

Andrew Bird, Two Sisters

Two young sisters were walking alone
By the, the pale muddy waters
Two young sisters were walking alone
By the, 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
On the cold muddy froth of the river
She floated, well and she floated down
Pale she was, as the water
Floated down and she washed on shore
On the pale muddy banks of onion town
Was wove by night and the sun by day
Nothing was left but bones and hair
Bones and hair which are both more fair
Than the pale muddy banks of the river
Luke, his 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 you're deaf"
But he thought there was 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
And sometime later
One old woman was walking along
By the pale muddy waters
She heard the strings of the sweet fiddle cry
Oh sister, why have you drowned me?
Well, upon a rock the deaf boy plead
Oh, the bones of onion
And into the water the cruel sister ran
But she sank like any old stone