

Sixpence None The Richer "Sister, Mother"

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My life is plagued
By mistakes, broken love, slaps in the face.
But I'm trying to care, to dare to embrace your face.

Hug him like a brother.
Kiss her like a sister.
Let it be my mother for now.

I want to find where the maid in the street
Is pouring her wine.
I heard she takes you in and gives you the words

You need said.

If you'll be her brother,
She'll kiss you like a sister.
She'll even be your mother for now.

Hug him like a brother.
Kiss her like a sister.
Let it be my mother.
Let it be my father.
I will be her brother.
Kiss her like a sister.
Come and be my mother forever.

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