

# Lucero, Cass

Five sisters and she's the one  
More beauty than the setting sun  
But she was much more than she showed  
Something her form could not hold  
She'd dance and flirt with all the boys  
But all her beauty she would sooner destroy  
The anchor of a soul cut loose to drift  
The anchor of a soul cut loose to drift  
The difference what was and what is  
I ain't exactly sure  
Think how young our fathers were  
Indian and Irish blood  
Long dark hair and an angels touch  
A beauty no man could control  
And something her form could not hold  
Think how young our fathers were  
And that same night sky  
Offers no answers why  
Think how young our fathers were