

Baby Sister

VERNON OXFORD

Baby sister, what a waste to see you in this place
I lose my mind from worrying over you
In a bar room filled with people all higher than a steeple
But I know why you do the things you do
And I curse the man that made you what you are today
I hope he dies a thousand times a thousand ways
Your eyes are filled with tears, sis let's get out of here
'Cause I love you, baby sister, let's go home
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