

Andrew Bird

"Two Sisters"

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two young sisters are walking alone
by the pale muddy waters
two young sisters are walking alone
by the pale muddy waters of Onion town

when one of them pushed the younger in
into the cold rain waters
pushed her sister and watched her drown
in the cold muddy froth on the river

and she floated up and she floated down
to pale she was as the water
floated down till she washed down shore
on the pale muddy banks of Onion town

with wolves by night and the sun by day
nothing was left but bones and hair
bones and hair which are both more fair
than the pale muddy banks of the river

Luke, his son was deaf in rain
carried her home, her tiny frame
father father I hear her cry
"how can that be?" he said, "bones don't cry" he said
besides you're deaf

but he thought there must be something to these bones
so he made a fiddle out of her breast bone
made some pegs out of her finger bone
made a bow out of her leg bone
and from her yellow hair he strum
the strings that would have her story sung
and sometime later...

one old woman was walking alone
by the pale muddy waters
she heard the strings of the sweet fiddle cry
"Cruel sister, why have you drowned me?"

upon her rock the deaf boy played
oh the bows of Onion

and into the water the cruel sister ran
but she sank just like any old stone

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