

# My Sister's Soul

Isabella Cole

Blackbird came and perched on the willow  
Mama's head would not leave the pillow  
Crying for the child she longed to hold

The world we knew was gone now forever  
Small town talk turned back to the weather  
As we burned to feel my sister's soul

Oh a winter long and cold  
Had us in her fold  
And stole my sister's soul

Empty chair a well with no wishes  
Say a prayer clear all the dishes  
Play outside cause mama needs her sleep

Skipping stones over the water  
That gave so much in turn for a daughter  
Whispering her secrets of the deep

Oh a winter long and cold  
Had us in her fold  
And stole my sister's soul

My childhood is trapped there  
In that haunted place  
I know I can't go back there  
But I can't escape

Oh a winter long and cold  
Had us in her fold  
And stole my sister's soul

Oh it's my curse to know  
The deep and biting cold  
That stole my sister's soul

Stole my sister's soul  
Stole my sister's soul  
Stole my sister's soul

Stole my sister's soul

Blackbird came and perched on the willow

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