

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