

Robert Earl Keen, Jr., Sing One For Sister

Summer Sunday evenings around the old home place
I would play my guitar sister'd sing along
Sister's smile would always light up my daddy's face
When they'd get to dancing, they'd dance all night 'till dawn

Chorus:

I would sing one for sister
Play for Papa
Moan one for Mama
And I'd cry one for you

Mama liked the slow ones. She'd shuffle 'cross the floor
Sister liked the fast ones Lord she could step so high
I could see my Daddy dancing 'til he could dance no more
When I'd play a sad song you would start to cry

Chorus:

Now its just me and this old guitar I've no place to call my own
Mama and Papa have passed away, sister's settled down
You ran off and left me to live here all alone
Now all I play is sad old songs since your leavin' town

Chorus (X2)