

# 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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