

# Mary Gauthier, Your Sister Cried

Written by Fred Eaglesmith

Well, I stared out of the windshield into the rain so light  
And I turned on my dims, and somebody flashed me their brights  
And I reached over and turned the radio way down low  
Your sister cried all the way home  
Lightening crashed, and the road shone like a mirror  
A dog came out of the ditch, then he disappeared  
And I remembered a conversation we once had on the phone  
Your sister cried all the way home  
I'll never know how you got into such a mess  
Why do the bridesmaids all have to wear the same dress?  
Everybody said you looked real good  
But I think you looked stoned  
Your sister cried all the way home  
Your sister cried all the way home  
Your sister cried all the way home