

Your Sister Cried

Mary Gauthier

Written by Fred Eaglesmith Well, I stared out of the windshield into the rain so light
And I turned on my dims,
and somebody flashed me their brights

And I reached over and turned the radio way down low
Lightening crashed, and the road shone like a mirror
Your sister cried all the way home
A dog came out of the ditch, then he disappeared
And I remembered a conversation we once had on the phone

Your sister cried all the way home
I'll never know how you got into such a mess
Why do the bridesmaids all have to wear the same dress?
Everybody said you looked real good
But I think you looked stoned

Your sister cried all the way home
Your sister cried all the way home
Your sister cried all the way home

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