

# Harlan Howard, Baby Sister

Baby sister what a waste to see you in this place  
I lose my mind from worryin' over you  
A barroom full of people 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 thousands ways  
Your eyes are full of tears let's get out of here  
For I love you baby sister let's go home  
[ piano ]  
Yes I curse the man that made you...  
Mama's waitin' baby sister let's go home