

# Dolly Parton, Baby Sister

(Shirl Milete)

Baby sister what a waste to see you in this place  
I lose my mind from worrying over you  
In a bar room filled with people all higher than a steeple  
But I know why you do the things you do

And I curse the man that made you what you are today  
I hope he dies a thousand times a thousand ways  
Your eyes are filled with tears, sis lets get out of here  
Cause I love you baby sister, lets go home

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