

## Two Sisters

Andrew Bird

two young sisters are walking alone  
by the pale muddy waters  
two young sisters are walking alone  
by the pale muddy waters of Onion town

when one of them pushed the younger in  
into the cold rain waters  
pushed her sister and watched her drown  
in the cold muddy froth on the river

and she floated up and she floated down  
to pale she was as the water  
floated down till she washed down shore  
on the pale muddy banks of Onion town

with wolves by night and the sun by day  
nothing was left but bones and hair  
bones and hair which are both more fair  
than the pale muddy banks of the river

Luke, his son was deaf in rain  
carried her home, her tiny frame  
father father I hear her cry  
"how can that be?" he said, "bones don't cry" he said  
besides you're deaf

but he thought there must be something to these bones  
so he made a fiddle out of her breast bone  
made some pegs out of her finger bone  
made a bow out of her leg bone  
and from her yellow hair he strum  
the strings that would have her story sung  
and sometime later...

one old woman was walking alone  
by the pale muddy waters  
she heard the strings of the sweet fiddle cry  
"Cruel sister, why have you drowned me?"

upon her rock the deaf boy played  
oh the bows of Onion  
and into the water the cruel sister ran  
but she sank just like any old stone