

Andrew Bird, Twa Sisters

Two young sisters were walking alone
By the pale muddy waters
Two young sisters were walking alone
By the pale muddy waters of Onion town

When one of them pushed the younger in
Into the cold green water
Pushed her sister and watched her drown
In the cold muddy froth of a river

Well she floated, and she floated down
For pale she was as the water
Floated down till she washed on shore
Of the pale muddy banks of Onion town

With wolves by night and the sun by day
Nothing was left but bones and hair
Bones and hair which are both more fair
Then the pale muddy banks of the river

Lucha's son was deaf and lame
Carried her home, her tiny frame
Father, father i hear her cry
How can that be he said, bones don't cry he said (besides your deaf)

But he thought there must be something to these bones so he...

Made a fiddle out of her breast bone
Made some pegs out of her finger bones
Made a bow out of her leg bone
And from her yellow hair he strung the strings that would have her story sung

Some time later...

One old woman was walking alone
By the pale muddy water
She heard the strings of the sweet fiddle cry
"Cruel sister why have you drowned me?"

Upon the rock the deaf boy played
All the bows of Onion
And into the water the cruel sister ran
But she sank just like any old stone