

Nanci Griffith, Sing One For Sister

Summer Sunday evening, around the old home place
Well, I would play my guitar and sister sang along
Sister's smile would always light up my Daddy's face
And when they'd get to dancing, well they'd dance all night till dawn

And I would sing one for sister
Play one for Papa, moan one for mama
Then I'd cry one for you.

Mama liked the slow ones and she'd shuffle 'cross the floor
Sister liked the fast ones, Lord she could step so high
And I'd see my Daddy dancing, till he could dance no more
And when I'd play a sad song, well he would start to cry

And I would sing one for sister
Play one for Papa, moan one for mama
Then I'd cry one for you.

Now it's just me and this old guitar
I've no place to call my own
Mamma and Papa have passed away and sister has settled down
Now you ran off and left me to live here all alone
So I will sing these sad old songs as I am leaving town

And I would sing one for sister
Play one for Papa, moan one for mama
Then I'd cry one for you.

And I would sing one for sister
Play one for Papa, moan one for mama
Then I'd cry one for you.