

# 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