

Sister

Sufjan Stevens

What the water wants is hurricanes
And sailboats to ride on its back
What the water wants is sun kiss
And land to run into and back I have a fish stone burning my elbow
Reminding me to know that I'm glad
That I have a bottle filled with my old teeth
They fell out like a tear in the bag And I have a sister somewhere in Detroit
She has black hair and small hands
And I have a kettledrum, I'll hit the earth with you
And I will crochet you a hat And I have a red kite, I'll put you right in it
I'll show you the sky

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