

# Sister Renee

## Ed Harcourt

Sister Renee, the jack of all trades  
Don't put that hatchet in my back, in my back  
Watch myself fade on the bed that was made  
Not by nurse Ratchet but by you, yeah by youYour uniform fits the charm and the wit  
Life on the top floor, by my side, by my side  
I'm down in a pit with nowhere to sit  
With a wrought iron door that separates us, separatesYou gave me some poppyseed  
And we lay here for hoursHeal these blisters, sacred sister  
I will miss her so  
Heal these blisters, sacred sister  
I will miss her soSister Renee, you've got it made  
Moving to a place that is warm, oh so warm  
What can I say, I want you to stay  
I'll touch your face with my fingers and my thumbsYou gave me some poppyseed  
And we lay here for hoursHeal these blisters, sacred sister  
I will miss her so  
Heal these blisters, sacred sister  
I will miss her soI will miss her so, I will miss her so  
I will miss her so

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