

Sister Sara

Pebaluna

Old sister Sara had a mighty fine time
kissing the boys and drinking all their wine
I tried to tell her to take it slow
Dont crawl out that window
and shed say, Oh sister, oh, dont be sad.
Ill come back. Ill come back.
The night got darker, my eyes grew weak
Soon enough I drifted to sleep
I dreamt of roses and a chateau de blanc
where everybody seemed to get what they want
Sara came in, stinking of Gin, said,
I got the time if you got the sin
They said, Roll up your sleeve girl. This is it.
And they sang, Oh Sarah, oh, cant you feel?
This is real. This is real.
Old Sister Sara had a mighty fine time
kissing the boys and drinking all their wine
Oh Sara, please, why cant you see?
These things that you do, they dont make you free.
Youre always coming back a haggard mess"
Oh Sister dear, why cant you hear?
These bells and these whistles they all come in clear
every time I put on that dress."
"Oh Sister, oh, dont be sad.
Ill come back. Ill come back.
"Oh Sara, oh, cant you feel?
This is real. This is real."

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