

Kate & Anna McGarrigle **"Tell My Sister"**

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Weather man on the radio
Threatens rain, maybe snow
He just forecasts, he don't know
I need blue skies, I've got to go

I'm not a cowboy, I've never been shot
I'm not a convict, I've never been caught
Tell my sister to tell my mother
I'm coming home, home alone

Sunday morning I boarded a plane
Leaving London, England, in the pouring rain
Tell my sister to tell my mother
I'm coming home, home alone

Someday I'll be back again
To that green and pleasant land
Between the channel and the sea
Across the ocean, that's where I want to be

But until the, tie me to the ground
I've got to let these weary bones rest
From all that runnin' around
Tell my sister to tell my mother
I'm coming home, home alone

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