

An Pierle "Sister"

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I haven't got the brains
To say wise things
To tell true things
When you laugh

I haven't got the strength
To tell you straight things
'Cause they are different
For everyone

Message blows at the sun

Grace
I've got a pretty face
Which automatically implies I'm dumb
Wise Japanese Master says
No time for Roo Di Ments
He's in my head
And I just can't get him out

All is said
And done

Sister is calling
In my head where she sleeps
Longing for desire
She's afraid

It's never to keep
Sister is moving me

I haven't got the guts
To preach you blue things
To talk about true things
I don't know
'Cause I'm a chicken in the worst
Sense of the word
About these harsh things
Wanna be a friend to everyone

Message blows at the sun

I haven't got the sense'
To say sound things
Nor profound things
I'm not strong
'Cause I am far too afraid to
Be taken wrongly
Though I really say
Nothing at all

All is said
I'm done

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