

Sister, Mother

Sixpence None the Richer

My life is plagued
By mistakes, broken love, slaps in the face
But I'm trying to care, to dare to embrace your face

Hug him like a brother
Kiss her like a sister
Let it be my mother for now

I want to find where the maid in the street
Is pouring her wine
I heard she takes you in and gives you the words
You need said

If you'll be her brother
She'll kiss you like a sister
She'll even be your mother for now

Hug him like a brother
Kiss her like a sister
Let it be my mother
Let it be my father
I will be her brother
Kiss her like a sister
Come and be my mother forever

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written by SLOCUM, MATTHEW PRESTON
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