm and the wit
Life on the top floor, by my side, by my side
I'm down in a pit with nowhere to sit
With a wrought iron door that separates us, separates

You gave me some poppyseed
And we lay here for hours

Heal these blisters, sacred sister
I will miss her so
Heal these blisters, sacred sister
I will miss her so

Sister Renee, you've got it made
Moving to a place that is warm, oh so warm
What can I say, I want you to stay
I'll touch your face with my fingers and my thumbs

You gave me some poppyseed
And we lay here for hours

Heal these blisters, sacred sister
I will miss her so
Heal these blisters, sacred sister
I will miss her so

I will miss her so, I will miss her so
I will miss her so