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Tears For Beers "Cruel Sister"

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Black is the color of my true love's hair Her lips are like some roses fair She's the sweetest face and the gentlest hands. I love the ground wheron she stands I love my love and well she knows I love the ground whereon she goes. But some times I whish the day will come That she and I will be as one. Black is the color of my true love's hair Her lips are like some roses fair She's the sweetest face and the gentlest hands. I love the ground wheron she stands I walk to the Clyde for to mourn and weep But satisfied I never can sleep I'll write her a letter, just a few short lines And suffer death ten thousand times Black is the color of my true love's hair Her lips are like some roses fair

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She's the sweetest face and the gentlest hands.

I love the ground wheron she stands

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