

## Ed Gein

### "Sister Renee"

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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 som 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...

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