

Erin Hay "Sissy Sing That Song"

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"Sissy Sing That Song"

An old upright piano never quite in tune
A hymn book from the Pentecostal church
Three generations gathered in Grandma's living room
Sister played and we all sang for all we's worth
Now gone are those days when Sissy played
Grandma's piano
That piece of history has come and gone
I've forgotten most songs we sang together, all but one
The one that I remember was my Grandpa's favorite
song.. He'd say

(Chorus # 1)

Sissy sing that song about when Jesus takes us home
When life's old weary road comes to an end
Sing about those streets of gold, where we never will
grow old
Sissy want you sing that song again

Days turn into years but we never think of it
Til a phone rings in the middle of the night
Grandpa's taken sick and they're callin' in the kids
You wipe a million memories from your eyes
Then you drive all night cause Grandpa he's a fighter
And that old man's hangin' on to buy you time
When all his family's gathered round his bedside, then
he smiles
Then he whispers Sissy, won't you sing that song of
mine

(Chors # 2)

And we all sing along as Jesus came to take him home
As his ol weary road came to an end
We sang about those streets of gold where he never
will grow old
We all sang it one last time for him He'd say

(Repeat First Chorus)

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