Cass

Lucero

Five sisters and she's the one
More beauty than the setting sun
But she was much more than she showed
Something her form could not hold

She'd dance and flirt with all the boys
But all her beauty she would sooner destroy

The anchor of a soul cut loose to drift
The anchor of a soul cut loose to drift
The diffrence what was and what is
I ain't exactly sure
Think how young our fathers were

Indian and Irish blood
Long dark hair and an angels touch
A beauty no man could control
And somrthing her form could not hold

Think how young our fathers were
And that same night sky
Offers no answers why
Think how young our fathers were

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written by Nichols, Benjamin
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